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THE SUNNY SOUTH
AND ITS PEOPLE

C. W. JOHNSTON

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THE SUNNY SOUTH
AND
ITS PEOPLE

ALSO BY MR. JOHNSTON

ALONG THE PACIFIC BY LAND AND SEA

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COMMENT FROM A DISTINGUISHED READER

HON. JOHN S. RUNNELLS, PRESIDENT,
THE PULLMAN BUILDING,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR MR. RUNNELLS: I am returning to you by book post the Johnston book, "Along the Pacific by Land and Sea," which I have read with amusement and much instruction. You will find it well worth reading.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN

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Sincerely,
C. W. Johnson

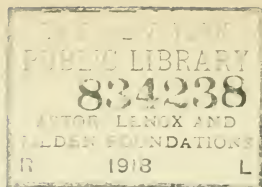
THE SUNNY SOUTH
AND
ITS PEOPLE

BY
C. W. JOHNSTON
Author of

"ALONG THE PACIFIC BY LAND AND SEA"

CHICAGO
PRESS OF RAND McNALLY & CO.

1918



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INTRODUCTION

THE observations noted in this volume were collected and are now published as a companion volume to the one entitled, "Along the Pacific by Land and Sea," issued last year.

I trust it will receive as cordial recognition by the public as the former book did and at the same time be a messenger for good, in giving pleasure and refreshing the mind of the reader with facts that ought to be remembered.

C. W. JOHNSTON

DES MOINES, IOWA,
November, 1917.

27. Dec. 28/17.

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On the Seas

AFTER twenty-eight days on the Pacific ocean and a week in the Canal zone, I again stepped aboard for a ten days' trip on the "Turrialba," with Captain Wilford Lockhart in charge. The ship, which is known as one of the "Great White Fleet," is bound "from Cristobal to New Orleans via Havana." It is about four hundred feet long and carries five thousand tons. It is modern in every way; the staterooms being equipped with electric lights, fans, and cool, clean, fresh air day and night, and with berths upon which one can study, think, rest, and sleep.

Thus situated, I began to recall some of my experiences at Ancon and Balboa. When I arrived there I could see that our government had carefully looked after the handling of freight, but had ignored completely the fact of passengers. We, with our baggage, were tossed off with the freight to get out the best we could. I found a cab two blocks away and by motions, that is, a liberal use of the sign language, I induced the driver to follow me; and, seeing my baggage, he knew what I wanted. He talked Spanish and I talked English. His cab was of the Queen Victoria style and era; he was as black as the ace of spades and the horse as poor as Job's turkey. My baggage weighed 225 pounds; and, as I have prospered some, I tilt the scales at 240. We went up hill and then down again, and in time arrived at the Hotel Tivoli. I exposed my purse, and he understood my language and I understood his. He said, "Three dollars and fifty cents gold."

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I refused and stood pat, which was easy for me to do. When the other fellow stood likewise I was compelled to make the next move, so I organized a kangaroo court. Still using the sign language, I ushered him before the porter of the hotel. I requested the porter to be seated, and, then and there, I appointed him a judge advocate to hear, not mine, but our case. I insisted on the judge advocate's taking a seat, because most men are more deliberate when resting and one gets their undivided attention. It is so in everyday life. The judge rose to his new responsibilities, and I stated my case clearly in my own language. The cabman did likewise in his language, so far as I could tell. The judge, thereupon, decided that a charge of three and fifty-hundredths dollars, all gold, was excessive, oppressive and contrary to the laws and regulations of the Canal zone; but that I was truly indebted for the services rendered in the sum of one and seventy-five hundredths dollars, which I promptly paid.

I then found that the missionaries in the Latin Americas were holding a conference at Hotel Tivoli, 250 missionaries and about 125 visitors being in attendance. I also learned that on the following Saturday they would adjourn and depart for home. I concluded to beat them, so started Friday for Cristobal to engage passage on the boat leaving the following Sunday. To my surprise, I found that the missionaries had, two weeks previously, purchased all the rooms, including those of the vessel to leave on the day following; so I was doomed to remain in Colon for nearly ten days with no chance of getting away. I have never regarded preachers as having much business capacity, but then and there I lifted my hat to

ON THE SEAS

them. However, the agent told me to be on hand Sunday at 9:15 A. M., when the list was being made up and possibly some one might surrender his place.

I was there, but everyone stuck. However, a New York and a Chicago man had purchased a stateroom together at New Orleans for the round trip. The Chicago man was unable to use his return passage, which cost him \$75, and he wanted the United Fruit Company to redeem it, which the local agents refused to do, informing him that he would have to take it up with the main office in New York.

The New York man was a perfect gentleman. He was religious and never failed to say his evening prayers. The Chicago man was very profane, and took a bottle of whisky for his companion, to occupy the third berth in the stateroom. So the New York gentleman occupied his berth but one night, Captain Lockhart kindly taking care of him. He was delighted when he found his roommate was likely not to return, both being entire strangers to each other before this meeting.

When the Chicago man appeared at the ticket office and explained his desire, I was most happy. But when he found the company refused to refund, and that another man was waiting to take the ticket, he refused to surrender. He went to the boat and informed his roommate that he was about to sell his return passage "to a dirty old Spaniard." The New York man was almost crazy, as he was very fastidious in dress, changing daily and always washing and bathing. He appealed to the captain, who again promised to care for him. Thus this Chicago man went back and forth four times to force the New York gentleman to reim-

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burse him or force me to pay a bonus. We both were ignorant of each other and of the situation, but both stood pat; and when he returned the fourth time he surrendered his ticket and the agent turned it over to me.

And this is the type of men some of our American houses send down to get South American trade. Their object is to swindle the other fellow. They are neither gentlemen nor honorable business men. They force themselves on others at times when they give offense, and thus leave a bad impression. The commercial man rushes into a business man's place and is noisy and boastful. He does not hesitate to express an opinion on local affairs—even to criticise. He lacks diplomacy and finesse, and graciousness; and his manner does not compare favorably with that of the polite Spaniard. The Spaniard wants to take his time and look over his stock and send his order by mail. This is about the only way he will do business. The American is brusque, and wants a written order on the spot; and this is why the commercial interests of the United States are making poor headway with the South American republics. I have traveled with some Spaniards who were out soliciting trade from their own people; and they simply called, had a friendly visit, and left a business card with a request to be remembered when anything in their line was needed. When an order is sent in, it is given an honest count, and filled promptly and exactly as ordered. The Americans have much to learn. Too many have been short-changing each other in the past, and their attitude must be altered to one of kindness and consideration and respect for the ways and habits of the foreign customer.

ON THE SEAS

I almost forgot the missionaries. There were a lot of good fellows among them. They gave me a delegate's card. Possibly I looked as if I needed reforming. But I had nothing over them. Some of them changed suits two or three times a day and paid a dollar for a meal and four dollars for a bed, without "batting an eye." I thought if I could get rid of a lot of my bad ways I would like to become a missionary. Of course such luxury appeals to me; but if the missionary's life were deprived of the same, the desire might also disappear.

When we all went to our different staterooms the thought occurred to me what a farce some government regulations are. We were not required to take an examination to get on the boat; so I said to the New York gentleman, "I snore some, do you?" He said, "Yes." I said, "I have never been seasick, have you?" He said, "No." This was very important to me because I had the lower berth and it was optional with him to take the upper one or the couch. If he were subject to seasickness and decided to occupy the upper one, he might cause me to wish for the genius of a Noah to build an ark to get away from the flood. But to make him feel happy, not then knowing what had transpired between him and the Chicago man, I remarked that I was not examined before being permitted to enter the ship, but, to be frank with him, I had been exposed to the seven-year itch. It was not my fault we were placed in the same stateroom, but it might be that my condition would force us both into quarantine, and possibly all the passengers on the ship. I thought I could see his toes working in his shoes. Be this as it may, we confessed to each other and became friends;

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and he occupied his stateroom every night, and on our arrival left us with regrets, to take a line direct to New York. He did this going down, and deposited \$50 to hold his passage and to escape his Chicago partner. He came back to our boat three times to bid us good-by. His name is Mr. Dobbs. He is a hatter, a charming fellow and a companionable traveler.

The Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico were quiet and without interest. A few flying fish were all that disturbed us at first; but one morning bright and early a signal of distress came from a little sailing schooner. It had eight women and four men and some freight. Our ship went to its relief and found that it had started from Colon bound for St. Andrews Island. Because of bad weather, it ran almost out of water, although miles of water were all around. They had been out seventeen days and were lost. Their destination was 500 miles away at the start and it was still forty miles away. Our captain told the men to come and get water; and they lowered a small boat and placed a barrel on board. One man handled the oars, one tended the rudder and a third dipped out the water thrown in the boat by the rough sea. When the men came alongside, the barrel was taken on board, filled, and lowered in a few minutes. Our captain called down and asked if they were short of food. The Jamaican captain — for all were black — looked up and with a grateful smile, said, “ Yes, captain, we are almost out,” and Captain Lockhart ordered a bunch of bananas and provisions lowered at once. They started back to their frail little craft with cheerful hearts and renewed courage. We all waved our hands and wished them well. Strangers we were,

ON THE SEAS

yet all members of one human family. Captain Lockhart must have been happier for his kindness and assistance to those in distress; and those who witnessed this act of charity by a powerful corporation, through one of its officers, could not but pause and meditate on the impulses back of the act,—an act which taught us all to love and be kind one to another. Men and women should be known by their deeds, their actions, rather than words. We all are weak, and a smile, a kind word, costs nothing and may do a world of good to some one somewhere, strangers though they are, alone and unknown.

After leaving Cristobal, P. R., our first stop was at the port of Almiranti, P. R. Here was our first contact with the United Fruit Company and its great enterprises. Our stay was long so we took the train and visited banana plantations, both in the Panama and Costa Rica republics, and saw bananas by the mile; and, strange to say, they were surrounded by jungles which were inhabited by monkeys, baboons, lions, tigers, and snakes. Swamps and marshes were everywhere.

This corporation has about 110 ships, largely owned but some chartered. It has two and one-half millions of acres of land, largely owned but some leased, located in Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, Cuba, and Jamaica. Although it is not twenty years old, it has a capital of \$70,000,000 and assets of nearly \$100,000,000.

Two boys in their teens left home with impulses to do something worth while. They are now the moving spirits in this great enterprise. Golf, cricket, baseball, dancing, etc., had no charms for either one. Minor C. Keith, vice-president, went to Texas, and at twenty-

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one owned 4,000 head of cattle and a good bank account. The other, Andrew W. Preston, went to Boston and entered the fruit business. Both were poor at first, but now they are many times millionaires. One is 69 and the other 71, and they are still at the game, one being in New York and the other in Boston.

At the age of 23 Mr. Keith had sold his Texas investment and was trying to build a railroad 100 miles long from the Atlantic to San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica. At one end it was over swamps at the sea, and at the other end it was over mountains and reached an elevation of 5,000 feet. These swamps got three of his brothers and 4,000 of his men died in the effort. He succeeded, but he had no freight. He experimented with the banana, made a success and then hunted for a market. At the same time, Mr. Preston was doing the same thing in Jamaica and afterwards in Cuba; and he was successful. Keith grew fast and his ideas enlarged rapidly. He conceived the idea of building all the railroads for Central American republics and eventually connecting North America with South America by rail, and at the same time marketing his tropical fruits. These plans were heroic for a young man to contemplate, to say nothing of the difficulty of their execution. To make a long story short, he met with financial reverses and introduced himself to his competitor, Mr. Preston, now president; and they joined forces, saving Keith, and out of Keith's plans, both became kings in finance. Such characters are Napoleons in civil life. They created wealth out of something that did not exist before, and in a locality that was not only considered worthless but dangerous, and which *was* dangerous. Such men deserve all honor.

ON THE SEAS

They created a cheap, wholesome food for the rich and the poor. The raising, sale and distribution of their products have been reduced to a science. They sell bananas all over the world cheaper than you can buy apples of your neighbor, and they are much more valuable as a food product. We need more such men who do not hamper geniuses because they are successful. Washington, Clay, Webster, and Franklin never tasted a banana. The Keiths have made it possible for all mankind to enjoy this delicious food.

There has come into existence a ground parasite that kills banana plants in twelve to fifteen years; and the ground is worthless for bananas thereafter. They have experts employed and have expended fortunes to kill it, but so far have failed. About four hundred plants grow on an acre, and each plant produces one stem or bunch every nine months. A new plant grows from the old root, and so on, until the earth parasite destroys it. A stem weighs from fifty to seventy pounds. On the average, an acre will produce about two hundred stems in one year. Attached to the plant, a stem is worth from 35 to 50 cents. It is very perishable and must be handled promptly or it is a total loss. The plant requires much moisture, hence Central America is the garden spot for bananas, for in some places it rains from 100 to 200 inches a year. The bridges and railroads are washed out; and much labor, delay and expense are occasioned. Again there are some seasons when the rain is deficient and the crop is short.

The natives are worthless as laborers because they are uncertain and lazy, hence Jamaica Negroes are here by the thousands. They are sensitive, so the

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whites are called "gold" and the colored people "silver." They are fine workers and are happy and stick to the job. They get 10 cents an hour. The company rents a hut to the employes for a small charge; employs both preachers and doctors; erects church buildings, hospitals, and stores that supply food and medicines; and looks after the health and sanitary conditions of its property. It employs about seventy thousand men by contract. That is, a foreman has so many men and agrees to look after and cut the fruit from a certain space and deliver it at the railroad track. Otherwise it would be impossible to work so many men without loss.

Railroad tracks run all through the plantations. The stems are cut green, placed on cars, covered and brought to the dock in the evening of the same day. They are brought by the train load and loaded on the ships at night so the sun will not injure them. If one ripe banana is found on a stem, the whole stem is discarded because it might contaminate a whole cargo. They are inspected in the field, then again at the dock, and again and again when being placed in position in the hold of the ship. A cooling plant on the ship keeps them at 53 degrees. They are loaded on the cars at the destination at night. Two banana messengers accompany the train to watch the temperature, and as the train passes certain points a resident messenger checks the temperature of the cars to see that the banana messengers going with the train are doing their duty. Think of a small grower meeting such conditions! The bananas are cheap because the same concern ships and distributes them at your door without middlemen, and here is the secret of cheap

ON THE SEAS

living. The middlemen make foodstuffs high. This company also raises coffee, cocoanuts, pineapples, cocoa, oranges, molasses, and sugar. Central America is the place for tropical fruits and the cheapest place in the world to produce sugar. Sugar cane here will stand from twelve to fifteen years without replanting. In Louisiana it must be replanted every three years and it is foolish to try to compete when conditions are so unfavorable. Sugar and bananas are the cheapest foods on earth. This company is now producing 150,000 tons a year in Cuba, one-half of the total production in Louisiana.

It also raises horses, mules, and hogs; and has 65,000 head of cattle to produce milk, cheese, and beef for its employes.

A banana is not fit to eat until its jacket turns brown, because it is excessive in starch when yellow. In a short time this starch chemically increases in sugar; and in order to be choice, a banana must be separated from the plant green, which is contrary to most all other fruits.

The United Fruit Company handles about 30 per cent of the bananas sold on the market. We took 41,143 stems, brought in by thirty-two trains of eight cars each; the stems were loaded in the hull of our ship in twelve hours by machinery operated by electricity.

We stopped at Bocas del Toro, another banana port. The truth is, this company makes all the business on the east coast of Central America. It owns and operates about 1,500 miles of railroad located in the different republics.

The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico were as quiet as Sunday, except for the noise made by a

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monkey which one of the boys had bought and was bringing to the States. The rest of them considered it a nuisance, but dared not molest it for fear of trouble. It was cavorting and climbing around everywhere, so one of the boys greased its tail. It was unaware of its condition, and when it attempted to hang by its tail it was like some politicians hanging on one issue. The tail slipped and into the ocean went the monkey. It is needless to say it was drowned.

We arrived at Havana and remained there a day. It has a population of nearly 300,000; some building was going on and business was fairly good.

The city is clean, with narrow streets; and the buildings, except some up-to-date structures, are old and rusty with age. Cuba is growing, beyond a doubt; but largely from an injection of foreign energy and capital. The Cubans do not take the American push and energy very kindly. They prefer their old quiet way without any rush to it. Yet millionaires are growing even there.

I attended the funeral of a wealthy lawyer who had been prominent in politics. I saw the cream of Cuba there. There were some bright, capable, handsome fellows, well dressed and in turnouts as fine as you would see anywhere. Not a woman joined the procession. They must not show their grief on such occasions. The body was taken from the late home, a handsome residence, direct to the cemetery.

Then, there is Moro Castle with its dungeons and dark passage-ways, some leading to the sea, in which men were starved, murdered and pushed out in the water for the sharks. What a horrible method for any government to adopt!

ON THE SEAS

During her life, Queen Isabella instituted many cruel things that grew and brought much misery to her subjects. It is well that she is dead and that our government ordered all these dark places sealed up, closed forever, to be forgotten and abhorred by all future generations. To die is natural; and a quick death is preferable to a slow lingering one. To starve or try to starve a human being must be shocking to the God who created us that we all might enjoy the beauties and pleasures of life which are ours without the asking, and that we might build up, enlarge and develop to its greatest capacity the individual good and the good and welfare of all.

New Orleans

FOR a hundred miles we notice the fresh water from the Mississippi River pushing itself out into the dark green water of the sea as we approach this city. Many miles before we reach the bar, a pilot meets us, takes charge of the ship and safely guides us to one of its mouths. The river has fourteen openings into the sea, two only, the southwest and the south, being improved for navigation. The former is used mostly for deep draft vessels. We came through the south entrance. Our sea pilot left us when we reached the mouth or bar and a river pilot took his place. From the bar to the city is 110 miles.

The river was muddy and high, and had a swift current because of excessive rains along its course. It was up to its highest record. It had broken over levies at several places, and miles of lowland were being inundated. Thus, in generations gone by this river has made some of the richest land in the world. For miles and miles, not a sign of life was seen. Finally some cattle were seen grazing on the right, and eventually houses appeared, and as we neared the city they increased. On the left we saw orange orchards, and on the right rice fields. The river was from ten to fifteen feet above the land and was kept in place by the levies. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, but I am not one of those who wish to live here.

We made the journey on slow speed to avoid washing away the levies, and in the evening arrived in a harbor filled with ships from all directions, loading and unloading everything. The harbor is forty-one miles around, and, when improved and used, is big

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

enough to compete with any city in the world and to accommodate the whole Mississippi valley with the cheapest transportation facilities known to man. The past year it became second in the volume of business handled, which amounted to over \$300,000,000 of exports and imports; New York City alone surpassing it. The harbor is owned by the State of Louisiana and managed by a dock commission independent of all political influences. It has just completed a cotton warehouse costing over \$3,000,000, with a capacity of 2,000,000 bales. They are going to issue warehouse receipts on merchandise stored, backed by the State as security for loans, and thus bid for cheap surplus money in the Middle States, and in a measure free themselves from a depressed cotton market and New York City money. They have been asleep since 1860 and are just beginning to go after business in a business-like way. They are going to build warehouses for wheat, oats and other products on a large scale. The Mississippi River may again be what it once was, filled with freighters. They look on the Panama Canal as an injury to the interior, through the new rulings on continental freights; and its salvation is to do business through the New Orleans port. Time will tell. Possibly New England is the section to be greatly benefited by the Panama Canal in a commercial way, and the nation in a military way. The city owns and operates a belt railway passing all the docks. It is building canals through the city upon which small boats can operate with factories along the side, thus putting factories originating freight into close contact with the shipping facilities. It charges two dollars for switching cars, and "empties" are handled free.

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The city has a population of about 375,000 and is a typical Southern city. It is governed by the commission form of government, consisting of five members. Its weakness is politics, small men getting in and playing the game for self rather than for business and the good of the city. Yet it has accomplished much, and the new life in the city is due largely to the new form of government. The harbor improvements started with the new life injected into the city. It draws from the Mississippi the muddy water for domestic use, and filters and treats it, making it the best water in the world. It has put in a new sewer system, and looks after the garbage and the sanitation of the city, so that mosquitoes have substantially disappeared. It is filling in the marshes and low grounds, and New Orleans to-day is a new and a healthy city. It has cleaned house and is keeping it clean, for it is now under the influence of the federal health service, which has absolute control of the port. The street car service is fine.

This city is rich in history and romance. Here was the first settlement on the lower part of the river, the town having been laid out by Bienville in 1718; and some of the buildings erected shortly thereafter are still standing. Everything dates from the spot of the parish church upon which the present cathedral stands. In front of this cathedral is Jackson Park where stands the Jackson monument, an equestrian figure of the famous general, with "his guns," mounted thereon. Along the side on the left is the Presbyterian church now used by the State Agricultural Society to display the products of the State, including its minerals and resources; and on the right is the Cabildo in which is located the State museum

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

with war relics of all kinds, especially of the civil war, and including the famous painting by Lami of the battle of New Orleans in the war of 1812. They claim to have the original death plaster cast of Napoleon, taken at the time by his physician. In fact, everything one sees is musty with age; and it is old. We stood in the room where in 1803 representatives of Napoleon, on behalf of France, and of Thomas Jefferson on behalf of the United States, transferred to the latter what is known as the Louisiana Purchase, out of which fourteen States have been made. Spain sold it to France and within three days it was sold by France to us, and why? Napoleon feared it would fall into the hands of England, and to frustrate England and befriend us he made the deal—a wise piece of diplomacy all around.

The State Historical Society meets here. They will tell you that “the Spanish wrought-iron door and the old marble stairway” have welcomed many distinguished visitors. Louis Philippe, Aaron Burr, John J. Audubon, Marquis de Lafayette, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Zachary Taylor and many other presidents, foreign potentates and distinguished visitors have all helped to wear away the much indented stairsteps. No doubt the steps are well worn. And I went up those same steps and through the same “wrought-iron door” but did not leave my footprints on the sands of time. I wanted to be, and was, considerate of the colored janitor.

When I came out to go away, an old colored woman spied me as she turned the corner and backed up. When I arrived she said, “I am cold—the wind just blows through me. Yesterday I wanted to take

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off all my clothes, and to-day I want to put more on." I admitted it was somewhat colder and asked her if she had resided long in the city. She said, "Yes, sar, long befo' the war. My mudder brought me here when I was only seven years old and I have been here ever since." "Well, you must know this city pretty well." "Yes sar, I dun know it well." "What do you think of it?" "It is no good any more. No good for the black man. No work for him. All for the white people. When the republicans had it after the war it just seemed you could pick money off the street. That time's dun gone. Some people claim they are white people." "What do you mean by some people, the Creoles or Octoroons?" "Yes, they are all the same. Just these people whose mudder was a black woman and their father a white man, just a Nigger like myself all the same. They get all the work." I thanked her and started to go. She looked up with her toes poking their noses out of her old shoes for fresh air and said, "Say, boss, have you five cents about you, you can give me?" "Sure, that will buy six bananas and for two days you can live like a queen."

"The poor you shall always have with you," here and everywhere. Poor people have poor ways or they would not be poor. Of course, once in a while there will be exceptions to all rules.

A Creole is the fruit of a combination of the native French and Spanish-Americans, and the West Indians descended from European ancestors. Many Creoles are here, but few pure French are left. Formerly many lived here, but Frenchmen are lost and lonely away from France—and Paris. They long for and nearly all soon migrate back to their native land. They

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are not pioneers in any sense, except in the arts, literature, and science work in their native land.

This city is much like San Francisco — quite cosmopolitan. Many nationalities are found here, especially Italians.

Canal Street runs from the harbor north and is 176 feet wide, a magnificent thoroughfare, dividing the city into two parts, the one on the right being the old or French and Spanish section and the one on the left the new or American section. All side streets run into Canal Street. They have different names, but are laid out in such a way that they are a continuation east and west across Canal Street. The street railway has four tracks on Canal Street, which are used as a base for going to all parts of the city, both east and west; and both belt lines use the Canal Street tracks in making the circuit. The system is well managed, has good cars, and renders quick and convenient service.

On entering the first car which I used, I sat down at the back end because there was plenty of room. The conductor came in and told me I could not sit there for it was the "Jim Crow" end. I apologized, arose and went forward. The next time I climbed on a car, it was so full I could not get in; so I stood on the back platform. The number of blacks and whites was about equal. Neither side was ordered off; so we all rode in peace, and contentment, at least I did, realizing that the law permitted us to stand together but not sit together. When we all pay the same, act in a gentlemanly and ladylike way, and are promiscuously thrown together in our efforts to make a living and maintain our self respect, it is hard to frame

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a law to say one is not as good as another so long as he or she behaves himself, and is up to the average in all things.

I took a trip in the old section where the poor are everywhere, in one room, downstairs and upstairs, in nooks and corners and crevices, some big and some small, some at work and some idle, some laughing and some playing, but all apparently happy and contented with their lot, their conditions and surroundings. Though small, the shops covered all lines of trade, some odd and others interesting.

I came to a place which I could see was a jewelry store. That is, the front room was; and needing a silk cord for my glasses, I walked in, approached the proprietor and told him what I wanted. He was a mild, gentle, elderly gentleman. However, I glanced around the room on entering, and noticed a living room at the back. An old lady put out her head and sized me up from head to foot. He told me he had such things somewhere and started to locate them. The old lady kept her eye on me. He finally found them, just a few, and told me the price was five cents each. The day before I left Des Moines a friend in the jewelry business sold me one for 35 cents. I always regarded him as a "friend" for he never sued me for libel and I never had reason to doubt him until I stood in this shop. "Well, sir," I said, "I'll buy your stock." The old lady immediately slipped out into the front room and locked the safe, indicating by such actions, of course, that they had valuables in the safe, and she did not know about me. I was likely a possible "crook," and I had to laugh, for the old lady had me dead to rights. And then the old man laughed—but not until

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the safe was locked. Now had I stolen the contents of the safe I might have qualified myself as a candidate for commissioner of some municipality somewhere in some place, for the dear people never seem to differentiate. They like and admire a hero, and I lost an opportunity of becoming a hero to a good purpose.

The people had their washing hanging out in every direction, and it was not wash day either, not the day I was reared to consider as such. Now at Balboa they wash every day. The whole town is flying in the air every day in the week. There Goethals makes them bathe, whistle to keep up their spirits and wear clean clothes. Of course you can afford to do this in Balboa, for a friend of mine got his duck suit washed and ironed for 20 cents. Laundry bills must have been this low in days of old, when it was said "Cleanliness is next to godliness." When I can keep clean at so low a cost I am going to get in on the ground floor. But this was a poor colored wash woman and they are as thick here as mosquitoes. God bless them, may they inherit the kingdom of heaven, for they have not gotten a square deal at all times on this mundane sphere. One day while I was standing on a corner in Panama City, a little ice cart went by, stopped and whistled. A wash woman came out on the piazza from a third floor and let down a basket attached to a rope. The man went to the basket, dropped in a *pound* of ice, took out the money and up went the basket and the ice. I thought it would melt before it arrived at its destination.

Now this gives you a picture of the conditions and surroundings of the old town of New Orleans. The people are more intelligent and more industrious,

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but just as poor; and if the climate were as warm here as in Panama City they would be no better clothed, for Spanish predominates in both sections or towns. Most of the houses are old and rusty. Some are one story, some two and some three; but they are divided and redivided and occupied by the masses who live and have their being here and come up to Canal Street for their eating. The streets are narrow and dusty.

Canal Street does the commercial business of the city. The five drygoods stores are located on this street, and it has some good ones. Also the fine jewelry, millinery, clothing and shoe stores are here. Rents are very high. A building three stories high will command from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year at the busy corners. Fine candy and drug stores, doing a little of everything, are able to stay on this street.

All hotels, financial institutions and smaller business concerns hug on each side of the street or only a block away. This is the hub of the retail center, and it is not over seven or eight blocks long. The high rents are sending business west up St. Charles Street, which touches Canal Street in the business center.

Business has been at a very low ebb here, but about last November it began to revive. It is a moral crime for anyone to say business is bad in this city. All are educated to look on the bright side of things and say it is good. Now, a merchant never, or seldom ever, discharges his help. He lays them off temporarily, which period is like a rubber band. It may be for weeks, months or years. This is done when customers are slow in supplying their wants and this is often the excuse. It is only a convenience all around, the clerk getting a vacation without pay.

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Clerks are plentiful. A big wage is \$12 a week. Many are selling on commission, and get what they make, much or little. Some men clerks at dry goods counters are getting \$7 a week. Some people would consider this beneficial, as no margin is given for dissipation or extravagance. The recipient of wages from \$3 to \$7 per week, the amount the majority get, can walk in the narrow and straight way, and not yield to temptation of any kind.

Goods are sold cheap here, and living is cheap. Reduce the capacity of the consumers to buy and you always bring about a reduction of the cost of living, except as to rents, which are up or down in accordance with high or low taxes. You cannot have high taxes and low rents at the same time, for conditions will adjust themselves, and high taxes and high rents have produced more than one revolution in the past.

Taxes are high here the same as in most of our American cities, a condition caused largely by political corruption. The bonded indebtedness is about thirty-five millions and the floating indebtedness is very large. Like most cities, the salary list would bankrupt any private concern, being made necessarily large to pay political debts. This of course is nothing more than legalized stealing, of which all public officials should be ashamed. But it is the same almost everywhere. The people do not act wisely in selecting their public officials because they are incapable of acting as a unit. More appointive and fewer elective public officials is the salvation of the day.

This city has four National banks and eleven bank and trust companies, fifteen in all. On March 1, 1916, they held \$100,000,000 on deposit. The clearances last year

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were almost \$1,000,000,000. They are strong, conservative, and making money. It is a good banking point, and the few engaged in the business find it very profitable. Most cities have too many banks, which condition is an element of weakness rather than of strength.

In its termination before emptying into the sea, the Mississippi River winds around very much; and this city is situated in one of these bends forming a crescent. Hence it is called the "Crescent City." The streets do not always run with the compass, so, as I have before stated, Canal Street is more east and west than it is north and south.

Many years ago Canal Street contained a canal and the street ran along the side, hence the name, Canal Street. In subsequent years the canal was discontinued and filled in, hence the street's width.

In some places, water in great abundance prevails four feet under ground and in other places it is nearer the surface. Hence cellars or basements are impossible. To properly take care of the sewage was no small problem. In former years it ran in gutters in the streets. This was bad and caused much sickness. The problem was solved by building conduits under the ground running several miles west, both surface and sanitary sewers in one, to a reservoir near a large lake. The reservoir was made deep enough to give sufficient incline to the underground conduits for the water to run into the large reservoirs where a pumping station was erected to pump the contents of the reservoir into the lake, thus giving to the city a perfect sewer system and making of it a healthful place. The next nuisance dispensed with was the rats. By making cement floors, building cement docks, and

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cleaning up generally the rats and conditions harboring them, the people have created out of an old, filthy city a new, clean city, a fit place in which to live, and an ideal spot for a winter's sojourn for people desiring to get away from the snow and ice. It is only thirty hours' ride from the middle west.

The cemeteries are an interesting study. Masons, Odd Fellows, Catholics, Jews, and so on, have cemeteries everywhere in the western part of town. They are in all stages of preservation, some old and some new, hundreds of acres used for this purpose alone. What a waste of good land! This condition exists everywhere, more or less. To me, cremation seems to be the only sensible and sane disposition of the body, especially here. The water being so near the surface, the people would not think of putting their friends over two or three feet in the ground. Some do this and then mound the ground up two or three feet, thus preventing the decaying body from becoming offensive to the living. A headstone is erected and flowers, plants, etc., beautify as well as locate the lot and resting place of the deceased. Only a few are done this way, however. The majority of them have erected mausoleums in all styles of architecture, resembling churches, dwellings, cottages, etc., some very handsome, really beautiful in design and expensive. Many of these mausoleums have cost from \$10,000 to \$15,000; especially those erected in Metairie Cemetery. This formerly was a racetrack, and now contains 200 acres. It was established in 1873. The grounds are beautifully laid out. The streets are narrow and paved, and are fringed with palms, tropical plants and ornamental trees so arranged as to make a pleasing effect. The

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little dwellings are arranged in order, above ground, with porches and steps to many of them. The surroundings are impressive and serious as the visitor wanders from one "sleeping home" to another. It may be a child, a wife, a father, a sister, or a brother; and it may be a whole family of long ago, all gone to return no more. Judging by the large number of chairs, settees, and the like on the porch, on the walk, just outside and near the door, there is no doubt that there are many who feel the spirit of the departed friends. They are above ground, "just inside the house" and near and with you in feeling as well as spirit. You know they are within, so you sit and visit and commune with the departed day after day, happy and contented with the pleasure of a supposed personal contact and going away knowing you will soon be there also, maybe to-morrow.

Many societies have been organized and have erected large vaults, holding twenty or more bodies, placed in crypts. Statuary of angels, Christ, children, etc., abounds everywhere; and some are fine subjects of art.

At the main entrance on a high mound is a fine equestrian figure, in bronze, of Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the greatest generals, either North or South, in the Civil War. The battle of Corinth and the death of Johnston there, by a stray bullet, on April 6, 1862, were the beginning of the end of the Confederacy. When he made the charge on Sherman at 5 o'clock in the morning on that day, he found Sherman's army surprised. Some were in bed, and some at breakfast, all were unprepared. An army of 50,000 was shot down, routed, ruined, and reduced to 20,000 because its general failed and neglected to be on his guard.

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The arrival of Buell and Wallace with reinforcements next morning turned the tide because Johnston's successor, Beauregard, who was in poor health, failed to clinch the victory the night before, but retreated and lost all. They are proud of Johnston all through the South and have so honored him. They are great to honor their heroes. Gen. Robert E. Lee's monument, without name or mark of any kind, stands in a circle on St. Charles Street, seventy-five feet high. Jefferson Davis' monument is in the Davis park. Beauregard's stands at the entrance to the city park. The people here are great for monuments to perpetuate the memory of the dead, not a bad trait to be found in human character regardless of the cause.

The city has erected many new school buildings, and they are modern and up-to-date. Teachers are paid the same as in the average American city. Colored people are provided with separate schools taught by both white and colored teachers.

The colored man's lot is fixed and determined in the South for all time, regardless of legislation. He will never be assimilated by the white people. His future position is that of servant, and so he will always remain. Colored people are numerous here, and their lot is to do the hard work. The brick masons and hod carriers are colored. So are most of the carpenters, the teamsters, the dock hands, the toilers of the soil, and carriers of burdens, servants in houses, etc. The mule, the two-wheel cart and the colored man with a load of wood, coal, dirt, manure, and so on, are a common sight. Colored servants are plentiful and cheap, every dwelling having one or more. They bring you a toothpick, hold your horse while you get on,

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brush your clothes, clean the lawn, in fact do all the work, except what little is done by the "white trash." The higher classes of whites do the clerical work, all the bossing and most of the loafing. Colored servants are cheap and plentiful, and woe unto the "white trash." Their lot is a hard one, more deplorable than the colored man's, so they have taken to strong drink, loafing and downright worthlessness.

The Carnival is an organization dating from 1872. It is given just before Lent. It begins about January 6 of each year, is purely social, and marks the passing of winter into spring. The carnival ends with a pageant of floats, each one portraying some historical, literary or poetical subject. They are designed with great care, and are beautiful and expensive, some costing \$1,000 each. The Carnival lasts one week. The city is divided into clubs and leagues, some with large membership. The members pay annual dues, and in this way the different organizations create a rivalry, each trying to make its night and the ball with which it ends, the best.

The last day and night are given to the business men's club, this organization being financially the strongest. Comus, as it is called, gives a dress ball after the parade, and the king, or Rex, gives another ball for the masses. The stores close on this day and the young people mask the last day and appear on the streets; and the town is theirs, especially Canal Street. This year it was filled with people, all vehicles being barred. Some of the maskers had very pretty costumes. Some of the girls wear pants and the boys dresses, not knowing "who is who." Everyone seems to enter into the frolic wholeheartedly. Then at night

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there are the parade and the balls. Prizes are given for excellence in different lines. There is no advertising of any kind. All expenses are paid out of a common fund of \$75,000 to \$100,000, and it is estimated that from 50,000 to 60,000 people attend and leave about \$1,500,000 behind them each year.

The city can do this because of the mild climate at this season of the year. But in June mosquitoes come in by the millions. They are hatching just outside of the city now. Sometimes they move in earlier. This city has from five to six months of hot weather in a year; and then is the time the mosquitoes come in and have their carnival, biting pretty girls and lazy men. What fine sport they do have!

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Gulfport, Mississippi

WHEN we got on the train leaving New Orleans for this place, a married couple from New York sat opposite to us. Both were well dressed and refined; and, without doubt, they were people of position and ability at home.

When everything was adjusted and the woman sat down and relaxed, she glanced out of the window and remarked: "I am glad that at last we are on the train leaving this dirty, filthy city. It is unclean in more ways than one. The buildings and dwellings are permitted to rust and decay. The streets and cess-pools or cisterns are the breeders of diseases, and the people are haughty, proud, lazy and high tempered—their fingers on the triggers all the time." She was not happy; and, from their conversation, we inferred that they had made a visit to the Mardi Gras and incidentally visited some friends, the latter not wholly pleasant, for she further remarked that "she was really impudent and every one was looking for a tourist to pluck—get something for nothing."

Later, I was in conversation with a gentleman and he said he was glad he was getting out of the city. I asked him why. He said: "They have a certain way to do business and they do not deviate from their custom or habit. They work schemes to get tourists from the North and East to come by the thousands, to get their money, and when they get them in the city they try to fleece them in every way. They do not give the visitors a square deal. Not only do they hold them up, but they treat them the same as if they all

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were rascals.” I asked him what he meant. “Well,” he said, “I had Chicago exchange and went to the railroad office to buy my ticket and offered to pay for the same with a Chicago draft, both banks being the largest financial institutions in their respective States; and the agent informed me that he was prohibited from accepting anything but cash. I then called on three National banks to cash my exchange, and each one informed me that I would have to get a personal indorser, a responsible man, to identify me. I told them I was a tourist and knew no one personally, but had papers and documents on my person which would fully identify me as the payee of the draft. Each said that would not do. There I was, ‘a stranger in a strange city,’ driven to desperation. I was a half-day trying to raise the cash. And one made me mad by saying, ‘There are a good many tourists in the city and we must insist on our rule.’ They are crooks, begging tourists to visit their city and spend their money and thus ease up local business depression.”

“Well,” I remarked, “a few years ago hundreds of thousands of dollars of cotton warehouse receipts were executed in the city, and New Orleans banks loaned money on them and these banks, in turn, rediscounted the paper, with said receipts as collateral attached, to New York City bankers, who rediscounted them in London. Later, when they fell due, London found many of them were forgeries. Suits were brought on them in New York by the London parties, but I was unable to recall how the litigation ended.”

“There,” he said, “I told you the crooks lived in the city of New Orleans. Not one tourist in a thousand gets in bad, and then only for a small amount,

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and it is usually his personal check." And so it goes. To kick is natural and sometimes justifiable. The people are very suspicious, and I do not understand why.

One thing I was sorry to see as I was leaving the city. A few got together and decided that races during the Mardi Gras would increase the attendance, although the laws of the State prohibit racing. The papers and business men were appealed to, a corporation was formed, and the race meet was a great success. At the close the boosters got together and voted themselves \$30,000; and the few crumbs, or the little that was left, was turned over to the stockholders, together with a lawsuit pending in court. There is too much of that spirit here. Before a party of influence helps in a cause, he asks how much there is in it for him. They will have to get away from this spirit. If they expect to expand and grow, they must practice self-sacrifice. A booster spirit is the willingness to sacrifice your individual interests for the good of all or the good of the community in which you live.

Well, we arrived at Bay St. Louis, the first winter resort. It is located in Mississippi and has about 2,500 people. It is quite democratic in every way, a place for the common people; and it is patronized largely by Louisiana and Mississippi people. It gives them an outing at little expense. However, it is simply a change, for there is nothing much here.

Our next stop was Pass Christian, pronounced with the accent on the last syllable when you want to be Frenchy, otherwise just plain English. This place was not known much until the winter of 1914, when Miss Herndon rented her cottage to President Wilson, who came with two automobiles, his servants and an army

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of secret service men, who guarded the president and the premises day and night. It was just like a game of chess. When he moved, they moved; and after four weeks of this they all moved, together, back to Washington.

But one thing he did. He put this place on the map, and ever since its citizens elevate their chins, throw back their heads and step high. They painted up, too, and they all try to look learned and smart. The other towns say "Pass Christian people think themselves more aristocratic than the other towns round about, since the President's visit."

The residence he occupied is plain, but simple and restful, with southern exposure and large porches. It is a frame building, having one story and a high basement. It is located at one edge of the town. There are several other cottages much larger and more pretentious—but.

It is a very pretty and quiet place. It has good hotel facilities and at reasonable prices. Last Summer, 157 automobiles were registered here. It possibly has a population of 2,500 people. All these places are considered both Summer and Winter resorts. In the Winter people from the North and New England come to these places, and in the Summer the Southern people occupy the cottages to escape the excessive heat in the interior. The rent in the Winter is double the amount charged in the Summer time.

The storm last September destroyed all the piers, not one remaining; and it also did much other damage.

From here we moved to Gulfport, more of a business town than a resort. It is a one-man town, and that man is dying from a stroke of paralysis in his own large, magnificent hotel, the Great Southern.

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He married Mrs. John D. Rockefeller's sister, and made his fortune in oil in northern Pennsylvania. It is estimated that he is worth \$20,000,000; and he controls this town of about 6,500. Long Beach lies between Pass Christian and Gulfport. In fact, scattered cottages are along the beaches from Bay St. Louis to Ocean Springs.

His name is Capt. J. T. Jones of Buffalo, New York. His family consists of himself, his wife and an unmarried daughter; and for years they have spent their winters here. He owns the traction company, which spreads out into an interurban connecting all the resorts. He owns the First National Bank, the electric light, the harbor facilities, and the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad running to Jackson, Mississippi, a distance of 165 miles. Nearly all the important business blocks in the town belong to him. In fact, he owns the town. Now, if a man or any single interest owns all these things, if he does not own the town, why not? He also owns the traction company from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. Yet they say he is not a bad fellow. Why should money make anyone bad? It does not. Actions make men bad, with or without money, so forget the money in your criticism of men and jump onto their conduct, with both feet, especially city councilmen, for most of them are bad because of the company they keep. When you go after them, make yourself heard. It works up their liver, if not yours. A sick man is next to being dead, but he lives, if a councilman.

The mosquitoes! Millions of them all along here. The advance agents have arrived, making arrangements for the enormous army due to invade this territory the latter part of May and to remain about six months.

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I am told that some, if well fed, get as large as canary birds. A street car conductor told me last season was the worst ever. The boys wore capes attached to their caps back of their necks and had their faces covered and their hands gloved. A man said they got so thick on his hand he could not see his own hand. They cannot be all females that bite, for they try to devour men, women, children, and beasts. This is the largest crop produced here and every season is a success. I keep on the move towards the aurora borealis. No swamps for me or water without a tide in Summer.

Biloxi, Mississippi

WE ARRIVED at this place and were kindly taken in by Col. J. W. Apperson of the Riviera Hotel, a typical Southern gentleman from Memphis, Tennessee, 100 years old in experience, and in action 16 years old. It is nice to grow old, young, and he does it by trying to make every one feel just as he does; and he succeeds.

This day is perfect—calm, still, quiet below, like a May day in the Middle West, with a clear sky and the birds singing their cheerful songs all around. It is Sabbath day, and why not? Even men and women under such circumstances or conditions drift into a thoughtful mood; and impulses arise in the breast creating a desire to do something good, to perform some act of kindness before the day dies; so they go to church. Every one went to church. There were no games, no amusements. All these were suspended just for a few hours, in contemplation of the many blessings all receive and few fail to appreciate. It is well to feel grateful once in awhile, for we thus grow gentler and kinder towards those who are worse off than ourselves.

This is the nicest resort of them all. It is a clean, attractive place, purely residential, like all the others. There are about 6,500 people residing here, besides the Winter and Summer tourists. All these places were started as Summer resorts for the Southern people that they might escape the heat in the interior and get a cool breeze once in a while. The Northern and New England people have found them a congenial

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Winter section, and they come by the thousands. These places get warm in the Summer season, going up to 104 or 105 degrees, and many days 90 to 100, but this is not as bad as the interior. Last Winter it dropped to 22 degrees above zero, the coldest it has been for a long period of time; but the temperature usually is as high as 70 degrees, thus making this place a delightful Winter resort for those desiring to escape snow and ice. The mosquitoes are a Summer product here also, and usually in large numbers.

The residences are nicely kept, and have attractive lawns. This condition, together with clean business streets and good side-walks, makes it a delightful place to spend a few weeks.

Oysters are caught by the ton; shrimps and fish are in abundance. Oysters are canned by good sized factories and are also shipped in bulk. Oyster beds are planted near here, and their cultivation is extensive.

Oysters, like some people you and I know, are strange creatures. They flourish in salt water near fresh water and live on the bottom of the stream or body of water which they inhabit. While in water, the shell enclosing the oyster opens and closes like a hinged case. Thus it takes in its food. It never moves, that is, it stands pat where it is put, like some men I have known. So the food must come to it suspended in the water, and thus it lives as nature intended. When it spawns, the little miniature oyster, complete in all its parts, is thrown out to shift for itself, and floats away, and whatever it touches, it adheres to and gradually grows and expands into a large adult oyster. This takes about three years. At the start

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it may attach itself to a bottle, an old boot, a rock or the shell of another oyster. Thus you may find two or more oysters grown together. As high as six have thus been found grown together. They are very prolific. Men catch them by scraping the bottom of the stream with a net. They load them in boats and shovel them out like coal. They then break the shell with a hammer, for they are very strong, and the two halves of the shell are firmly clasped. Then a steel knife pries them apart and the oyster is removed and placed in a bucket of water. The men get \$1 a bucket, which contains about 1,000 oysters; and, at this rate, they make from \$3 to \$4 a day for doing the work. While in the water, on the approach of danger or when taken out of the water, the shell is closed quickly by the oyster; and it is so strong that if you caught an oyster with its shell open, and your finger were caught in closing, it might be cut off. Thus the expression, "closed up like a clam." They are very sensitive and alert at self-preservation.

The State is crushing oyster shells for building roads into the country districts. This State already has many miles of such roadway, and they are fine. The public highways are first well drained and these crushed shells are used for surfacing over sand as a foundation. The State is getting quite active with its public highways, even to the extent of issuing bonds to extend them to all parts of the State, by degrees.

This town claims distinction in nothing except as one of the oldest towns in the State and as having at one time been the Summer residence of Mr. Howard, the president of the extinct Louisiana Lottery Company. The citizens are also proud of the fact that

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President Wilson, when he was residing at Pass Christian, slipped away from the crowd and drove here one Sunday and attended the little Presbyterian church "just around the corner." It is, however, located between two towns that claim some relics.

On the west is the town of Mississippi City, which adjoins this town with Gulfport beyond. Jefferson Davis had his Summer home in this little town, and the little one-story dwelling with columns in front still stands. The State has built around it extensive improvements for a home for the Confederate soldiers, and here numbers of the men who saw many battles as well as many hardships reside. It is an ideal spot for such an institution, and many were out enjoying the sunshine and the fine air that abounds here both from the pine woods and the water. They can even cross the road with line and rod and catch a fresh fish any time.

Also, it was here that John L. Sullivan and John Kilrain went to the mat many years ago, to Kilrain's misfortune. Mr. Sullivan stopped at the hotel near by, and his standing in this locality is still first class, so if he could make a return visit, he would be well received. I mistrust his past record would be good for a night's lodging, at least, at this place.

On the other side of Biloxi is Ocean Springs, a small village of about 1,500 people. It is very much like a country town, without side-walks and without excitement. One could not help being a Christian in this place. It is just the place to send your husband or wife, especially the former. He would not even be provoked to use profanity. He could walk up hill and then down and then half way up again, so he would

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be neither up nor down; and then, he could go to the pine woods and see them extract turpentine from the trees, an innocent amusement and fine for restoring the nerves. I believe this town to be law abiding and God-fearing to an extraordinary degree. I do not believe the dogs will bark at night. But I saw some roosters, and ever since St. Peter's time they have been crowing at four o'clock A. M. by St. Thomas' timepiece, and never make a mistake. No doubt they will continue to do so.

And here is where Tweed came when he made his escape from New York City. What more appropriate thing could a man charged with crime do? Some criminals not yet discovered are residing in quiet, respectable places, retreats, so to speak, seeking health and seclusion from the curious and the populace in the public highways and byways on the outside.

Tweed had two daughters living west of town. He built a home for the first one, who married a Mr. Maginnis. In this house they lived, and here he came to hide. The other daughter married a brother of the husband of her sister, who built a very large house. Both lived here for years, and you all know what became of Tweed. The girls afterwards died leaving no children. Their husbands subsequently married. They are now dead, also, but they left children by the second marriages. These children reside in New Orleans, and some of the boys are in business there, and are prominent and wealthy.

The houses are like hotels. They have many rooms filled with furniture, some of which, including a piano, must be a hundred years old. Servants' quarters were built at the back. Thus the Tweed family passed out

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of existence, the avarice, love of power and ambition of the father causing a wreck of himself and all those near and dear to him. This is the decree or judgment that sooner or later overtakes all who violate the laws of God and man. The penalty must be paid and is paid in the end; and so it will be to the end of time. All is now for sale.

Nearby is the spot where a little house stood, now owned by Mrs. Purington of Chicago, in which the first Confederate money was printed. An engraver from Philadelphia was brought in through the blockade. He was fully equipped with tools and machinery to issue paper money by the bale. It was afterwards removed to Montgomery, Alabama.

So you see how the wrongdoer seeks to hide under the cover or cloak of simplicity. Light and publicity not only drive away microbes, but evildoers; and the salvation of all American cities is more light. And what is good for cities is good for humanity. "Let there be light, and there was light."

Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama are very much the same. There are two kinds of lands in these States, upland and lowland. In the low places much of the land overflows, destroying the crops half of the time; yet the soil is very rich. The upland must be fertilized to raise any kind of crop, including cotton and cane. They claim the salt air from the sea destroys the life of the soils. Grass seems to have but little sustenance. The horses, mules, cows, sheep, and hogs are a sad lot, they are so poor. And the people in the country are the same in appearance.

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Mobile, Alabama

IMAGINE yourself in a city with 2,200 saloons or drinking places each paying \$750 a year, and never closing—a city where the children are unprovided with school facilities and where the leading paper publicly confesses that compulsory education must not be enacted into law by the legislature, because it would require an expenditure on behalf of the State of the stupendous sum of over \$5,000,000 to comply with such a law. Then imagine yourself suddenly transported into a city and a State that has compulsory education both for the whites and the blacks. Such was the contrast I noticed in coming from New Orleans to Mobile. And this is not all. In Mobile a child is compelled to wear a button showing the number of days it has attended school for that year. No child under 16 years of age may work during the school period but must devote its time acquiring an education. This, in time, will make a great contrast in these two States in many ways, especially as to the material progress made by the masses, for one cannot but forge ahead of the other; and such differences now exist and are noticeable.

I found Mobile one of the cleanest and most attractive places I have visited so far. The streets are fairly wide, clean, and well-paved with creosote, asphalt and brick. Some asphalt in the business section has been down nearly fifteen years and is in good condition to-day. Streets that are not paved are graded up and well drained, so that they are pleasing to the eye and comfortable to the traveller, except in extremely bad weather. However, the city is extensively

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paved in every direction, and each night the paved streets are flushed and thus kept in fine condition.

Government Street has some beautiful homes, mansions of the olden times, which have passed to the next generation; and to their credit let it be said, they are carefully repaired and looked after as if they were still in the hands of the parties who originally built them. They have not been permitted to go to ruin. The lawns are carefully attended to, also; and ornamental trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers abound everywhere. There are not merely a half-dozen or so such residences but scores of them.

The families who originally built these homes were wealthy cotton and lumber people. They saw the Confederate cause waning and with large quantities of Confederate money on their hands converted it into this real estate and built these magnificent homes now owned and controlled by their children and grandchildren,—a happy thought and a happy turn from misfortune to fortune.

Mobile is a city of about 60,000, situated on Mobile Bay, which has a depth of thirty-one feet, giving it a fine harbor, connecting with the Gulf of Mexico. Its shipping interests are large, consisting, for the most part, of cotton and lumber.

It was founded in the year 1702 by the French as a trading point. The people have permitted the trading industry to lag, but a new interest is taking hold and the booster spirit is growing. This is so, however, all along the Southern coast. There is rivalry springing up now for New England and Northern tourists. Cities, counties, and states are expending large sums of money for good roads, running in every direction; and each

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city is beginning to beautify itself so as to become attractive.

Mobile has gone to the commission form of government, having three commissioners who are elected for two years and draw \$5,000 each. They were elected five years ago, and the same ones are still rendering fine service. The people like the new form of government and they are pleased beyond measure with the commissioners because they devote all their time and ability to the city's interest and are making good. My good friend Myerly and Brother Hanna ought to visit this city and do better — be good. They have placed galvanized boxes at the street corners for waste paper and the like. The city owns its own water supply, the finest water in the world. It comes from springs and there is an abundance. This is the only thing it owns. The street railway, electric light and gas are controlled by private parties. Harmony exists everywhere, and all render fine service, especially the street car company. Taxes are 1.55 cents for every \$100. Rents are very reasonable. Business fronts rent for \$100 to \$150 a month. Five and six-room residences, modern, from \$15 to \$25. Living is cheap.

The whole South, however, is now suffering on account of the war, as to cotton and lumber. Business has not been good for a year or two, but this will change in time.

This State and Mississippi are just finding out that both can profitably raise all the citrus fruits. The satsuma orange, imported from Japan, grows here and will stand more cold than the California orange. The temperature last Winter went down to twenty-two without affecting it. This alone gives them the advantage

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over California, for the expense of smudge pots is eliminated. They are two days nearer the New England market. They are precisely in the same condition as California, for nothing grows in either place without fertilizing. On the other hand, California has to irrigate, and they do not here. The annual rainfall for both States is between fifty and sixty inches.

They have just begun to plant large orchards all along the southern section, and when matured they will be strong competitors with California and Florida. The pecan industry is spreading very rapidly. So is the grapefruit industry. They grow peaches, plums, in fact everything that is produced in California; and, in addition, cotton and sugar cane, which gives them sugar and molasses. California, however, has beet sugar instead. They also compete with the Pacific Coast States for tourists who have money to invest. They are just getting a good start, and travel during the Winter months is going to increase to the South.

The city has fine banks, two National and three State, with a combined deposit of about \$15,000,000. The legal rate is 8 per cent and the banks pay 4 per cent for deposits on time.

These two States are very similar as to soil and climate. About 30 per cent of the land was covered by yellow pine, spruce and other woods; and large lumber interests, as well as wealthy speculators, control enormous tracts of timber land, which condition handicaps the development of both States materially. Instead of farmers and horticulturists, they had logging men and common laborers. Now they are after practical men to develop their land.

They have also suffered much from the boll weevil

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and the tick. The boll weevil is a small insect that has wings when grown. It migrated from Mexico to Texas and is gradually invading all the Cotton States. So far, no remedy has been found to destroy it, yet by intelligent planting and constant care and attention during its growth the damage done to cotton has been materially reduced. The tick, also, came from Mexico. It is a small bug that attaches itself to cattle, burrows in the skin and stays there and sucks the blood from the animal, and in doing so gets as large as a gooseberry. Cattle so afflicted become poor and are fit for the graveyard. A remedy has been found to kill this. The States are trying to enforce a State law, leaving it optional with each county by vote to enforce it. Many counties have acted favorably. This law compels the owner to dip his cattle in a public vat filled with a chemical preparation once every two weeks. When this pest is eliminated the farmers will go extensively into the cattle business, thus freeing themselves from the cotton proposition. They can raise good corn here, and both go together. Hogs are successfully raised and also sheep, but the latter are permitted to run at large, and the owner catches and shears them when he needs a little money.

They raise the Chinese peanut instead of corn to feed the hogs. The oats, they cut in the stalk for hay. They can raise all kinds of vegetables if they are so inclined, but they are forced to fertilize before anything will grow. This is because the ground is devoid of all humus, that is, decayed vegetable matter. This was destroyed in years gone by through fires started to burn the dead grasses, the leaves in the timber and weeds, instead of plowing the same under to

enrich the soil and diversify their farming. All mistakes are paid for sooner or later, and mistakes always cost some one money in the end.

Fairhope is only seventeen miles from this city, and boats cross to and fro frequently. They haul both freight and passengers, and do a very good business.

This colony is trying to put in actual practice Henry George's theory that land should stand the taxes. All those who have no land agree to this theory without argument, and some are at a loss to know why it has not been universally adopted. The world is full of theories, and new ones are being born every day, and that is how some people keep busy and, of course, out of mischief; otherwise they might break into the penitentiary.

The association owns 5,000 acres of land. This land is leased to the members for any length of time at an agreed price, subject to county and state taxes. Whatever the member is compelled to pay the State, the association credits him that amount on his rent.

Memberships cost \$100, and are transferable. The individual gets all he produces; that is, he works for himself, but the association owns all public utilities and furnishes the service at the price agreed upon. At a town meeting, officials are chosen to manage the business for a certain period of time. About 800 people are gathered in this haven of rest, trying to convince the world that it is wrong and this association is right; yet the old wagon continues to run in the middle of the road, as it did at the beginning of time.

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Montgomery, Alabama

IT WAS with pleasant memories that we took our departure from Mobile to this city. It is a good old town with many points of interest; and not the least of these were the numerous handsome women all around. They were winsome, quite attractive both in figure and expression, and modestly, simply, and tastefully gowned. I left because I thought it was best that I should go.

The men looked well, too, and appeared keen and alert. They were well fed and well groomed and apparently satisfied with the way things were going.

In fact, the town had every appearance of being fairly prosperous, for even the colored people had a self-satisfied air in their conduct and spirit.

For forty miles after leaving, we did not stop, and not a station did we pass, for there was but little life manifested for miles on either side of the track. When we did stop at the trading village, we found it was poverty itself. Huts began to appear and as they become more numerous, they improved in looks; but the best of them gave little evidence of prosperity. Outside of lumber and through traffic, the railroad has no business of any consequence for over 150 miles.

As we progressed further north, the appearance of the country began to improve and agriculture was in evidence to a greater or less extent; but from Mobile to Montgomery we did not see more than two white men in the fields—all were colored men following a horse hitched to a plow. We did see one white woman, with her hands to the plow, making the dirt fly. An

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Alabama young lady was in the seat with me and when I called her attention to the fact, she smiled and said, "She no doubt is a suffragette." Women who are crazy about the ballot can now see what their finish will be! Personally I did regret to see such a thing occurring in America. After the European war, no doubt such scenes will be quite common in many foreign countries, but we are far from those conditions here, and may they always be far from us.

Cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, and chickens were more frequent and their condition improved as we came north. They seemed to be getting regular meals for they had some fat noticeable and did not have that disconsolate look in their faces.

The soil is all colors, but principally red. They also have sandy, red and clay, and other colors. In fact, you can notice, in places, ten or a dozen kinds of soil in a ten acre tract; so you get a little of everything when you buy a piece of land here.

We saw them preparing the ground for cotton and certain grains. Oats were up and in some fields the stock was grazing on them. Later the stock will be taken off and the oats will be permitted to mature into milk when it will be cut for hay. The farmers are building silos and giving some attention to stock raising in this section. Some corn is planted for feed for stock. They also raise the velvet bean, which is very rich in food qualities, for the same purpose. They are planting many fruit orchards. All are young trees, mainly oranges, pecans, pears, peaches, etc. This is some of the diversified farming agitated here, including truck gardening. But the great trouble is their lack of facilities for an economical distribution of their

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product. There are only a few nearby markets, and they are unfamiliar with distant markets. In fact, this is much of the trouble of many agricultural sections of the United States. A genius like John D. Rockefeller may spring up some day and solve the intricate problem, the quick distribution and the elimination of the middle man in the handling of farm products. Here both the farmers and their farming are crude, and commission men at home and abroad have been simply robbing the producer in times gone by; so he finally drifted into the habit of raising only the things to live on, and no more of those than are necessary for his own use. His cotton, until the last two years, was available to raise the ready cash as his wants arose; and all he had to do was to haul a bale of cotton to the local merchant and either sell or borrow money on it. This was both convenient and satisfactory, and the farmer went home happy. The war and England have upset his old accustomed plans, and, being simple in habits and life, and often ignorant and uneducated in the ways of the world, he is lost and praying for deliverance, and he is demanding relief. This is why the Southern representatives in Congress are busy and making themselves heard. All these things, in turn, are readjusting the economic conditions of the South, and, if the distribution is intelligently handled, the future will improve their condition, through diversified farming.

The boll weevil does not damage to exceed 10 per cent of the cotton raised. This great cry of the boll weevil is largely started by the large planters to keep the Negroes from demanding too much for their services, and also to lessen their demands for advancements

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from year to year. The planters are at the mercy of the colored laborer. By his labor alone cotton is planted, raised and harvested; and so long as he can be kept in certain channels of poverty by small wages and small advancements, his desire for food keeps him at home, just making his keep one year with another, always on the job, to the planter's delight and profit. Do not worry much over the boll weevil. It is much like wheat rust at the Chicago grain pit. They have their purpose and both do the work, or have done it up to date. There are games or tricks in all trades, and, strange as it may seem, some never grow old. The boll weevil is only about five years old. The Negro, ignorant and uneducated and without means, will never know the difference; and if he is happy and contented, why make his life miserable by putting him into channels he will not understand and is incapable of living out?

When we arrived in Montgomery, a beautiful little city of about 40,000 people, well situated in many respects, we found it possessed of good hotels, some good retail stores, and several wholesale houses. The town is a good business center. Many fine homes are noticeable; the lawns are well kept up, and the streets are clean and well paved with brick and asphalt. They are wide, too. The side-walks are concrete and in fine condition. Galvanized receptacles are on the corners to receive refuse, such as waste paper and the like. This is one of the sure ways to keep the streets clean.

And this city owns its own water plant, the water coming from springs, insuring good, clean water. The street railway and the gas and electric lighting plants are owned by private interests, and all three give good service.

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Montgomery is the capital of Alabama, and was, in days gone by, the capital of the Confederacy, when much excitement of life, both social and political, abounded here. On February 17, 1861, Jefferson Davis was standing on the balcony of the old Exchange Hotel. The streets were filled with excited people, and from this position Mr. Wm. L. Yancy introduced him to the excited throng as the "president of the provisional government of the Southern Confederacy," and said, "This is the occasion where the man and the hour have met." The hotel where they stood was erected in 1846 and was the social and political headquarters at the capital for all Alabama. At the close of his address, Jefferson Davis retired and held his first cabinet meeting in one of its rooms; and at that meeting the first order prepared by his cabinet in the Civil War was agreed upon and issued, to wit, "that Fort Sumter be captured at once." This was the beginning of that internal strife, lasting almost five years, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property and killing thousands of men and boys, of our blood and our people.

The loss has not yet been regained. The South is just beginning to waken up in a business sense and to take advantage of opportunities and push out on progressive lines. A few old men still cling to the reminiscences of the Confederacy and at times become quite excited in discussing the happenings during that period. The young men, however, want to forget it, and are forgetting it. They want to go after Mexico. Call on them, and they will be there with gun in hand and ready to fight to the finish. The women, dear creatures, keep the past alive through their societies, and will not forget it until they die. The colored servant was

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everything to them, and the white gentlemen could be with them always, to entertain and amuse, without work and without cares. The war changed all from idleness to industry.

The Jefferson Davis residence still stands, a two-story, large frame building, two blocks from the hotel. The old hotel was torn down and a new structure bearing the same name has been erected in its place. A bronze tablet done by the women and giving the history of the place is affixed to the building.

Two blocks away is a three-story brick building where the executive offices were housed.

Thus, this city was the center of activities that sounded round the world and meant much. Being frustrated, these activities left things, geographically, the same as they were before, but politically, socially and economically, they revolutionized a great country, which being united, has gone forward by leaps and bounds, the wonder of all other countries.

Birmingham, Alabama

IN TRAVELING over Alabama and Mississippi the visitor cannot help noticing much of similarity, except around Vicksburg, Mississippi, where it is hilly. Alabama, on the other hand, is much more mountainous and more a mineral than an agricultural State, although the "black belt" just south of the center and the extreme south is capable of great development in an agricultural way.

However, this will never be done by the natives because the lands suitable for farming and truck gardening are also suitable for cotton raising. On an acre of land, they can raise all the way from a half to two bales of cotton, the amount depending on the quality and location of the land. A bale of cotton contains 500 pounds. Lately it has been selling for 12 cents a pound. You can readily see that if they succeed in raising a good crop, it is more profitable than any other crop they can plant, except truck gardening. Now, truck gardening is all right if there is a nearby market; otherwise the expense and risk of shipping a long distance would more likely be a loss than a profit. Therefore, in my judgment, they will continue to raise cotton and it will be their principal crop.

There is another reason for the preference given to the raising of cotton. Merchants and bankers will either buy or loan money on bales of cotton when they will not do it on any other crop they can raise. This gives them the means to raise easily, and when wanted, the cash they desire; so cotton will be their main production in the future as it has been in the past.

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Negroes, not white men, produce the cotton. In Mississippi some colored men own and operate their own farms consisting of 1,500 to 2,000 acres. This is not the case in Alabama where they who own their own farms seldom have more than 200 acres. The white man is the big planter yet and he rents his land to a colored man for from \$5 to \$12 an acre. He furnishes him with machinery, mules, seed, fertilizer and so on. The tenant does all the work, hires all the help and stands all the expenses. He plants, raises, picks, brings to market or to the planter; and the planter keeps the books, lives in the city as a gentleman, educates his children, attends church and prays devoutly to God. The Negro tenant does not understand book-keeping, which is largely in the mind of the planter, and is unable to read, much less figure or write; hence, there are planters who have not settled with their tenants for years. The tenant is informed that he has failed and is in debt to the planter; and if he protests, he is threatened with chastisement, goes back to the place and repeats the same thing year after year, never out of debt, and so poor that he lives and dies right where he is. However, the planter calls just before Christmas and tells him to buy anything he wants or needs for himself and family. This is prevalent all over the State. Now, one can understand what the policies and teachings of Booker T. Washington will accomplish by and by. Education will end this in time. Its success now is based on the poverty and ignorance of the colored man.

The colored man is not paid in cash. He is paid in cotton. About two years ago a man from the North came down here and began to pay his colored men in

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cash. He was notified to stop, and he refused. So one night a committee called on him and took him out and whipped him severely, almost killing him. This was the penalty for changing the custom and creating unrest among the colored workers. The colored man paid in merchandise and not cash is like the oyster. Plant it in a certain place in the water and you can go back in one or two years afterwards and find the oyster in the same spot. It does not move from the "oyster bed." A progressive might call it a stand-patter.

There is a difference in the number of trading centers. Mississippi has many small towns, and Alabama only a few large ones. Both have an abundance of fine pine lumber.

When the Vermonter extracts his maple syrup, he saves the tree for next year and the year after. Not so here. When they attack a pine tree for the turpentine and rosin, they cut the bark off on two sides almost around, about two feet from the ground, so that they can put in the cups to collect and hold the fluid. Later the tree either blows over or dies, for frequently they cut deep into the wood. Lately, they do this even to young trees because the past year has seen quite an advance in the market price of turpentine; and they want the money now. Thus they ruin the growth of the young tree.

Both Mississippi and Alabama work the State prison convicts on the public highways; and they have built miles of good roads and are building more. Alabama makes the men wear their stripes, and they seem odd in public with the black and white bars. Mississippi does not do this. In both cases they segregate the blacks from the whites.

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A few years ago, Alabama turned over, to some New York parties, all the waterpower in the State; and these New York men then organized the Alabama Power Company and have been for some time furnishing electricity for lighting and manufacturing purposes to different parts of the State. A short time ago the legislature, in addition, exempted this concern from taxation for ten years. The people are complaining some over the cost; but it is a strong organization and of course will naturally be forced to be in politics in order to protect itself; and charges of corruption will follow. Even now they charge that this company forced prohibition on the State to have something to attract the people while it got the law passed exempting it from taxation. Whether true or false, these suspicions are natural and will be more frequent in the future. Even now, Hobson is here campaigning for his own succession to Congress; one of his supporters is a candidate for national committeeman as a prohibitionist to force the issue in the next Democratic national convention; and Senator Underwood is taking a hand to prevent it. The State is full of candidates for city, county and state officers. Politicians are everywhere, and 90 per cent of them should be shot. They simply advocate, and, sometimes get adopted, worthless laws that accomplish nothing further than an increase in taxation by creating commissions and a new list of public officials.

I concluded one Saturday afternoon, between 3 and 5 P. M., to visit the leading stores; and was surprised to find in many places no customers at all and the clerks standing at the front entrances looking for customers. I then knew business was still depressed and

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would continue to be so until after the next Presidential campaign; and yet it was amusing to see the Chamber of Commerce demanding that the town's people supply all their wants by buying from the local merchants. Enlarge this to cover the United States, and you have protection in all its glory, yet they go and vote the opposite principle when they support the Democratic party. If that colored man did not loom up, they all would be for the Payne-Aldrich bill. It only illustrates that action and conduct are controlled more by prejudice than by logic or reason, even to one's serious loss. This becomes extensive even in municipal elections, hence bad city government sometimes is due to the fact that the voter's animal nature overpowers the intellectual and moral natures. They are not strong enough and big enough to ignore trifles and cast the attention on the game—the object to be accomplished. Thus the wicked man prospers; and so it will always be. Here they will sacrifice everything to be in control of the colored man—even to war and extermination. The colored man is submissive and docile. He obeys orders. He does his work without complaint and has a place to live and enough to eat. That is about all most of us get in life; and why not be of good cheer and spirit? This is the attitude of the colored man here wherever you see him—wearing a smile and possibly singing a song.

The climate is hot in the Summer, the thermometer registering from 90 to 100 degrees; and in the Winter the temperature drops to the freezing point and sometimes as low as 14 above. They are prepared here for such extremes, and suffer but little.

All the newspapers are Democratic; in fact, I have

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not seen a Republican paper for months. You can practice different religions but not politics. Even Christian Science is here. They look on religious beliefs as harmless and in no way affecting their "honor or political rights," both of which they are always ready to defend. If you keep off these two subjects the people are charming. A glad hand and a smile greet you at every turn. "Come and see me again." "If I can be of any service, don't fail to let me know."

This is a charming attitude. It makes one feel like living for to-morrow and then another day, and on to the end. This cordiality and graciousness make both better for having met. Time is not lost but turned into real capital, life and kindness one toward another.

We left Montgomery by daylight, as it has not been our custom to travel at night. I never did like to pay out money and get its value in sound sleep when I want to know and see the country. The local people who get on and off trains often have a world of information for you as to the people and the country through which you are passing, if you have the courage and know how to go after it. The banks, business organizations and booster committees, nine chances out of ten, give you a lot of hot air. I want to talk with the carpenter, the farmer, the hodcarrier, the day laborer and the merchants who watch the front entrance for a customer. If you approach these men right, you get the truth, even in Portland, Oregon.

After leaving Montgomery, we observed that land cultivation increased, some substantial farms being operated. The cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry increased in numbers and all looked well, some of the

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cattle and hogs being fat. The farmer was more up to date; and the buildings and outhouses were larger, more numerous and in better condition. There was more truck gardening. The topography was about the same after leaving Mobile,—hilly with numerous points. However, much of the land was under cultivation. Farming under such circumstances means work, and if not done intelligently, returns may be nothing. Such land is not like fine prairie land where things planted simply grow with a little scratching.

As we neared Birmingham the soil seemed to get more red, the two predominating colors being red and yellow. The air was filled with smoke. We were just passing the iron industries, twenty miles from the city. It reminded me somewhat of Pittsburgh. Iron means wealth wherever it is located. You have heard of the stone age and the iron age, which latter has been such a godsend to mankind, and soon made man the ruling spirit of all created things on the face of the earth. Here are found not only iron ore in great abundance, but large quantities of coal, clay and limestone, located close together, under one roof, so to speak. These are making Birmingham. With the proper development of the agricultural or horticultural lines, this State will be strong among the sisterhood of States.

On alighting, we found a very substantial city of about 150,000 people. The streets are wide, and well paved, but somewhat dirty and uncared for. Waste papers and the like were tossed in the streets, there being no receptacles on the street corners to receive the same. People will be clean sometimes if you help them or give them a chance. They have good hotels in plenty, and good office buildings, one being twenty-seven

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stories high. The stores are just average in appearance and size.

The city is quite compact. It is located in a basin with hills surrounding it entirely. It contains nearly sixty square miles. Many fine homes have been erected, some being located a considerable distance out. Not so with business. There is one block regarded as the hub, where rents are high, a jeweler paying for a corner room, sixty-five by fifty feet, \$12,000 a year. Other business concerns hover around this block, at much less rental; but the great majority complain at the high rentals. There is no place for them to go, for the retail business section is very small. The street cars circle this block, and that is another cause for high rents.

Business has been poor the past two years and some rents have been reduced fully 25 per cent. There are many vacant store rooms in different parts of the city. Some landlords are falling, and taking what they can get. All are hoping for better times, If any of them are asked what caused this business depression, the answer is the same from each, "I do not know. The iron industries shut down for nearly a year." This is a fact. The iron industries shut down soon after the present administration assumed control; and in a few months, after unfilled orders were disposed of, the depression reached them here.

The iron industries operate commissaries for their employes. They opened up late last fall, but the men were out of work for months and the industries sold them on credit. Therefore when they started up, the men were heavily in debt, and this debt had to be paid first; so there has been no surplus money for the

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Birmingham merchant, and there will be none until the men get out of debt. There are no other sources to bring money to the city. It has no other factories, just repair shops. The farmers, mostly colored people, are an uncertain quantity. The war injured the cotton industry. The Wilson tariff did the same for the lumber industry, and this is an important resource in this State and Mississippi. Hence, there is dreadful depression in all business lines. People have been leaving the city in caravans, both last year and this. Where they went, no one knows; possibly each to his wife's people. The war has brought them no benefits whatever, for the State does not raise enough farm products to feed its own people. The iron industries are controlled in the East; the money transactions occur there and end there. The weekly bank clearances have dropped from three and a quarter millions to about two millions, the deposits from thirty millions to a little over twenty-three millions. The city is all right and in time will "come back." The business men are united and are working on right lines. They take a hopeful view and have confidence in the future. They are after practical farmers from the East and Middle West to come here and locate. They want the land occupied and developed. If the business men accomplish this, and the iron industries are revived, the problem will be solved and Alabama will be strong.

There are five banks in the city, two National and three State, with a combined capital and surplus of \$3,500,000. There were six, but one failed, the Penny Savings Bank, a colored bank. It had a capital of \$86,000, and deposits of \$255,000, and failed for \$452,000. It was in operation twenty-five years. The direc-

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tors got excited about real estate and put the assets of the bank in red dirt; and the assets are still there. They are trying to organize a realty company to take over the real estate, issuing preferred and common stocks to take up the two classes of claims against the bank. It bought and built a five-story bank building valued at \$137,000, together with other holdings. This was the last of the colored banks in Alabama. This is unfortunate because there are over 100,000 colored people in this county alone, about one-half the population. They have their own hotels, boarding houses, meat shops, laundries, and stores of all kinds, including repair shops. Some white lines advertise that no commercial business is done with colored people; hence, colored people are driven to their own resources, and this indicates the feeling.

The colored people are purely servants here, nothing more. The white people will not permit them to be anything more. In all these States a colored man is not permitted to hold an office of any kind. He is segregated from the whites in everything. A row of seats in the street cars is set aside for him. He leaves and enters at the front of the car. The whites do the same but use the back end of the car. It is just opposite to this in Mobile. It is the same in all depots and railroad trains. When the Negro calls on a white man at his residence he must go to the back door. He would be knocked down if he should call at the front door. He is the white man's servant. He mines his coal, works in the iron mills, works the land, does all the common labor anywhere and everywhere, the carpenter work, brick masonry, and so on; and the white man does the bossing and managing. When he

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goes to vote, there is one box for the white man and one for the colored man; and white men are in charge of both. They need him for the iron industries, for they put out in steel yearly 800,000 tons, of iron 2,000,000 tons, of coal 18,000,000 tons, of coke 3,500,000 tons. This is real labor on a large scale, and only a poor white man in disgrace does this kind of work or any kind of work here. The colored farm hand is not the best. He wants to start on Tuesday morning and quit Friday night. He usually gets \$1.50 a day, and can live on \$2 a week. Why, then, should he work any more? I think he is justified in taking a rest. Yet he seems to be happy, having no cares either domestic or state. He lives and enjoys to-day, and takes no thought of to-morrow. Why should he, under the circumstances?

The city is managed by a commission form of government, consisting of five commissioners. It started with three commissioners, afterwards increasing the number to five. One acts as mayor and draws a salary of \$5,000 a year. By virtue of his office, he is chairman of the board of education, which is controlled by the city. The other commissioners draw \$4,000 a year each. They are elected for three years. This plan has been only fairly successful; but it is regarded by the people as superior to the ward system.

The bonded indebtedness of the city is \$7,000,000; floating debt, none. The tax levy for the city is \$1 per \$100 on 60 per cent valuation. But a business man is touched in many other ways for the privilege of doing business. Each year, he must procure from the city, county, and state, a license to do business. After he is rounded up on everything, he pays well.

The fee system is worked to a finish by public

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

officials also. The colored man is caught by this net. When he draws his wages, before wasting his wealth, he is arrested for some trivial thing, fined and turned loose to earn more wages. This treatment has had a tendency to make a criminal out of him. What else could you expect? Especially since to live and get work at all he is compelled to work for a less wage than a white man. The "poor white trash" are increasing and the colored man is being forced to the country where he leases lands and farms them; and by economy and hard work many are making progress, even to the extent of buying and owning their land. In time, with education and toil and economy, he is going to come into his own; and must be considered in the affairs of State. Ownership of property cultivates dignity and character; and these, in turn, create the desire to protect and defend these rights.

I have noticed only two business blocks being erected in the city, and not a dwelling. This is hard on the mechanics. However, the town is built five years ahead, and must catch up.

About 600 real estate men stopped over on their way to New Orleans for the national meeting. The whole South is trying to get in touch with the North and East to induce capital to invest in their lands; in other words, to repeat the work of Washington, Oregon, and California, almost in the same lines and under similar conditions. The result probably will be the same to the Eastern investor.

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Nashville, Tennessee

THE State penitentiary is located here in a slightly place at the edge of the city, a fine location for light and air. About 1,300 prisoners are confined there; approximately 40 per cent of them coming from the western or low grounds of the State and in and about Memphis. Belonging to the prison and situated close to it is a farm of about 3,400 acres. This farm is operated in connection with the prison. It also has the contract system; and hosiery, stoves, some small articles of hardware, waists, skirts, and the like are made within the walls. This is a small number of prisoners in a population of over 2,000,000 of people, nearly one-half being colored. The population, however, is almost wholly native born.

Nashville is just like a wash pan. Hills surround the city, and in the center is a high elevation of ground, all alone, upon which stands the State capitol, a two-story building, old and worn. Here you find, carefully encased, Confederate flags, some with twelve and some with fifteen stars on blue cross bars, together with other relics of the war. There are also pictures and paintings of the Confederate generals and statesmen who have filled prominent positions in the State, the Confederacy and Nation in times gone by. The building is poorly cared for, there being dust and dirt everywhere.

At one corner of the grounds is built a mausoleum of granite, with a canopy overhead and a sarcophagus monument beneath, with inscriptions giving the life and history of James K. Polk, once President of the United States, as well as speaker of the House of

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Representatives. There are also inscriptions to his wife. Here lies the body of James K. Polk, and thus is he honored by the people of this State where he grew to manhood and lived.

This was the home of President Jackson and twelve miles from this city was his residence, called the "Hermitage." The State bought the farm and the contents of the house; and the women organized the Hermitage Society to which the State conveyed the old home and the lawn or ground immediately surrounding it. These women, with care and devotion, are keeping everything as it once was, together with the trees; and the two rows of cedars planted by Jackson himself, on each side of the walk approaching the house, are still there.

Of course, Jackson was quite a character, both in war and in peace; and he cut some figure in matrimony. However, it is well to preserve and retain all things connected with a historical character, whether man or woman; for future generations are interested in such characters and such things and they have, no doubt in many instances, far-reaching influences on the human mind.

The famous equestrian figure at New Orleans is here also. We all know Jackson there in the 1812 war, we know him in Florida; we know him in Washington; and we know him here with his duels. He was a fighter for the things he thought were right, whether it affected friend or foe; and such a fighter is usually honest, even if he is wrong. Such a character is slow to confess his wrong, when once discovered; and so it was with Jackson. Yet such men are respected and often admired by the masses.

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Here old soldiers, wearing the gray, meet to celebrate this battle and that battle. The civil population joins and business men subscribe thousands of dollars to defray the expenses. Shiloh is thus celebrated every year. Now Uncle Richard Clarkson, if alive, would have that famous editorial of his on the other side equally sincere and equally happy, but from the opposite viewpoint. With the passing of time, this difference will continue to fade away slowly, until some new war of large import crowds it off, as 1861 crowded off 1776, with the assistance of the death of those interested.

The women have many different organizations, and they seem to keep all historical subjects alive. They may be opposed here to war, but they are patriotic. In the courthouse grounds they have erected a fine monument to the soldiers of 1776, with a life-sized statue of George Washington thereon. The spirit is fine, and, in a sense, to be admired. After all, there would be no fighting if it were not for women; and as men will fight for them, why should they not show their appreciation for the brave lads who have fallen in the line of battle?

The colored race is an interesting and intricate problem. Within a few miles of this city one-half of the colored race resided before the war and so reside now. Had they arisen against their masters, the war would have been ended in six weeks. Why did they not do it? They were as humble and helpless as babes then, and are only a little better now. Something is lacking in their nature, I mean the pure Negro, not the half breed. They are kind, affectionate, obedient and docile. They are happy and cheerful, at times

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under the most adverse circumstances. Give them a place to sleep, and something to eat and wear, and they want to sing and go to heaven, taking no thought of to-morrow. It is true that some have bought homes and are saving, but such are few among the pure blood. They are loyal to their masters and their employers. They do not strike. They are slow, but near the job, even if the pay is small. They resent having a colored man for a boss, but they will work under a white boss and be contented. With this disposition and these characteristics, the Negro has disposed of the white man's strikes in the South. They do not occur. The colored man is entering all kinds of industries and enterprises, both as to skilled and common labor. He is on engines, is making shoes, is working in repair shops, is engaged in manufacturing plants. In fact, you see him slipping in all along the line, and the white man is being supplanted because he will not work except for big wages, will not do the dirty and hard work at all, and strikes on the trigger. Again, it will be the survival of the fittest in the end.

And so with the colored women. They are making fine seamstresses, and most excellent nurses; and one railroad man remarked to me, "we simply love their cooking." The Southern people are so inconsistent. What "my nigger" does is all right, and any objection would cause trouble on the spot. Colored people are segregated on the cars and everywhere, yet in the home the children love to get in bed with the colored "mammy," and girls in their teens do the same out of affection for her who nursed them from babyhood. She has absolute charge of the children of her master in his home. If they want to do something and she

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says no, that ends it. She goes to the woods and gathers herbs, and puts them in alcohol and the like to pilot the children from Winter unto Spring; and no doctor can undermine "mammy's" influence with the household. If the doctor is not handy, she acts as midwife. When she enters a car with the lady of the house, she sits down by her in the white section, otherwise she is relegated to the "Jim Crow" section. Hotels take her with her mistress and no questions are asked. If she enters a white section with a white child in her arms, she is welcomed, for the white child must not be taken to the "Jim Crow" department. There are many other things like these, amusing and somewhat ridiculous. What is it? Aristocracy. Custom. Conceal the black and show the white, and you pass. The beauty of human character, like the rose, is exposed in actions, conduct and thoughts. You see and feel and touch and yield to its beneficent influences, or are repelled, whether old or young, black or white; and so it will be to the end of time.

This State is divided into three parts,—the eastern, the middle and the western. In the eastern part, iron, coal, marble, clay and other minerals abound, and there is timber in variety and abundance. But little farming land exists there. In the middle part, called the Cumberland table, farming lands are extensive and productive. The western section is low in many parts, and somewhat unhealthy—considerable malaria existing at times. Memphis is the largest city in the western section and Chattanooga in the eastern. Knoxville and this city control the business of the middle part. Last year's cotton crop did not exceed 300,000 bales, the farmers having gone into stock raising and exten-

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sive raising of the cereals, corn, tobacco, fruits and vegetables. The fertility of the lands surrounding Nashville makes it one of the coming cities of the South. I noticed new buildings of every kind being started every day in every direction of the city. It is an open town, that is, every man or woman who applies for work can get a job if there is work to do.

One-fourth of the population of every community gets its bread and butter by daily toil. Not to exceed 4 or 5 per cent of all toilers belong to some union. The balance, 20 per cent, either from choice or because they are refused admission to unions, are denied the opportunity to earn a living. This pressure, which denies men the right to live, to do honest toil to support themselves and little ones, creates two conditions, socialism and strikes. Unions are the generators, the creators of them both. Both undermine or retard the advancement to the highest social conditions. Both tend to destroy, to reduce the masses to a lower state of civilization, and to a condition of dependence rather than independence. Wherever there is independence among the working people the greatest progress and highest state of civilization are found. Unions have increased poverty and want and distress wherever and whenever they are firmly established. It is better to have the masses at work, even on a small wage, than to have a few at work on a high wage, and the masses idle begging for alms. The greater the idleness the greater the crime in any community. Light, industry, economy, and employment make a happy people and happy homes; and these are the armor of a nation. The condition which favors millionaires and pays high wages to a few of the fortunates, thus enabling them to live

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in style and possible extravagance, while the masses are denied the right to earn a living, is not prosperity or Christian civilization. It is selfish barbarism, leading to strikes, lockouts, crime and chaos, and injuring good government.

Nashville in its open door shows that work and industrial and business enterprises go hand in hand, unrestricted by unnatural and cruel combinations against the laws of God and man and the natural laws of supply and demand. It is growing and enlarging,—becoming, in a natural, conservative way a greater and more important city, thus being the better able to provide, and care for its citizens. It has no tourists or unnatural influx of population. It is growing simply as a business center in wholesaling, jobbing, retailing and manufacturing, and is a credit to the energy, foresight and wisdom of its citizens.

It has the commission form of government, consisting of a mayor and four commissioners. They are chosen by popular vote for four years. The mayor receives \$6,000 and the commissioners \$5,000 a year.

This form of government has not been a success, the salaries being too big for the men who win. It has been rotten with politics, the curse hanging over most of our American cities. One mayor has been recalled and another elected. One commissioner is under indictment for embezzlement, the amount stated being \$40,000. They charge that he deliberately took the cash and spent it in campaigns. The books have been lost. However, the citizens are alert; they have organized a committee and raised a fund and are on the job. This is what counts. This activity of the public is worth all it costs and in the end things will be made

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right, not only here, but in substantially all American cities. The commission form of government does just this thing and finally will evolve a superior municipal government for our American cities.

At Birmingham and Mobile and here in Nashville, and wherever the commission form has been adopted, the "redlight district" and the open gambling house have been eliminated.

The banking interest is strong, there being five National and nine State banks carrying a deposit of \$33,000,000. Many of the people have no use for the present Federal Reserve banks, and think they ought to be reduced to three, thus lowering expenses. They pay 3 to 4 per cent for deposits and cannot loan beyond 6 per cent. For the first time for nearly a year, they have been compelled to go out and hunt up investments. They charge this up to the administration, and some say they will not vote for Mr. Wilson again. Traveling men covering Texas, Georgia and the Southern States say they hear Democrats so express themselves frequently. They want "McKinley prosperity" returned. Yet there is only one Republican daily paper published in the State.

There are eight National cemeteries in this State, the largest being here. I went out to see it. It contains sixty-five acres and 16,770 soldiers lie buried there. They are placed about five feet apart, in rows from the main entrance, each grave being numbered, and having a small marble slab at the head, with the name and State if known, and, if not, marked "unknown." The grounds are beautiful and well kept. There are cedars, Tennessee maples, white pine, Japonica, rose bushes and shrubbery, all nicely arranged; the

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only thing to mar it at all being the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which runs diagonally through the grounds. It has elevated its track eight and one-half feet the past year, which obscures the view very much, and has a station at its entrance to the ground. Two kindly gentlemen are in charge, Supt. L. S. Doolittle of Pennsylvania, and his assistant, J. W. Hartley of Kansas. They are approaching 80, but they are two lively boys,—as young as Col. David J. Palmer of Washington, Iowa. They took me over the grounds and finally we came to a grave marked “2619, James F. Johnston, Iowa.” This is the grave of my brother Frank, who joined the Union army at Keokuk, at the age of 18. One of the objects of my trip to this city was to visit the grave of my deceased brother, who in his youthful, patriotic enthusiasm contributed his life towards maintaining the Union and the Stars and Stripes. He was a good boy and a dutiful son; and his death was a distinct loss to my father and his family. At this late day it was my duty to show my love and respect for his memory. The cause, the history, the conflict, the result, made the surroundings impressive and, in a sense, sad; for it might have been otherwise. This State was the scene of many battles, and many soldiers from this State are buried here; for the State was divided. The South had 5,000,000 citizens to draw from to make up its armies. The North had 20,000,000, yet the contest was long and trying and at times uncertain. A large number of the soldiers in both armies were just in their teens, beardless youths. It was thus in 1776, in 1812 and in 1861. How much we have inherited from the sacrifices in blood and treasure of our ancestry! Shall we continue

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to guard and protect for our descendants our inheritances of the past? This is the question which is ever before us, and if we desire to continue as a Nation, prosperous, happy and free, there is only one answer. We must be ever ready to act and to do.

This is a center of education, but of all the institutions here, none impressed me so much as Fisk University. It was organized in 1868, by a few enthusiasts with more religion than cash. Its plan was to give a higher education to colored men and women that they might become leaders and instructors of their own people.

At first it was promoted by the Congregationalists, but now it is covering a broader field to uplift the colored race, and is not attached to any particular denomination. The religious people agitated and aroused the people to free the Negro; and he was freed, turned loose, so to speak, with no money, no education, and no occupation or avocation whereby he could make his living. He was turned over to the tender mercies of the South, ignored and forgotten in the North, except by a few philanthropists and a few kind people who had the courage to go to the colored people and work for their intellectual and moral uplift.

The early struggles of this university are pathetic. When it was on the eve of collapse, Mr. White, a musical teacher in the institution, organized the jubilee singers to sing Negro melodies in the North. He started out boldly, and the first \$50 earned in Ohio they gave to fire sufferers in Chicago in 1871. After many hardships, they arrived in New York and appealed to that great divine, Henry Ward Beecher. He aroused public interest in them; and the response was not only here

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but in continental Europe, where they appeared before kings and queens, and ate with them, even Gladstone having them dine with him three times. In striking contrast to this were the hardships experienced in this country, where they were compelled to sit in depots, hotels refusing them because the "black" was on the outside instead of the inside. Send for the story of the trials of the jubilee singers. They made \$150,000, and gave it to the university for the benefit of their race. The university wants more money. It has about 700 students and is "casting bread upon the waters," which is bound to return in good.

The Vanderbilt University is another institution here, but for white students only. It was started by Commodore Vanderbilt, who gave it \$1,000,000. Other members of the family have contributed. Carnegie gave \$1,000,000. It wants another \$1,000,000 from somewhere. It has a campus of seventy-six acres. The campus of Fisk University is thirty-five acres. This institution was started in 1873, by Northern people, to show good will towards the South and restore a friendly feeling. Both have done and are doing much good. Both are small, and small gifts are appreciated, especially by Fisk. The struggles in this world are many and varied and will never end. This is life.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY

Mammoth Cave, Kentucky

WE ARRIVED at Glasgow Junction, where we alighted to take the train for Mammoth Cave, nine miles away. The train consists of an old engine and one coach, the latter almost as old as the object of our visit. They insist on the purchase of a round trip ticket for \$2. The management does not want to lose the visitor, either — in the cave, or to the Ford. The latter will bring you back for 75 cents. Of course, being a stranger the tourist obeys the rules. I should judge that the construction and maintenance of the road is the lowest of any road in the United States, and the returns, in proportion, the greatest. There is no railroad commission here for political effect, exploiting it purely for political preferment. It is too small — not big enough game, and is touching up the other fellow.

We arrived at the Cave Hotel, a structure built over 100 years ago, and it does not belie its looks. However, I had a good bed and good meals, and the air was simply fine, filled with the odor of pine and the woods in general. The topography of the ground is not rough, just right for fine golf links.

It consists of a tract of ground of about 2,700 acres, thinly covered with trees. Its real value is beneath the surface, a fortune in a hole, leading to one of the greatest wonders in the world.

When I was a little lad, our mother being dead, our father assumed the dual capacity of father and mother, and the responsibility of guiding to maturity six little tots, the oldest being in its teens. We had to

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be amused and entertained with games, frolics and stories; and this he did at night when his day's work was over. He became one of us, and was fully alive to what interested us. He did this until we grew to manhood and womanhood. Then each took wings and flew out into the world like a bird, to work out his own salvation, as God intended all children to do. My father remained with a married sister until old age, and then quietly and peacefully passed away. And so it has been in many homes.

Among his many stories was that of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which I was determined from early childhood to visit sometime. So I am here. The sky is clear; the trees are majestic; the air is calm and serene; the surface of the earth is green with life in all the varied forms of vegetation. We are in the woods, "God's first temples."

We donned blue trousers and blouse, with cap, cane and lantern. The women put on "knee pants" and they looked quite jaunty and nice. From the standpoint of simplicity, convenience and cheapness, this would not be an inappropriate uniform to wear always. Wars may make us all so poor that such garments will have to be adopted.

We started for the cave, a large hole in the ground, about two blocks from the hotel, with stone steps leading in a gradual descent below. The entrance is about twenty by thirty feet, with water dripping down at the edge from above. We proceeded a short distance and then stopped to light our lamps, for we were just approaching eternal darkness while it was midday without. The ceiling was still high, but the opening gradually became smaller as we continued our journey, and

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finally we came to the entrance proper closed by an iron gate. Our guide, Mr. Bishop, a kindly old gentleman, who has been performing this work for twenty-eight years and in whom we all had confidence, unlocked it and we entered the underground world, which was the dream of my childhood. It is interesting, impressive and awe inspiring, with no rival in magnitude and grandeur on the face of the earth. It is a subterranean world of caverns, seas, rivers, huge rocks, grand passage ways, and auditoriums with ceilings a hundred feet high. Here one can very properly stop again and again, and very seriously exclaim, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

This cave was discovered by white men in the year 1802, but evidence found indicated that it was visited by Indians and other races prior thereto. From the surface down, for hundreds of feet and for miles around, the earth is composed of soft limestone and gypsum. In four or five counties surrounding this locality there are hundreds of caves, some extending for miles underground; but none is so large in extent as the Mammoth Cave. This cave has been explored for 152 miles, and all its passages have not yet been located. The visitors, as a rule, are not shown to exceed twenty or thirty miles, because they become tired and exhausted. About 15,000 people come here during the year. The temperature is 54 degrees, and as it is always night you can visit it any time, night or day.

The management now makes the trip in four divisions, none of which exhausts the strength of the visitor. They are as follows:

1. Echo River, pits and domes, time six hours.

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2. Star Chamber, Gothic Avenue, etc., time four hours.

3. Main cave and new discoveries, time six hours.

4. Echo River, Cleveland Cabinet, Cathedral Dome, time eight to ten hours.

The passage ways have been named, together with particular points of interest, thus, in some instances, adding to the journey's illusions, increasing the visitor's curiosity and making him forget that he has traveled five or six miles, boat riding on rivers, climbing over stones, over bridges, up ladders, down steps, and through narrow passages, "the fat man's misery," and the like. Walter, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mercer of Chicago, did enjoy seeing me trying to get through this place. It was about twelve to fifteen inches wide. Of course, there is a good deal of elasticity in some people, but I have known men and some women who could not have gone through. At another place, for about 300 feet, the roof was not quite four feet high. My legs were one foot too long, and before I got through I thought it was a mile. Another place is called the "Corkscrew." It is well named, and is a climb up around a rocky, winding ladder, narrow and trying. In the chambers, you see beautiful formations of stalactitic and stalagmitic columns, with domes and pits and cross-caverns that excite your wonder at every turn. Now, what of its history? For more than twenty miles around, there is not a creek or ravine. The Green River that empties into the Ohio River is all. It is narrow and very deep, and used for navigation.

There are two rivers in the Mammoth Cave, the Echo and the Styx. In the rainy season, they rise thirty to forty feet and flood some of the caverns. The water

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY

finds its way out from both to the Green River. One can ride in a boat on Echo River for half a mile, and the vibrations of musical sounds are beautiful.

This cave was formed by water, in large quantities, falling on the surface above and percolating through the soft limestone, dissolving it and washing the small particles thus removed along its journey. Hundreds of thousands of years ago this water found its way out at the present entrance of the cave. The volume of water was small at first, but grew into a torrent, washing tons upon tons of the dissolved limestone to the Green River below. In time this channel became blocked and new channels were formed, one below the other, so that now it is known that five caverns exist in the Mammoth Cave, one below the other. We were in the third one, now 360 feet below the surface. The water, working itself to a lower level through soft spots, formed the domes passing from one cavern to another below. Channels or caverns crossed each other, and, through the domes formed, dropped to a lower channel. The water dripping and percolating through the limestone and gypsum, formed stalactites; and these, in turn, formed the stalagmites below. When these became united the result was the beautiful columns, the crystal effect. Water, working for ages in great volumes cutting its way through stone, possibly for millions of years, made the Mammoth Cave and all the other caves hereabouts.

The United States Government should take this over and preserve it for all time for the benefit of mankind. In 1849, Dr. George Croughan tied it up in trust by his will, for the benefit of eleven nephews and nieces, all of whom have died except three nieces, the youngest

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being now 79 years old. At their death, it is to be sold at public auction, the proceeds to be divided among the descendants, of whom there are eleven to-day.

The will was filed in Louisville, Kentucky, and the courts there have charge of the estate, which is being managed by trustees. The income runs from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year, a fortune from a cave.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Louisville, Kentucky

AFTER satisfying our curiosity inspecting Mammoth Cave, we started for this city, a distance of ninety miles, through a country very similar to that which we had already traversed.

We found it very attractive, both as a residential and a commercial city. The streets and side-walks were narrow, but clean and in good condition. Here there are many homes, mostly of brick and three stories high, some of them very old, but in good condition; and they spoke comfort and ease for their owners of days gone by. You must bear in mind that this city was founded in 1780, just 136 years ago. George Washington became president in February, 1789; and in September, 1779, John Paul Jones and "his navy" fired on the British navy on the shores of Great Britain, defeated Admiral Pearson, and took the British navy as a prize to Holland. England protested and he then asked France to keep his prizes, while he sailed away for more game. The British people stood on the shores and saw the fight. After that John Bull commenced to build a navy in fact and not in words.

So you see this town has seen some history. It has a population of about 250,000 people. They are happy, comfortable, and in a measure contented, hence conservative. It has some fine stores, but not much manufacturing. Its wholesaling, jobbing, and commission business is large. The two greatest products handled here are whisky and tobacco. It is the largest tobacco State in the Union, this business alone amounting to about \$40,000,000 a year. The whisky trade is not slow—

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35,000,000 gallons per year. One county has twenty-eight distilleries. The jobbing houses in whisky are many and of all sizes. One large house got up a cartoon on its special brand. It consisted of a large, happy, healthy man standing by a quart bottle made a man's size. The man good naturedly looked at the bottle, patted it kindly on the side and said, "John, we have been bosom friends for these eighty-odd years." And no doubt this is true. Of course they had to raise corn, wheat and other grains to maintain the reputation of the State. The surplus they feed to horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep; and they have a lot of them in the State. The Kentucky race track was once famous as its quart bottle "John." It has but little use for cotton, so raises but little. It diversifies its crops, and its land is in fairly good condition. The Kentucky blue grass needs no introduction.

The eastern part is hilly and rough, and abounds in iron, coal, and many other minerals, the same as Tennessee. In fact, these two States are very similar in every way, including their social and political life. They are half "South" and half "North," the same to-day as they were during the Civil War. The Republicans largely predominate in the eastern part of both States, but the Democrats balance them up in the middle and western sections. Some years, both are close fighting ground, notwithstanding the fact that Democrats control nearly all the newspapers. These States split in the Civil War. The governor of Kentucky took the position that his State must not be invaded either by the North or the South, that his people were going to be neutral, and that the sovereign rights of his State must be respected. Davis consented to this. Lincoln

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was not committed, for he said nothing. Both Kentucky and Tennessee entertained similar ideas. The man who is entitled to most of the credit for this complication, which seriously weakened the Confederacy, was none other than Editor Prentice of Louisville, Kentucky. He was the Horace Greeley of the South. He was intellectually strong and a diplomat; and his heart was set against breaking up the Union. The value of his services can never be properly estimated. The citizens have erected a monument to his honor in front of the city library, with this word only: "Prentice." This is sufficient. Each day and each week his inner life was placed in cold type before the readers of his paper, so when we think of this city we think of two newspapermen, Prentice and Watterson. The latter is now nearing 80 years of age.

A city has two circles, a business circle and an intellectual circle. The influence of the former is often small, while there may be no limit to the other.

This is best illustrated by Athens, Greece. The business men of its early history are unknown. A half dozen men, known only by their intellects, sent the town of Athens, with less than 50,000 inhabitants, down through all future ages. It will never be forgotten or omitted so long as history is written. Hence, such individuals are an asset, differing only in degree, to every city; and should be appreciated and honored while they live, and not after they are dead.

Louisville owns its water works and it has good, pure water in abundance from the Ohio River. The other public franchise corporations are privately owned and well managed, and there is no friction. The school buildings are ample and in good condition. The city

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tax rate is one dollar and fifty cents per hundred. It is so limited by the constitution. The school levy is now thirty-six mills above this. It has no floating indebtedness, living within its income. The bonded debt is \$12,500,000, about equal to the water plant. The general council can not appropriate more than 95 per cent of the estimated revenue until more than that amount is collected. It has natural gas at 35 cents and steam coal at \$1.25. The city uses the budget system to distribute its revenues, and the people have confidence in the city administration.

Its financial institutions are strong, and managed on conservative lines. There are seven National banks and eleven State banks and trust companies. These eighteen banking institutions now have on deposit \$57,000,000. The demand for money is poor and has been for over a year. The improvement is slight and profits will be smaller than usual.

This is an open city like the other Southern cities. The past year has been hard on labor, for work in all lines has been scarce. It has been estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 men have been idle. Stores, business houses and factories have retained all their employes, in most cases, by working them half time. This enables all to live, and does not pay high wages to a few while the balance have to beg or starve. This is the sensible, Christian spirit for all business concerns to cultivate and for all cities to establish and maintain during hard times. No one prospers during hard times, be he rich or poor. Prosperity comes when the masses are employed and have money to spend. If we keep the masses employed we will have no hard times. We have two schools in this country preaching directly opposite prin-

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ciples as a remedy to avoid hard times. To which one do you belong? I know where I stand. I want the American laborer to come first. I patronize home industries for all my wants, and those nearest home first. Now, you can call it what you please.

The business men here are organizing a million-dollar concern to get factories to locate in this city. This is a foolish performance. They are trying to induce a factory in another town to locate here and then they will roll up a big majority in favor of goods coming in free from foreign countries to compete with them. This city has about 1,000 factories, mostly small, making a large variety of goods sold in the markets. Would it not be more sensible to make a thorough, efficient investigation of all these local concerns and classify them, and then put more capital into those which are worthy, thus enlarging them, making the management more efficient, and increasing their territory and the volume of their business? Build up your own city by enlarging and making more efficient the good things you already possess, rather than to injure or tear down what a neighboring city needs and has built up. Prosperity comes to all when all are prosperous. You cannot be prosperous by attacking another city or another interest, and the larger the interest or the industry, the greater your damage will be. Labor and capital are friends, each depending on the other, but labor has to be fed, housed and clothed, while capital does not. It can retire and rock itself to sleep. Every man who attacks capital or denies it just and reasonable returns for the risk and hazard involved in the investment, is an enemy, a menace to labor and to those depending on labor for food, clothing and life. A politician who

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makes the attack to create prejudice and thus enable him to land a public office is worse than a bandit or highwayman. To point out wrongs and injustices with candor and honesty is one thing, and to destroy that which enables the masses to labor and live is another. Cities must have factories; they must protect capital; the masses must be employed to protect the very life and existence of city government.

Walking along the wholesale section one day, I stopped in front of a whisky jobbing establishment. There was a sign in the window which attracted my attention. It was a good picture of Uncle Sam with his right hand extended with the index finger pointing to a scroll; and within the scroll were these words, "The Label Tells the Truth."

So many States, especially around Kentucky, have adopted prohibition laws that it is no doubt difficult to get liquors into those States. The "holes in the walls" are called "tigers" in this section, and public officials are after them hard, especially in Tennessee. So this firm had adopted a bread basket the size, shape and style used by bakeries in shipping bread, at least precisely like that used by one concern here that makes "Mother's bread, the kind your mother used to make." In this receptacle they were shipping the fiery water that makes you laugh, cry, weep and sometimes step high. Bread is the staff of life; every one wants it in hard times; and no questions are asked.

I attended an auction sale of tobacco, and it was quite interesting to me. Whisky has a standard value in all markets, but not so with tobacco. It has no standard value, and is worth only what it will bring at public auction.

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This being one of the most important tobacco points in this State, or any other State, they have many and large warehouses, where hogsheads of leaf tobacco weighing about 1,400 pounds gross, are stored from time to time. The receptacles are removed, and inspectors go along and extract samples from top to bottom, at four or five points. The samples are then tied together, labeled, marked, sealed and placed on top the hogshead. This may be done to several hundred in one warehouse. Then other warehouses are visited by these inspectors and the same routine work is repeated. In the Fall these sales occur daily; but this being the end of the season, and a sort of cleaning up time, the sales occur two or three times a week.

Promptly at 9 o'clock two auctioneers appear, one relieving the other at times. There is a crowd of bidders representing the tobacco interests from the four corners of the earth. The French government had a representative present buying for the soldiers. The trusts had several sharp fellows watching, playing the game, and drawing big salaries; yet we hear no more of the "night riders." The growers are represented by a bright, sharp, nervous Scotchman, who fixes the price on all tobacco sold here. He is about forty years old and his name is Henry Gorin. He is a broker who plays the independent concerns and assists the farmers, or growers, in disposing of their tobacco with the best results possible.

The excitement begins, for the auctioneers are no spring chickens, and Mr. Gorin starts the ball rolling with a bid. All the bidders have inspected the samples by seeing, feeling, and smelling, and some have kept records from which they bid. But Mr. Gorin keeps no

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records. It is second nature to him, as his father spent his life in the same business; and the son is alert and on the job.

So the music keeps up to the end until all the tobacco on the market for that day has been sold. Now, at the close, the grower is at liberty to accept or refuse the bid for his tobacco: but the broker is bound. And in this way millions of dollars change hands for this one product,—a product that has no fixed value, in the sense that other agricultural products have a market value.

I met several brokers; and they are a bright, happy, generous lot of fellows who are experts and know the game. There are all kinds of tobacco, but much the same after all. Drying and curing will affect the flavor at first until it passes through the exigencies of proper curing, and after this it is a safe investment to store and keep. Burley is the most productive, going as high as 1,500 to 1,600 pounds to the acre, while others will go 700 to 800 pounds to the acre.

The best joke is on the smoker. You have noticed smokers almost get angry because they wanted a dark or a light colored cigar and failed to get it.

The truth is, there may be four or five kinds of tobacco on the same stock. The leaves next to the ground are smallest and lightest in color. The top leaf is stronger and darker. The middle leaf is largest. The top portion of a leaf of tobacco is darker than the under portion of the same leaf. Now, then, to make a light cigar the under part of the leaf is rolled outward, and to make a dark cigar the upper part of the leaf is rolled outward. And here you have a dark or a light cigar made from the same leaf. The next time you see your friends demanding a light colored cigar with some show

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of feeling, just stand by and smile. Smokers are often more trying about cigars than old maids are about the pranks of healthy, wide-awake children. In this life we are prone to let trifling, little things disturb us and make us unhappy, when much that we *think* we feel and see is only imagination—illusion. Notice the essentials, and ignore the non-essentials, and live long and be happy.

This city is governed by twenty-four councilmen and twelve aldermen who serve without pay. The people are disgusted with the city government, accusing some of the public officials of grafting. Why not? They receive no pay. There are consequently frequent conflicts with uncertain results. The bad ones wear the good ones out. They never get tired, and so they keep in the majority until there is an upheaval. They ought to condense the city government and put the political intrigues to sleep if they can.

The school system is in fine shape now. Formerly it was managed by fourteen trustees, who served without pay; and graft was charged constantly. The people became so stirred that the system was destroyed and a commission established. This commission consists of five members, and it has revolutionized the schools of this city and placed them on a high plane. The people are delighted.

They segregate the boys and girls in the high schools, and I believe this is right. In most cases, girls and boys in their teens have their minds on other things than books; and their training here teaches them to fill different functions in life. The girls are trained here in all the branches of domestic science. This is as it should be. The boys have manual training and the business

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affairs of life are presented to them in the proper way. The people here are trying to get the worth of their money.

Now this is not so in many cities. The cities, in most cases, are wasting millions of dollars through the public schools. The boys and girls turned loose—for that is the proper expression—from our public schools are not worth to society the clothes they wear. They are simply human beings incapable of doing anything worth while. In life they finally drift into the army of failures, a burden on society and a curse to mankind. A boy or girl should be trained to be a unit of real wealth, self-sustaining and resourceful, with the initiative to do and accomplish things worth while.

Do our schools turn out such goods as we can proudly label, "Made in America"? Ask any bank, any commercial or industrial enterprise, and get its answer. The prosperity, growth and power of a nation, and its perpetuity and influence in the world of nations, depend on the discipline, initiative, intelligence, and moral character of the rising generation. Upon the generation which is fast fading away, rest these questions and these obligations. It is not performing its duty in this country.

This city has about seven hundred saloons, which pay a special tax of \$750 a year. This looks small, yet many saloon men say they are making no money; and some have failed. This is easily accounted for. The laboring man sustains the saloons, always and everywhere. When he is out of work he has no money to spend in the saloons; he is not wanted and does not visit the saloon; and the saloon is up against it. The saloon is the heart of the local conditions in the industrial world.

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This is conclusive evidence that the saloon is bad for the laboring man. Fire water does not take the place of bread, meat, milk and beans, and never will. The one destroys life while the others maintain and sustain life.

Again, the saloon interests will not obey the law. They are notorious law violators, and, on these violations, argue that temperance is impossible and wrong while intemperance is right. No matter how reasonable the Government makes the regulations, they never submit and obey. On the contrary, they always antagonize and try to undermine government, the quiet, peaceful dignity of law and order. This is largely the reason they are looked upon as a menace to good government in the eyes of a fast increasing majority. And it is best this should be so. Although the manufacturing of liquor is so extensive here, I have seen comparatively few men under its influence.

This city has one of the best library systems I have seen. There is the main library with eight fine substations, two of which are operated by and are for colored people. Carnegie gave almost \$500,000 to build the main building and sub-stations. The location and distribution is fine. Over 1,000,000 books are handled each year. I think much of this is due to the popularity of the gentleman in charge. He is active and has a fine personality. Even the colored people are in dead earnest to improve themselves mentally. The parents are not satisfied to have their children grow up in ignorance. All you have to do to get the colored people to take advantage of opportunity is to give them the opportunity. This city was the first to establish a separate library building for the colored people. In

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fact, the people here are somewhat more tolerant of the colored people. On the street cars there is no distinction. Yet they tell me when they get into court they are doomed. The testimony of one white man is as good as that of a dozen colored men. However, they are treated better here than in any other southern State I have visited.

I think the men in Congress who vote millions for some of these rivers I have seen, should hang their heads in shame. The waste and the useless and extravagant distribution of public funds to improve some supposed streams for navigation, is a disgrace to American statesmanship. If men in high places are so devoid of honesty and patriotism, how can you establish and maintain honesty in municipal governments?

The Ohio Rapids are at this place. They are not large, but form an obstruction a few months out of each year, if the water is high enough to send a small boat up. So a canal was built around them. It is about one mile long. Dams were built; and if there is enough water in the river, they make about nine feet of water in the canal. This was done about forty years ago. The canal is about one hundred feet wide, and the Congressmen from this State are asking for more money to make it two hundred feet wide. Up to date, the appropriations to make the Ohio River navigable for small boats are approaching \$40,000,000; and all this in the face of the fact that the transportation on the Ohio River is not one-tenth what it was forty years ago. I talked with men wading in the water and handling the boats who had been right there on the job all that period. The original cost was about \$15,000,000 for a canal about a mile long.

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These men told me that the railroads had made canals almost useless, for they had paralleled the rivers, made rates on the same scale as the boats and beat them on the service. Now is not this a fact everywhere? The rates of railroads are regulated by the Government, which makes them just and equitable for the railroads and the public. Why, then, is there any necessity for canals? There is no necessity. It is a diversion of public funds to the pockets of a few contractors and voters located along the line.

The voting of public funds on a large scale to prevent floods is a beneficent act and a worthy cause. It is in line of development, of the preservation of life and property, and of the enlarging of the domain of our possessions. The Mississippi River is one in point. So many States are affected that it is a national question; and, with equitable charges for corresponding benefits, this public improvement should not be delayed any longer, but should be handled as one proposition in a scientific manner. The River and Harbor Bill now pending in Congress should be defeated, and every official approving it should be classed with the old ward aldermen and refused further honors in the public service.

The Southern people are not lacking for a place to go and worship. Some of the churches are magnificent structures, beautiful and costly. They have their colleges, universities, and publishing houses; and on the side they make tents, chairs, seats, and church furniture. Religion is operated much like a business. Preachers are manufactured as a tailor makes a suit of clothes. If cut out according to pattern, it fits. Why not, for he owes his education and position to some kindly disposed brethren. The Baptists, Methodists, and Christians are

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strong; and they dominate the South. Catholics are good with the Indians, but the colored man is not at home where he can not have his shouting, his praying and his singing. The Methodists simply transport him right into the "Gates Ajar"; so the Catholics let well enough alone and work quietly in other fields. We need them all, and even then may lose out; so give every one a free hand.

One thing seemed odd to me. Some of the Southern States have enacted laws against tipping and are enforcing them. Restaurants have put up signs reading, "Do not tip. It is against the law." Now, I have always tried to obey the law, or substantially so, usually because of the fear of punishment. I smiled and obeyed this law. It seemed so easy for me to do.

I think tipping is one of the meanest customs we have in America, and we borrowed it from the French. Some of us can afford to tip and some of us cannot. We do not want to be mean, so we put up at European hotels and eat at cafeterias, to such an extent that nearly all restaurants in the first class hotels are playing a losing game. The traveling men are doing their work, for they are enemies of this custom, which in some cases has gone to the extent of being a species of blackmailing. It has spread out into the business life, on a larger scale, and is there properly designated as Graft. It is dishonest, and lowers the dignity of common labor. It makes of the one who is compelled to depend on tips for a portion of his salary, a low, menial servant,—a beggar and an object of charity. We cannot make anything else out of it.

A hotel will advertise its many advantages, and, among other things, "the service." What is the result?

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A boy takes your hand baggage and shows you to your room. A tip. You are a Yankee and ask for ice water. You are informed that you must call the kitchen. Another boy brings the ice water. A tip. You lie down to sleep, and you find three maids looking after your room, each one expecting a tip. You take the elevator for the lobby. A telephone call comes. A page hunts you up. Another tip. If not, you are not found next time. You discover the house has twelve pages. You patronize the elevator often. Good service means tips, for you find there are ten elevator boys. You go into the restaurant. A white waiter approaches you, and a white one is the meanest of them all. You pay four prices for what you get. A tip, if you want to go in again. The next time you have a new table and a new waiter. You want your trunk. The porter is slow and uncertain without a tip. Your baggage may be damaged if you don't shell out. And your room is up towards a hundred dollars a month.

Now, tell me, is that not a travesty on "service" you are getting? Why do American travelers submit to such bondage? I am for the law and its enforcement.

San Francisco, in this respect, was the meanest city I was ever in and Los Angeles the most considerate. Now, barbers in San Francisco have unions and have established a living wage. Their prices are at the top of the scale. Yet you must tip all around, including the barber, if you want to go back there again. When you remain in a city a few weeks you learn more than you would on a two-days' stop. You check your hat and tip a modest girl out of sympathy and you learn that she has no pockets and that your tip is turned over to a corporation.

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You pay top price for service to the management, and it should be compelled to pay a living wage to its employes. If you get special services, that is another thing.

On the boat on the Pacific a case occurred that I shall always remember. A man of forty had married a young woman of nineteen; and they were leaving Oregon for Honduras, to get a start, as he had been unfortunate in Oregon. We had six waiters on the boat. Their daily subject of conversation regarding each passenger on the boat was as to how much he would dig up at the end of the journey. They had doubts about this couple. Sure enough, in a strange land and unable to speak the language, they were started for the shore in a small boat, forgetting their waiter. The waiters were prepared, and threw lemons after them and called them vile names when they returned to the boat. And this after paying for first class tickets and sitting on stools on the deck. A woman on board lost her pocket book containing seventy dollars. When it was returned to her it was short thirty-five. And this is the service that awaits the traveling public in many places. We all tip, or nearly all of us. But we should stand for the law and obey it strictly to the letter; for it is justice to the servant and employer, and saves embarrassments and humiliations to many travelers who are forced to travel, and can afford only the legitimate expenses, which are as high as the traffic will stand. The only unusual thing I ever got on my tips was an extra dish of ice cream in New Orleans, and I believe the poor girl stole it. I tipped her well because I wanted to encourage her in bringing the proprietor to time, so that he would pay her a wage sufficient to enable her to clothe herself fittingly and be decent.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

St. Louis, Missouri

SPEAKING of the custom of tipping; did it ever occur to you that you tip largely the servants who are not required to exercise much brain power in their line of work and confine your tips to your stomach and face and nails?

You can often judge rightly about the justice or injustice of doing a thing by drawing a contrast. This enables you to see things from a new viewpoint.

There is nothing more unpleasant than an ill-fitting pair of shoes,—nothing that so completely puts one's body and mind out of commission. You go into a shoe store; and a clerk, with much care and some skill, properly, comfortably, and neatly fits a last to your feet that makes you smile. He has taken pains and pride in doing something for you. Why do you not tip him ten per cent of the cost of the shoes? It is not the custom. Then make it the custom, for there is more sense in tipping this clerk than in tipping your waiter who does nothing but carry the food from the kitchen to your table, for which service the employer has hired and paid him. The chef and other employes, whom you do not see, weigh, measure out and cook the food ordered. So it is with the tailor or dressmaker and their help. They work into the small hours of night, by piece work, making your fine garments, doing nice work and assisting in getting perfect fits. Why do you not show your appreciation by giving them a tip of ten per cent of the cost? Start this custom if you are going to defend the other, because it is more just. Think of the poor newsboy who gets up at three o'clock

in the morning to walk a mile, facing a cold wind and wading through snow and ice that you may have your morning paper on time. That is not all. A poor widow may have gotten up at the same time to make a hot cup of coffee to warm her son up before he starts on his journey. If you miss your paper or the boy is late, do not swear at him or report him to the business manager of the paper. Be a true sport and tip the boy, for in nine cases out of ten he is a manly fellow, assisting his mother to keep from asking charity. This tip would be nobler than any you now give. Start the custom. Remember the milk man, the grocer, the coal man, and the long list I know you are going to add for the future; and do not forget the preacher at the end. The preacher gets his pay at the foot of the class, because you cannot see what he has done for you. But do not violate the law. You will be happier and always feel better if you obey the law—I might say laws, both human and divine.

In leaving Louisville for this city the traveler passes through four States, if he takes the route I did,—Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Missouri. These are our four grand good States, rich in every way. One thing that has impressed me strongly since I left New Orleans and wandered around in various States, is the difference in the progress made by individual States, with conditions of nature about the same in each. I noticed that in the States which spread education and learning among the masses, as a farmer sows his wheat, the people were up and alert and doing things in all lines. They made the ground blossom with roses and flowers. There was an abundance of grain of all kinds, and of fat horses, mules, cattle and hogs. Everything and every-

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body was full size with the attitude of aristocracy toward everything and everybody else. Indiana had this expression over Kentucky. Illinois surpassed Indiana; and it did look beautiful, with its farm houses and outhouses painted, and its farm implements and equipment up to date in every way. Illinois did look, and is, just as rich as the garden of Eden; and why a farmer should want to leave such rich soil to dig among rocks and sand pits to make a living is hard to answer. With proper handling, its productivity can be doubled, and so can that of Iowa soil.

We arrived here and found St. Louis a great, big city with about 800,000 people, doing business on the basis of 100 cents on the dollar. Look in every direction, and things appear substantial. By 1920 it will have 1,000,000. Business has been bad for two years, but new blocks are going up; and residences, some of them costly, are being built in large numbers. Its trade pressure is towards the south and southwest and is large in all lines.

It could not be otherwise than progressive, because foreigners make up half the city. There are over 100,000 colored residents, and they are increasing in number.

The city was established in 1764 by Laclède, so it is quite old. It is governed by twenty-eight aldermen who are paid \$1,800 a year. Lately a new charter was adopted so that hereafter the people will elect only three officers, mayor, treasurer and assessor. The mayor will then draw \$10,000 a year. He appoints an efficiency committee consisting of three members, and all city employes must pass and be approved by this committee. The plan is to escape politics. One must be a Republican, one a Democrat, and one non-

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partisan. Time will tell how well they have succeeded. The council with so large a number will prove a nuisance, and already some are accused of grafting. City government in America is a hard problem and not yet solved. The curse is graft and political influence. To bring it down to a business basis when the people select the business man, seems impossible because of the incompetency of the masses to concentrate and choose the right one.

The taxes are 70 per cent of cash value, and the levy is two and thirty-five hundredths cents. This is high. It costs nearly \$11,000,000 to operate the city. This is twice as much as the State requires. When you think of the specials worked in on the people, this is quite a burden for them to meet.

However, the city owns its own water and garbage plants, and regulates all others. The water is good, but nearly all cities have good water these days.

I called on Hon. F. W. Lehmann, and he was very happy. While I was there he opened a letter informing him that he had won a \$900,000 judgment and that the defendant wanted to pay. Mr. Lehmann is an Iowan of whom we all are proud. He is on the square with all, and President Wilson could do nothing more appropriate than place him in the Supreme Court of the United States. He would grace that honorable tribunal in the eyes of all.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati, Ohio

THE day following the presidential election I remained in Chicago, to visit friends; and to get returns and venture a guess, like most men, on the likely winner. Hundreds of thousands of people were on the streets blowing horns; and automobiles were legion. There is no place on earth like Chicago. In a few generations it will be the largest city in the world.

I became tired, and, returning to my hotel lobby, seated myself comfortably for a rest. There were many people in the lobby. Suddenly a shrill whistle, round and musical, sounded from the balcony. Instantly thirty or more men turned their faces heavenward to locate the call from above. A short, red-faced man caught the beautiful lady's eye and smiled; the recognition was prompt, and he proceeded to obey the call. Possibly they were father and daughter. But the other men! They turned and frowned and were soon lost in the crowd.

Then I thought how unfortunate were the founders of our religious creeds in not making the Lord a woman. Our men might have been, at least, more devoted in their church work and possibly more liberal in their contributions for church extension.

You know angels are men; young unmarried women would, I am quite sure, vote almost unanimously that men are angels. But married women! Oh, dear! I would hate to see the returns. It would be the Solid South, over again, and I would not like to see the men discouraged even in trying to be angels. In this

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connection, I might say that I have been giving the late election returns serious thought. I once was inclined towards women suffrage, but I am drifting away because of her conclusions recorded on November 7, 1917. Twelve States gave her the right to vote on presidential elections. Mr. Hughes promptly and very inadvisedly abandoned his party platform and early promised to work for an amendment to the National Constitution, granting this right to all women absolutely; and he continued to be aggressive on the subject. This was done at the urgent request of Senator Southerland of Utah; and both went down to defeat. Mr. Wilson was foxy and flirted with it occasionally; but all knew he was opposite to Mr. Hughes on the subject, designating it as a question for the States alone to decide. Now what were the results? The women of ten of the States gave their electoral vote to Wilson, Oregon and Illinois alone going to Hughes. In these two States the Hughes women were attacked and roughly handled by the Wilson following. They were also threatened in Kansas City, Missouri; but women in this State had no right to vote. Hughes lost 24 votes in Ohio, this being the first time it has gone Democratic since the Civil War. Ohio is a strong anti-prohibition State, the liquor interest being extraordinarily strong. Hughes failed to emphasize our unpreparedness for war. Mr. Wilson relied on his plea, "I have kept the country out of war." Hughes spent much time on our foreign relations, and the women and laboring men had but little interest in this subject. One week before the election, the liquor interest in Ohio sent a secret circular to all its friends in the State urging them to vote for Wilson, thus giving him 82,000 over Hughes and

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defeating nearly the whole of the Republican State ticket.

Woman's highest ambition is true motherhood and the possession of a husband. This is laudable and one of God's laws. When she wins her husband, she tries to keep him, and to inculcate in him a fondness for her and her home. She is always ready to resent the forcible taking away of her husband and her sons; and thus she is, by nature, self-interest and sentimentality, against war. Mr. Wilson knew women's true character, and he played politics and won. Yet most that we enjoy and esteem so highly in this country came to us by inheritance from our ancestry, and was won in wars by the loss of many lives and the shedding of much blood. This, it appears to me, is why Hughes lost. He appealed to virile men, to American citizenship; and overlooked the weakness, the sentiment and self-interest of the woman voter. I believe Hughes received the votes of a majority of the women in Oregon and Illinois because of the attacks on his women advocates. Because of sentiment and resentment they wanted to, and did, record their condemnation of such acts.

And again, not to exceed forty per cent of the women registered that they might cast their ballots on this most important office. Hughes did not receive a majority of these, except in Illinois and possibly Oregon. Thus, taking into consideration the large number that refused to register and the large number voting for Wilson, who at heart is against them on this subject, I am convinced that the majority of the women are against suffrage. This election shows plainly that the influence of women in American politics may have

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a tendency to lower the standard of courage and wholesome citizenship of our American manhood. Instead of Greeks and Romans, we might have pink-tea boys—mamma's boys; and this will be the beginning of lowering the character, the efficiency and the manhood of the male citizen of the American Republic. What we need is a race of men who are physically, intellectually and courageously strong men, with confidence in their power and justice on their side, men willing to fight and defend their rights. Such a race of men strengthens and broadens women and perpetuates the nation. Most nations which have disappeared from the face of the earth became so from weakness from within, not strength from without.

My first visit to Cincinnati has impressed me favorably. My father and his brother James purchased and drove hogs by the thousands from Greensburg, Indiana, to this city. That was many years ago, before railroads were built; and yet that is not so long after all. The city is very old. It is like a crazy quilt. As it grew, additions were laid out regardless of streets; hence you have many short streets, narrow streets and long streets. They are just fairly clean, although there are waste refuse boxes on many of the corners. The city owns the water works and gives the people water at the rate of eight cents for 750 gallons. All other franchises are private.

The pavements consist of granite blocks and of asphalt, most of which are in fairly good condition. The side-walks are fair. A few small parks have been located in the business sections. A canal runs through the city and connects with Lake Erie. It is no longer in use, and the city is now contemplating using the

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space for rapid transit lines. It has about 400,000 population, made up of everybody from everywhere. About 30 per cent of the people are Germans, and Jews are also here without number. It has good hotels and strong financial institutions of all kinds, as well as extensive manufacturing, wholesaling and jobbing plants. About everything is made here. This gives employment to a multitude of laborers, and they are receiving good wages. Just now, because of employment, they are for Wilson and against war; and they are opposed to Wall Street, although Wall Street is the hand that is feeding them. Let Wall Street cease to loan another dollar to the Allies, and most of them would be on the sidewalks looking for a job. A poor man would starve to death. A man with money who keeps it busy is the best friend a poor man can have. The poor man should shake hands with him, become better acquainted, and get him to invest his money so that work will be plentiful. It is unfortunate for both when the poor man does not try to get better acquainted with the rich man.

The old city is located on low ground surrounded by hills. It has gone behind the hills for miles around. The fine residential sections are in the suburbs, and some of these sections are built exclusively for the well-to-do. The business sections are made up of odds and ends. The place needs a fire. One often sees an old frame dwelling that has been turned into a business front, while next door is a modern five-story brick. This is seen on every street. The city is not attractive. It is democratic. No one is in a hurry, not even an automobile driver. A teamster will stop his truck and go in and bring out a bucket of beer. When the bucket

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is emptied, he moves on. Drinking is common, especially with the working classes. About 800 saloons are in business, each paying \$1,000 license a year; yet they tell me they are not making money. On Third Street, in the old section, many small business fronts are vacant. This is caused by some of the rich estates erecting power buildings. They put up a large building, and then rent floor space to small manufacturing concerns of all kinds, furnishing power to run the machinery. This is popular and profitable to both parties. Several such buildings are now in operation.

The great obstacle to rapid expansion in this city is the large estates being kept intact. The Emery Estate is worth about \$80,000,000. The founder, two generations ago, made tallow candles, putting his profits in real estate. A relative still runs the candle factory, even in opposition to John D. Rockefeller. The Sinton Estate is worth about the same. Mr. Charles P. Taft, brother of ex-President Taft, was admitted, in this city, to practice law. He met Miss Sinton, an only daughter, married her and let his brother do the practicing. Mr. Sinton was a poor Irishman who dug iron ore, saved his money and invested it in real estate; and this is the result. The older he got, the more he hated to spend money. Then there is the Anderson Estate, which is the umbrella that covers Nicholas Longworth, who is well known as the husband of Alice and the son-in-law of Colonel Roosevelt. His aunt, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, comes under the same tree; you will remember that she had some trouble with ex-President Roosevelt, extending back to Rome. She is responsible for the Rockwood Pottery which is manufactured here, and which is admired by many women. All live

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here and amuse themselves in travel. Cincinnati is a wealthy city. Ohio, once Republican, is now lined up with Alabama and Mississippi. What would Harrison, Garfield and McKinley say? The city is governed by a council of thirty-two aldermen, six of whom are elected at large. The Mayor with one councilman, an Irishman, bosses the whole city; and he has held this job for thirty years. Beat this for continuous power if you can. He has given them good city markets and 2,000 acres of parks; and the people are contented, or seem so.

Lexington, Kentucky

THE population of this town does not exceed 40,000, and yet it is as widely known as Chicago. It is well paved, and the streets are clean. It has the commission form of government, and is, in every way, a characteristic Kentucky town,—slow, easy going and taking but little thought of to-morrow. There is no manufacturing, and the retail stores are small. A few of the inhabitants are rich, but the masses are poor. They are busy with two things, horse raising and racing and leaf tobacco. The minute you get into town it is all “horse,” and tobacco is incidentally mentioned. Yet the tobacco crop is the backbone of the State, amounting to nearly \$40,000,000 per annum. Whisky is next, with 32,000,000 of gallons per year. Louisville looks faithfully after that branch of the State’s wealth.

Kentucky has three famous race tracks, located as follows: One at Covington-Latonia, one at Lexington, and the other at Louisville. The one at Lexington is the best known.

This city is situated in what is known as the “Blue Grass Section” of Kentucky. This is about the middle of the State. The size of the “Blue Grass Section” is about forty miles square, and here, agriculturally, is the heart and wealth of Kentucky. The blue grass is luxuriant, and abounds everywhere. All horses, cattle and sheep living on it are fat. The land is rolling and is divided into large and small plantations. There are many magnificent mansions,—country homes,—built in the colonial style. The former owners, in many instances, were very rich. They were right royal

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entertainers, with all kinds of "brands" in the house; and they had horses as beautiful in action as photographs, to take the host and his friends for an airing on fine country roads, surrounded by beautiful scenes. How could a person well filled within refuse to lift his hat and his voice for his host? So, far and wide, Lexington became known for its fine horses and beautiful women. The latter I found to be a myth, but it makes fine poetry and it is best not to spoil a good poem with facts, so here's to the ladies of Lexington. They want to be known as reformers and workers for the good of all, through their clubs.

This race track has been in operation for about one hundred years. The early supporters have passed away; their sons are now old, and some of them have passed on. The last prominent character, Mr. Haggin, died some time ago at the age of nearly 90 years. He was many times a millionaire, and he left a young wife in the twenties. He was a true sport and loved the game. His stables have been abandoned, at his request; and a fine up-to-date dairy has taken their place. He was a wise man to direct his sons into more conservative lines, away from drinking, betting and gambling; for fast horses, innocently and shamefully, have these three brides trailing them, and they are at the wire when they come in to toss them flowers and smiles. As the old ones disappear, new ones are coming in to take their places.

Some men who have made millions out of tobacco, oil, beer, whisky and the like, and others who are rich through inheritance, take on stables for amusement, and to learn the business. Many of them are too old to do anything else, but they like the excitement,

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and in time learn the business all right. There is no longer any money in the business.

It is governed by odd conditions. You have a fast trotter, with many others in the same class. Some horse lowers the record materially, and after that it is the only horse. All the others have fallen in value from fifty to seventy-five per cent. They are just carriage horses, and the automobile is pressing hard for second place. The result is that many of the owners of stables are devoting their time and attention to running, saddle and general utility horses.

They give three races a year, two running and one trotting, and hang up purses amounting to about \$100,000 each. Bookmakers and the usual accessories are found here in attendance. Many of the owners of stables spend but little time here, so country entertaining is a thing of the past. Many of the fine farms and fine homes have been converted into tobacco plantations. The mountaineers have come down and rented many of these places and are devoting themselves to raising tobacco, and I was told that they are hard workers and are making good. So you see the moonshiners are all right when they get started on the right track. Thus tobacco is crowding out the horse stables on the one side and the dairy on the other, and it will continue so.

They have the finest grade of sheep and cattle, as well as horses. In the fields you see Southdown, Holstein, Herefords, Jerseys and so on. But poultry is not considered. One sees few fowls of any kind. In the sections near the mountains, outside of the blue grass regions, is great poverty. They have one or two pigs for meat, a small patch of corn, a little hay, a dog or two and some guns. The owners work little

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and hunt much, catching mostly rabbits. They live in the usual log cabin with one room. The horses are so poor they lean with the winds, and it seems that if they should fall they would have to be helped up. This is a fair description of country life as it exists outside of the famous "Blue Grass Section." A few saw mills are in operation, on a small scale, in the mountains. Most of the taxes for the State are levied on foreign corporations. Taxes are high, hence corporations are few and the masses remain poor and idle most of the time. There is nothing for them to do but hunt and drink, and they are not fond of work anyway. They just live from day to day. I started on a stroll to the edge of the town, and shortly an undertaker dashed up with his wagon right by me. I did not need him, for I felt much alive. He jumped off and called to a colored stranger to cross over as he wanted to see him. The colored man did as he was requested. The undertaker then opened the wagon to show that there were no ghosts within. He then told the colored man that he wanted him to help him carry a corpse down stairs. The women began to congregate, and I moved on.

To me it seemed so rude. I feel that in the last lap of the journey to the city which has its streets paved with gold, a human being should be more gently handled. I hope to have at least one gentle touch, one kind look, one sweet remembrance, if it be only a single rose placed on my coffin by a poor, neglected bootblack who has always performed his work with a humble spirit and done it well. It is sweet to be remembered even in death.

I then meandered over several blocks and turned toward the city. On my way back, I observed a horse

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trade negotiated by a little nervous man on a small pony and a large man with a large horse hitched to a buggy containing himself and his wife. I paused to witness the deal, and this almost caused my ruin.

When the exchange was made, the tall man and his wife got into the buggy. The little fellow was grinning all the time. The big man took hold of the lines and the pony would not move a foot. It stood "without hitchin'." The big man got out and deposited his wife on the sidewalk. She refused to smile. The pony was so poor you could look through its body and see the ribs on the opposite side. The little fellow took hold of the bridle and the large man pushed on the lines. They moved forward about one hundred feet. Then both got into the buggy, the little fellow driving. All at once, the pony started and they drove around two blocks, returning to the place from which they started. Then they alighted and exchanged back. The big horse was equally as poor as the pony. The Kentuckians are great traders, especially with horses. This is why these two men traded, so far as I then knew.

I continued my journey towards the city until I came to "Cheapside" in front of the County Court House. Here I saw that a large crowd had gathered. There were horses, mules, cows, pigs, chickens, fighting roosters, buggies, wagons, chains, ropes, shovels; in fact, everything you could possibly find in a junk shop was there. The crowd consisted of about 200 men. Some were long and some were short. All were unshaved and had long hair. All were chewing tobacco, and the ends of their mustaches had turned yellow. They wore soft hats and boots. They filled a block.

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I was assured that there was not a sound animal in the lot. All were poor, and I noticed that some stood on three legs and rested the fourth leg. The Humane Society was on hand in the person of Mrs. Snyder; and she claimed that these animals had been brought from outside counties and that some had glanders, some pink eye and so on.

That morning, I had made the acquaintance of a relative of the sheriff, and he afterwards proved to be my friend. Mrs. Snyder, the representative of the Humane Society, had arrested the men engaged in the horse trade I had witnessed. She accused the little fellow of trading a glandered horse, and the big fellow was arrested for swearing at her.

She learned that I had witnessed the trade, and approached me with her body guards, a deputy sheriff and a policeman. I refused to be interviewed. She gave me her pledge of honor not to involve me in any way, as a witness or otherwise; and my friend, the sheriff's relative, heard her pledge to me. I told her what I had seen of the trade, and then she slipped around and ordered the sheriff to summon me as a witness at the trial the next day. The sheriff came out and asked me my name. I told him it was John Smith. He returned to draw up the papers. I slid down to the walk, and the sheriff's relative told me to skip, as the woman had betrayed me. I hid that afternoon and night, and left town the next morning. Now a man would not have done that to me under the same circumstances, and I want to ask this question: Has a woman any honor for her word when she has a purpose or an interest to serve?

About one hundred years ago, it was the custom

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in Kentucky to go to the County Court House each month on the Monday when the court opens, which is called "Court Day," and to take all these odds and ends to trade and dicker over. There was drinking and fighting and sometimes cutting and shooting. At the same time, neighborhood litigation was taken up by the Judge for trial. This was the beginning and cause of feuds in Kentucky. These gatherings continue to this day. The celebration lasts only one day, but sometimes it becomes fierce. The animals are doctored up in every way possible. They are doped during the day, and the innocent ones are swindled. This, in turn, generates bad blood. My own experience as a witness only, convinced me. I saw the laying of the foundation of a feud that very day. It is the same in every county when the Monday court opens, so these professionals go from county to county in what they call a circuit. In no other place on the face of the earth is such a thing tolerated, except in London. With the abolishment of "Court Day," and possibly of whisky, Kentucky will have no more feuds. Most of the murders occur on Court Day. The next woman that pledges her honor to me must "show me," that she is sincere. If my local friends had increased in number, I might have been forced to give bonds for my appearance and to remain long enough to become a "colonel" or the subject of a first-class funeral.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Frankfort, Kentucky

SINCE the State of Ohio has concluded to join Alabama and Mississippi, for social as well as political reasons, you can very properly class the city of Cincinnati as half Southern and half Northern in more ways than one. On the other hand, it is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in America, although slow in action and slow in thought.

Its retail merchants never buy ahead, but make their purchases from week to week when the foods are needed; hence, it is a good location for jobbing houses. This shows the careful, conservative disposition of the people and a desire not to speculate but to be contented with small profits which are carefully laid by and saved.

Ohio is a great State; it is rich in every way and has factories everywhere. Why Wilson, rather than Hughes, carried the State is no doubt understood by many people; and when understood, it is very simple.

The Jews control the liquor interest of the State. They were friendly to Wilson. They have free lunches in the saloons, and in some cases these are very elaborate. The reason Cincinnati has so much drinking is because the laboring men, in many cases, omit the midday lunch and take their buckets to the saloons and get four glasses for five cents. Then they eat heartily of the free lunch and drink the bucket of beer. Many of them spend from twenty to thirty cents a day in this way. A few saloons give a chicken dinner daily, one-half chicken for twenty-five cents. Now think of Hughes and his suffragettes running up

against a proposition like that! However, thousands of these men were Republicans on protection, and expected to win. These men were scared. They felt that their customs and habits of life were going to be taken away from them, and they naturally resented it. Mr. Hughes and his managers did not appreciate the situation, and they ignored the State organization. This resulted in the defeat of the National and State tickets. Strange as it may seem, millionaires, clerks and day laborers sit around the tables in these saloons. They enjoy the free lunches together as one brother with another. They are on a common footing and a common level. They are never in a hurry, for they know there is another day.

We were glad to glide into old Kentucky, and to visit Ludlow, Covington and Newport. This State has not to exceed seven or eight good trading towns, all the others being just political headquarters and not much better than cross-road towns with post offices.

The State is hilly and rough everywhere, except in the western portion. Here it is low and marshy. There is little progress and not much business. There is some timber but this section is short on almost every thing else of real value. The people are lazy, indifferent and satisfied if they can get enough to live on from year to year.

Frankfort, the capital, is surrounded by hills and is a town of about 20,000 people. Everything about it looks old and is old, including the people. They stand around expecting something to turn up in the way of State jobs, odd jobs, or jobs of any kind. They are living on the reputation of the State,— a reputation earned by people long gone to their reward. They

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are the tail end of the fast fading aristocracy, yet they are still proud, sensitive and are "Kentuckians, suh, yes, suh." That "suh" is never omitted by the high or low. They are uniformly courteous and polite and are pleased when they know their efforts are appreciated. As in all capitals, the "ex-distinguished politicians" still hang around, most of them being on the "waiting list." Others find something to do and continue their residence at the capital of the State. One old colonial—I am sure he was colonial—passed by on the street. He was erect, wore a white hat, white spats, and a fairly good suit, and carried a cane. I just thought that at some time he had visited New York city, not Chicago. He was the only one of his like in sight, for I looked long and carefully until my departure. He was an old Kentuckian whom you could not forget and would not forget if you could. And why should you?

The State has erected a beautiful building of Vermont marble and granite, on a most sightly location commanding a fine view of the country far and wide. The interior is arranged in an attractive and practical way. The grand stairways are beautiful and impressive. In the rotunda, under the dome, is a heroic statue of Lincoln. It is of antique bronze, mounted on an appropriate pedestal of the same material. Only one painting was exposed in the grand hallway, and that was a likeness of none other than Henry Clay,—a large magnificent canvas. This recalled the period of time when Kentucky was in her prime,—when her public men made and wrote history.

In front of the capitol building, as you approach it, is a fine granite monument erected by the State to

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commemorate the death of William Goebel, designated as governor, "who was shot in 1900, while approaching the capitol, by a rifle ball fired from a private window of the office of Secretary of State, Caleb Powers."

William Goebel was fourteen years State Senator, a valuable public official, and responsible for some important legislation; and his activity and energy had created some bitter political enemies. His career was cut short for he was only forty-four years of age, active and in the full spirit of the times.

On the campus near by, a large, commodious executive mansion has been erected of the finest granite. It is the residence of the Governor, and is colonial in style. I met several of the State officials who were more than kind, but Governor Standley was at home struggling with some carbuncles.

One of the two penitentiaries in the State is located here. It has 1,400 convicts. Some are employed on contracts and others are employed by the State in building good roads. The roads are being built of crushed stone and concrete, and they are fine. They have already built many miles of these roads. Rock exists here in abundance. Not only have they built main roads, but cross roads are being built in every direction. Frankfort is only thirty miles from Lexington, the center of the Blue Grass Region. Here it is largely barren and dreary, and little is produced from the soil. The minerals are all located in the eastern part of the State. Only about one-third of Kentucky is good for agricultural purposes. The other two-thirds is more suitable for certain kinds of stock which the people do not care to bother with. The precedents handed down from generation to generation have taught them

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to do other things, and these teachings they have blindly followed, much to the neglect of their business. So the "Old Kentucky Home" can be sung with feeling and appreciated by all Kentuckians who are growing old. It relates to the good old times gone by. To them it is the "Sweet Old Home."

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Richmond, Kentucky

MANY years ago, at different periods, two adventuresome pioneers, Daniel Boone and Samuel Kenton by name, entered Kentucky from the southeast. Each was surrounded by a band of rugged, daring young men. Restless in spirit, these youths were out hunting for new fields and new lands, for riches, and for excitement for their young unbridled spirits.

The new land was mountainous. The Cumberland range of mountains and its branches, covered with timber and inhabited with Indians and game of all kinds, was a delight to the new arrivals. It afforded them food, and the pleasure of hunting, occupied their minds and made life enjoyable in their new home. However, they became lonesome in time; the young men took unto themselves Indian wives; and the wilds of the mountains became their future home. The fruits of these unions were half-breeds. Their numbers increased rapidly, and they roamed over into Virginia and down into North and South Carolina.

Such was the ancestry of the present inhabitants of the mountain ranges. These people possess the traits of character of both the Indian and the white races. Shorn of both religious and educational influences, and possessing a roaming, predatory disposition, they go from place to place for food and raiment, and are without restraining influences of any kind. The mountains are filled with coal and other minerals, yet even unto this day the mines are but little developed. In time they erected log huts, their habitations consisting

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of one room in many cases, and being without windows. They never pretended to raise anything beyond a few simple foods necessary to sustain life, the principal productions being corn and potatoes raised in small patches near their houses. The corn made excellent food, and, when ground on stones, produced the meal for pancakes. In time, this life became too strenuous; so they needed a stimulant, and began producing whisky for their own use and eventually for the market. This brought them into conflict with the National Government, for they refused to pay the government tax. Their whisky became known as "moonshine," and the makers as "moonshiners." Almost from the beginning, government revenue collectors have been doing all in their power to break up this business of the mountain native; yet moonshine still flourishes. This struggle with the Government has made them suspicious of all strangers; so they travel with a rifle in hand or a belt around the body, containing one or two revolvers as large as small cannon. The Indian spirit, to get the other fellow before he gets you, predominates their whole lives. They get the other fellow when they catch him off his guard. In this phase of life, there is no honor among them, not even towards each other. They trust no one, not even God. This is why they have no windows in their houses. The entrance is through the door. At night, the outside door is locked and bolted; and then the rifles and guns are placed near the cot as bed companions. Thus they are ready to defend their lives and earthly possessions from the whole world without. You will find much of this spirit throughout Kentucky, getting the other fellow before he gets you. They would regard a man as crazy who would

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hand his opponent a revolver and request him to step off so many paces and, on a signal, begin operations. In nearly all shooting scrapes, only one man is killed. Usually the assailant is untouched because he caught the other fellow off his guard, possibly looking in an opposite direction. This does not strengthen men in the moral code, and this weakness permeates business life. Many wholesale and jobbing houses avoid Kentucky because many of the merchants are slow in making payments and some of them do not pay at all. The same conditions exist among the masses, so it is a very unsatisfactory State in which to do business.

However, great changes have taken place in the mountains in the past few years. Outside capital has started to develop the natural resources of the State. Railroads have been built in the coal fields right in and among the mountaineers. This has wakened them to civilization. Church organizations have sent missionaries into the mountains, and these representatives have made many sacrifices in extending religion with one hand and education with the other. These things are making great changes among these people. They are mellowing down gradually, and to-day are much better than they used to be. They are fast developing into good citizens. They now venture more often into the sunlight. They never have been a bad people, but they were misunderstood by the outside and, in return, they looked on all mankind as against them. Even with the large population, only one circulating library exists among these people; and that is located at Rugby, Tennessee. Some good English people are responsible for placing this Angel of Peace among them, and I was told that it was doing much good and was appreciated

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by the inhabitants. Mr. Carnegie might be induced to have his name inscribed on some cornerstones along this mountain range; and the children might some day rise and call him blessed and go on a long journey to place flowers on his grave after all others have forgotten him. You cannot always tell when or where good deeds done to-day may end. However, those who give should be the judges as to where and to whom their benefactions should go.

I made the acquaintance of a missionary who, with the help of his wife, has worked several years among these people. He told me some amusing stories. On one occasion, he came to a stream which had risen about two feet and was several feet wide. He had begun to build a dam to get across without getting wet. While he was at work, two moonshiners came along with mules. They had jugs of whisky in one end of a sack and rocks in the other to balance the whisky, both sacks being tied together. They asked him what he was doing, and he told them. They told him he would have to cross the stream six times before he would arrive at the place to which he was going; and they insisted on his mounting one of the mules with them. This he did. When they got in the middle of the stream, they stopped and pulled out a bottle of moonshine and urged him to drink. He pleaded with them. He told them of his work in life and explained that he did not drink and did not want to offend his Master. They told him if he did not drink they would throw him off into the stream. He pleaded long and hard, and they finally yielded and took him safely over on the other side. He told me that the same experience was repeated every time they got him into the water, and always with the

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same result, and so in due time they landed him safely at his destination. On another occasion, in going along a public highway, he came upon some men playing cards; and, quick as a flash, they arose as one man with rifles drawn at action. However, with due explanations, he was permitted to pass on, and they proceeded with the game of cards and placed their rifles by their side as before.

On another occasion, he stopped at a place to remain over night. The man had thirteen children, and the home consisted of the usual one room. They granted his request. These people are most hospitable. They will share anything they possess with you as long as they regard you as their friend. On the arrival of the hour to retire, his bunk was made on the floor, and then the parents and children left the house. Later, nine of the children and the parents returned and slept on the floor. Next morning when he left he requested the parents to have all of the axes sharpened, stating that he would return on a certain day and make some improvements in the house. They said it could not be done. He told them to have all the boys at home. He returned, as promised; and with axes and boys they felled some trees near by and in one day built an addition to the old house, thus improving it greatly. From that time, the whole family became his loyal friends and supported him on all occasions.

Thus kindness and good deeds often accomplish much. They take deep roots, and they influence the actions and thoughts of mankind more than all other forces combined.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Through Tennessee

AS WE leave Lexington, Kentucky, for the South, we recall the motly crowd from the mountains and interior assembled on "Court Day" around a life-sized statue of J. C. Breckenridge. This statue is located in the center of the Cheapside and shows General Breckenridge in the attitude of addressing the masses. With these people, he was exceedingly strong and popular. But the one of all others whom the whole nation still loves and respects and in whose honor a magnificent monument is erected at the cemetery is no other than Henry Clay. He needs no monument. With his name is linked that of Daniel Webster. When you recall one you naturally think of the other, as their names and lives are jointly written in American history for all time. They are two stars of the past that will shine brightly throughout future ages. Clay's old home, "Ashland," still stands and is preserved and occupied by his relatives. Another famous home is located here and still preserved, that of Mary Todd, wife of President Lincoln. "Abe" Lincoln was born about ninety miles from Louisville, Kentucky, which is not very far from here.

Kentucky is rich in American history, from Revolutionary times up to and including the Civil War. During that period it produced many national characters, but has not done so well since. Scientific men claim that in this State terminated the Glacial Slide, which we are informed occurred in the dark and misty past. In fact, Kentucky has many historical towns and interesting spots, and there is beautiful scenery everywhere.

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As we drift southward we pass some beautiful stock farms and some tobacco and hemp fields; and we see a better class of towns and hamlets. We notice more lumber mills, more coal mines, and more industry of every kind. Most of the towns are larger, having a population of from 50 to 1,000. Three or four run from 1,500 to 6,000. More cereals are raised. The land is more fertile and the people are different. Educational institutions are more numerous.

The Queen & Crescent Railroad passes through much of this romantic country, and it is so rough and mountainous that we pass through twenty-three tunnels, one a mile long, and over High Bridge, which was supposed to have been the home of Daniel Boone, and at this point a bridge which is 310 feet above the water spans the Kentucky River. The river affords navigation. It ranges from twenty to thirty feet deep. Here the banks of the river rise on each side to the height of from 200 to 300 feet.

Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and Missouri tried to be neutral during the Civil War; and in these four States most of the battles were fought.

We soon reach the Cumberland River and come to the town of Burnside, which is named after the Union general who operated in this section with Generals James A. Garfield and George H. Thomas. One can find inspiration here for novel writing, if he is so disposed. He can find subjects among the natives,—any kind he wants. At Rugby, Tennessee, Thomas Hughes wrote his "Tom Brown at Rugby"; Mark Twain had to try his hand with the "Gilded Age"; and Charles Dudley Warner smiled in on the place at Frankfort, Tennessee. Here, the writer's subjects would be real human beings

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with some life and original thoughts and impulses. The Cumberland mountains, the rivers and streams and the rugged scenery are inspiring to a people, in most instances; for they are as God made them, without frills or fixtures to deceive anyone. And here we find that the "Mound Builders" once lived on the Cumberland Plateau. So whether the traveler goes West or South, he finds evidences of a branch of the human family that preceded us some time in the long ago.

Tennessee is more progressive than Kentucky, in many ways. The settlers are more industrious and substantial. In Morgan County, there are many Germans, and they grow much fruit such as peaches, apples, strawberries, etc. This is true in most sections of middle Tennessee. The State is between 500 and 600 miles long. It is low in the west, a table land in the middle and mountainous in the east. Memphis, the only commercial city in the west, is surrounded by low, swampy grounds for miles around. Much cotton is produced in the territory it controls, and this is the main revenue. It is a good substantial city containing about 150,000 people. There is some jobbing and wholesaling. It has the commission form of government. Nashville comes next in size, and Chattanooga is third, with about 80,000 people. The Tennessee River is navigable and flows through Chattanooga. As we approach this city from the north we pass through some rich deposits of iron ore, which is being mined extensively. Coal also exists in large quantities. The iron ore and coal are from the veins which extend into Alabama. With these rich deposits of ore and minerals of various kinds, with valuable woods, and the production of fruits and vegetables,

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the people cannot but progress; and you see the evidences of this progress all around you. Large quantities of all these products are shipped out in a completed state, many of the small towns having manufacturing plants of one kind and another. These give employment to the masses; and for the past two years the foreign war, and not the Underwood tariff, has kept them busy. Long before the traveler enters Chattanooga, over a bridge across the Tennessee River 1,800 feet long, he sees the city with clouds of smoke rising from many smoke stacks. It is located in a beautiful valley with Lookout Mountain on one side and Missionary Ridge on the other, and the Tennessee River passing down the center. Forest fires are now raging in the mountains and that makes the sky a hazy blue. This is not a good time to visit Chattanooga. May, June and September would be ideal months. However, the Winters are not cold. Occasionally the thermometer gets down to fifteen above. In these months you would miss much of the smoke, especially that from forest fires; the vegetation would be green; and this, with the background and setting around about, would make it one of the most beautiful spots among the many that exist in this country.

This city has some large factories and many small ones. About 200 kinds of articles are made here. Some important foundries are located here. The city has some good wholesale and jobbing houses which handle drygoods, ready made clothing, machinery and supplies.

The banking facilities are good. One bank has nearly \$7,000,000 in deposits, housed in its own building fourteen stories high.

This is good for a town of about 80,000, counting

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its suburbs. They claim 100,000, but that seems to be a little strong.

Its hotels are numerous, one being a new one twelve stories high. It is doing a good business and is well located. It has a commission form of government. The town is dirty. There is dust everywhere. It is no doubt hard to keep it clean because of so many smoke stacks, and it is better to have both than neither. However, I am sure the conditions could be improved.

The retail stores are small and most of them are unattractive. The fact is the impression is that of a dirty, manufacturing town, for it could not be otherwise when factories are operated in the heart of the city. Factories should be segregated, and American cities must come to that if they expect to have clean, beautiful places in which to live. Living and smoke conditions should be separated.

Chattanooga, Tennessee

IT IS impossible to come to this city without serious meditations on the past. Go where you will, turn any corner or look in any direction, and your attention will be called to conspicuous evidences of the heroic struggle between father and son, brother and brother. This struggle was in defense of an emblem, a national symbol which proclaimed the Union of States, the birth of a new nation. This nation was won after many sacrifices and at the end of a severe struggle; and that emblem proclaiming freedom of religious thought and the liberty of a new Republic was won by the common ancestry of these men now engaged in civil strife.

It is strange that among a people of one common language and with perfect freedom of conscience such a controversy should arise over the adjustment of a single question for which the flag stood—the freedom of thought and action of every human being living under its folds; but such was the case.

The principle involved had a financial consideration in addition to the question of the right of one man to claim the body of another. It was impossible to eliminate the financial phase of the question, because one side refused to listen to any proposition. Hence, one of two courses had to be taken. The North was compelled either to back down or fight.

Nations have questions arising which cannot be arbitrated and never will be. These questions may be domestic or foreign. Arbitrations must be either voluntary or forced; and forced arbitration, to a nation,

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is the taking away of its political sovereignty or its right to govern. This would be making of it a dependancy. It would be yielding to a superior power whose joint or collective interests might be very detrimental to the nation so submitting. We must always bear in mind that there is a little human nature in all mankind and nations are human like individuals. In isolated cases, it might be successful; but as a fixed policy, selfishness and want of impartiality would result in its failure. Courts are only forced arbitration tribunals for individuals; and, with our Government, Federal Courts are such tribunals as far as individual States are concerned. Hence, the civil conflict had to come.

In 1862, the Confederates had taken possession of this city as a base of operations in both Tennessee and Kentucky. Finally, there were gathered here 75,000 Confederate soldiers and 55,000 Federal soldiers. Rosecrans had charge of the latter and Bragg of the former. On September 18, 1862, both forces gathered near Chickamauga Creek, lining up in position, with their respective opposing forces and with their instruments of destruction. By the morning of the 19th, they were in deadly conflict. They were so close to each other that friend could have recognized friend. They were only seventy-five or one hundred yards apart. The batteries facing each other were this close. The contest was in the open, in the fields in a wooded section. There was no underbrush. They fought on one man's farm, then on his neighbor's. They struggled for the mastery over 7,500 acres of land, 6,000 of which was timbered. Sometimes one side would break away and the other would advance. Sometimes sections of both

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armies would be engaged in three or four different parts of the battlefield at the same time, there being apparently no concerted action. This continued throughout the first day, and on the next day, September 20, the hardest and most destructive work was done. Old soldiers will picture in their mind's eye the Chickamauga Battlefield. There was Kelly's field, an open space where desperate fighting took place. There was Poe's field, where the ground was covered with dead bodies from both sides. There was Vinard's field, the Bloody Pond, where the Federal troops went to wash their wounds, there being so many that the water took on the constituency and color of blood. Boys, the pond is still there with the water cleared of the blood. Then there are Brotherton's house, Lytle's field, and Snodgrass Hill, where General Thomas had his headquarters.

The Government has purchased all this ground and calls it Chickamauga Battlefield. Most excellent care is taken of it. There are markers in every direction giving the locations of the Union and Confederate generals and their troops from time to time, as the two-days' battle progressed. Most of the Northern States have erected monuments to their soldiers near the place where they did their hardest fighting; but, up to this time, only a few of the Southern States have so acted. Each of the numerous markers is a large iron plate about four feet square fastened in a post stuck in the ground. These markers have been placed there in great numbers by the general government; and their inscriptions in raised letters, together with the various inscriptions on the State monuments, give a very accurate history of the battle. There are fine driveways in every direction.

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Two State monuments that I saw are more pathetic to me than the others. One was a monument in honor of a color bearer who had been shot and had fallen against a tree, but was still standing upright holding to his flag. Two of his comrades were killed later, one on each side of him; and in falling they leaned against his body each almost in an upright position. In this position, their State reproduced their figures in bronze, standing on a pedestal. Another State has a monument of one of its boys and his horse. The young soldier was shot and fell from his horse; and the poor dumb brute, in loyalty, kept its position for three hours in line of battle. Its memory is perpetuated in a life-sized figure in bronze. This was a noble horse, "not too proud to fight when it had to." At that time, all the farm houses were log cabins and they are preserved, some after being restored, the same as they were on the first day of battle. The blacksmith shop, also, is there as in the days of old.

Many trees still show their wounds from shells and cannon balls. Their wounds have not completely healed. The scars are still exposed, but they are not bleeding now.

It would be an interesting trip for anyone, especially for an old soldier who escaped alive. Nearly 40,000 men died in this engagement. Many were buried on the spot at the time, and afterwards exhumed and placed in a National Cemetery in the city, where the Government located it. This occurred about two years afterwards. Men have told me that all the dead were not buried at the time, for they went over the ground two or three months afterwards and saw skeletons scattered over the surface. About 15,000 are buried in

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the National Cemetery, nearly 6,000 of whom are without names. The Confederate dead were taken to Georgia.

On the night of the 20th, Bragg and his generals withdrew to Missionary Ridge and Rosecrans fell back to Chattanooga. Both generals were reprimanded for mistakes, and Rosecrans was succeeded by Thomas who was later succeeded by Grant. Both forces began to repair their forces. Bragg undertook to starve Grant out by closing navigation on the Tennessee River. Rosecrans found a way to get supplies by Brooks Ferry. This situation continued until November 24, 1862, when General Hooker captured Lookout Mountain. This mountain overlooks the city, as it is 1,400 feet above the river. From its top, on a clear day, the observer can see into seven States. The day of the conflict was rainy and misty, so this battle was designated as one taking place in the clouds. However, the real battle took place in Lookout Valley.

Grant had established his headquarters on Orchard Knob, not far from Missionary Ridge, where Bragg was located. Grant heard that Bragg had sent Longstreet, with 30,000 men, to Knoxville; so, on November 25, 1862, Grant went after Bragg and captured Missionary Ridge.

This enraged the Confederate soldiers, some of whom considered Bragg a traitor and went so far as to threaten to kill him at the first opportunity. This feeling in this locality lasted for several years, and Bragg moved away and in the future never exposed himself much around Chattanooga.

At the time all this occurred, this city had about 6,000 inhabitants. Now Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, except the land owned by the Govern-

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ment, are covered with homes, some of them beautiful ones. The Government maintains fine driveways in both places. There are care-takers, and everything looks well.

Iowa has done her part in erecting monuments, both in Lookout Valley and at the Chickamauga Battlefield. Nearly all of the Northern States have done the same. New York has erected, on the top of Lookout Mountain, a magnificent monument dedicated to peace. About eighty feet in the air a Confederate and a Federal soldier in bronze are clasping each other's hands.

Thus ended one of the bloodiest and severest battles of the Civil War. Blunders were made on both sides. Both did the best they knew how; but the same thing could never happen again under modern equipment. The machine gun has driven music from the field of battle and placed the soldier under ground. The adjustable cannon, throwing shrapnel, would never permit Hooker to take Lookout Mountain or Grant's men to scale Missionary Ridge. War, in these days, is a matter of Chemistry, Mechanics and Submarines. Wars will still occur but not so often. They keep humanity from getting stale.

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Asheville, North Carolina

WHEN the traveler gets a safe distance from Knoxville, Tennessee, the veil of coal smoke is lifted; and he has glimpses of blue sky, golden sunshine and peaceful agricultural scenes. There are cattle, horses, hogs and poultry; and the fields give promise of an abundant harvest of corn, wheat and other cereals. The farm houses and outbuildings are fair. There are also evidences of mineral wealth in abundance. One firm has over 3,000 men employed mining zinc ore, and the prices brought about by the foreign war make this once base and neglected metal look like silver and gold so far as one's bank account is affected. The limestone mills are numerous and there is a good supply of coal. The fine public highways continue the same throughout the State.

As we approach the North Carolina line, the mountains become more rugged and picturesque; and the French Broad River is our companion, first on one side of the train and then on the other, until we arrive in this city.

It is hard to explain why some things are named as they are, and the same is true of people. Now, there is Mr. Morning Star, who perhaps never saw the sun rise, let alone the morning stars. There is Mr. Doolittle, who is the hardest working man in the town, although I once knew a case where this name exactly suited the man who bore it. And so it is with the French Broad River. It is narrow with a fairly swift current, as is true of most mountain streams. It furnishes fine water power for electric and manufacturing plants, and is so used

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all along. The Southern Railway has built its roadbed along this stream which winds around the base of the mountains. The bottom is filled with rocks of all sizes, and as the water rushes along, these rocks cause ripples and white caps to arise. Green foliage clothes the mountains on each side. It is a beautiful spot and worth going far to see. Laborers all along have small ferries loaded with lumber to be brought across the stream to the railroad track on the opposite side. Some are propelled by cables and others by poles in the hands of strong men. The little stations, just trading centers, are tucked away in the crevices of the mountains here and there, a few miles apart.

But there is a sadness along this river right now. Last July, for some cause, the heavens opened and water fell in streams. The river rose, and mountain streams brought down great volumes to add to its fury. Big trees were torn up by the roots and carried into the river, and this beautiful quiet stream became a demon of destruction. It rose nearly twenty-five feet above its banks. It turned over huts and cottages, which were clinging to the sides of the mountains among the trees. Wearing apparel and things domestic were lodged among the limbs, high and dry. The lumber town of Marshall, North Carolina, was almost destroyed. Bridges, dams, roadways and railroad tracks suffered alike.

Visitations of this kind are necessary, sometimes, in some localities, to remind human nature that other forces of a superior and different kind still exist and are active. The effect on man is to make him more humble and considerate of others,—a better human being. Too much prosperity leads to haughtiness, oppression, neglect, and

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sometimes cruelty. We all are one, whether white or black, Jew or Gentile, rich or poor; and a sympathy broad enough to enfold all mankind as brethern is better than gold.

Finally we arrive at Asheville, a town of about 20,000 people, set up high and dry on a plateau surrounded by mountains on all sides. It has no smoke, no factories. The natives, for the most part, make their living by entertaining the tourists who come here to escape the extremes of heat and cold. The altitude is about 1,700 feet. This enables one to sleep under covers in the Summer season, and the mountains give protection against extreme cold in the Winter season. Sometimes it gets down to zero in December, January, February and March, but this temperature is of short duration. It snows then, sometimes several inches. The air is bracing, light and healthy most of the time. It is in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The average rainfall is about thirty-four inches and of snow ten inches.

It is a boosting town. That is, it has its civic organizations in all lines, trying to induce men and enterprises possessing capital, to locate here. Boosters and boosting towns are very much alike, when they undertake to overcome the natural disadvantages. When they get capital once firmly tied to the soil, then the pioneer boosters start their machines,—I mean their milking machines. They fix the machine to the udder, the same as is done with a Jersey cow. Then the tube is connected with a bucket, the public tax collector; and the performance begins. The Newcomer stands and delivers, grinning if it is not too strong, but ever conscious that he is being milked.

The town has twenty hotels, some of the finest in

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the country. They charge from six to fourteen dollars a day. However, most of them are reasonable, including the expensive ones, as they try to make the traveler's stay pleasant. It costs a quarter to ride in an automobile to your hotel, a distance of a mile. Signs are nailed up, and one knows what he is doing. The highest prices I ever paid to have my trunk moved from the depot to the hotel, a few blocks away, were in San Diego, California, and Des Moines, Iowa, both small cities.

The altitude has attracted many tubercular people; but the city government has segregated them. A hotel is fined if it knowingly accepts one, and the room so occupied must be promptly fumigated. A person spitting on the walks or in public places is subject to arrest and a fine, and all streets are flushed and not swept. They want the visitor to see and understand that this is a health resort town. All garbage is gathered by the city and incinerated. It is a clean, attractive city; and beautiful homes, some of them very costly abound on the sides and slopes of the mountains in every direction. Many wealthy people from different States have homes here, some remaining throughout the year and others making them their Summer residences.

Rooming and boarding houses are everywhere. The drinking water comes from Swannanoa River, which is fed almost wholly from springs toward the top of Mount Mitchell, the intake being at an elevation of 500 feet above the city. The city owns its water works and the watershed of thousands of acres from which the water starts. The supply is abundant. The boosters have caused fine roads to be built around and up the mountains in every direction, and thus many beautiful

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mountain views have been added, within reach of the city, for the pleasure of the tourist and the native citizens.

It has separate schools for its white and colored populations. The colored children, however, are not permitted to go beyond the tenth grade. All are supported by taxation, colored teachers being employed for the colored children. An industrial school is maintained for the colored people.

The South makes a mistake when more liberal education is not given to the colored people. The South needs the colored man and cannot get along without him; and the more intelligent he is, the more competent he becomes as a servant. In the South he will always be a tiller of the soil and a servant. Make him more efficient, and he will create the opportunity to progress with the balance of mankind. The only difference between riches and poverty is industry, efficiency and economy. The colored man is human; he has the desire to succeed when given the opportunity,—and he is succeeding. Ignorance is expensive wherever you find it.

If you visit this city and fail to take some of the mountain trips, you miss much; and of all these trips, the one you should not miss is a visit to Biltmore Estate, the Southern home of the late George W. Vanderbilt, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt. The Commodore made all his descendants rich enough to do what they liked. One thing is certain; the Commodore would never have put any money into the Biltmore Estate. It is no more and no less than a pleasure park without dividends. The New York Central must live and prosper to keep it going.

The estate proper contains 12,000 acres of rough land covered with trees, many of Vanderbilt's own

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planting. He obtained them from everywhere and secured almost every kind suitable for this climate. He aimed to have a complete variety of everything that grows, including shrubbery. He then built forty miles of macadamized roadway along the hills, over the ravines, crossing and recrossing, including a bridal path. This made it picturesque and novel, a suitable place for a rich man to entertain his friends and waste his money.

The name "Biltmore" is taken from two names. "More" was the name of his mother, and in front of his mother's name, he added the last syllable of his father's name "bilt"; and thus we have the name "Biltmore."

At the entrance to the estate, on one corner of it, he built a town, and called it Biltmore. It is complete in every way. The buildings belong to him. The streets are paved. He established a school, a post office, etc. He rents the dwellings and business houses to any one who desires to live and do business there. All the buildings seem to be occupied, and the town is very attractive. A large two-story brick building at the edge of the town is the office of the estate. You must call there and get a ticket costing twenty-five cents before you can be admitted. The Southern Railway has a station at Biltmore, and its right-of-way passes through a portion of the estate. Swannanoa River passes by one side of the estate and empties into the French Broad River; and the latter river, in turn, encircles the estate on two sides and continues its journey until it reaches Knoxville, Tennessee, where it empties into the Tennessee River. French Broad River did not spare the estate when it overflowed its banks. It caused damages to the extent of about \$25,000, obstructing the roads,

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washing away feed and provisions on the strips of low farm land, and destroying the nursery. At Biltmore, in places, the streets were submerged as much as ten feet, and four persons were drowned.

Mr. Vanderbilt's original ideas were changed, in many cases, before his death about two years ago. He incurred great expense in collecting ornamental trees and shrubbery, intending to make a profit on the sale of the same. This was abandoned. He undertook to raise flowers for the same purpose; and this was not profitable, and was abandoned. He maintained a hot house to raise vegetables, and that was given up for the same reasons. He went into the poultry business, and it shared the same fate as the other ventures. The late flood finished the remains of the nursery, and the present plan is to enlarge the dairy and raise farm products to feed the cows. The dairy is apparently the only adventure that will be self-sustaining.

The estate now has about 250 Jersey cows of the highest grade. The barns are light and airy, and nothing is left undone to meet all sanitary conditions. There is even a frequent test for tubercular trouble. The cows are nicely bedded at this time of the year, from fallen leaves gathered in the forest. Each day at 9 A. M., they are turned out in an open field for exercise and browsing, and they remain out until about 4 P. M. Separate and perfect records are kept of each cow. The kind, quantity and quality of feed she eats are weighed out to her at each meal. The milk she produces at each milking is likewise weighed. When she fails to make good, she is "ditched," as the overseer expressed it,—turned into beef or destroyed. One cow, now eleven years old, produced in one year 12,793

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pounds of milk and 780 pounds of butter. Now, she has been an extraordinary cow. However, she is no longer valuable. She had an accident and had to be operated on. The real productive life of a cow is only from five to ten years of age.

They have discarded all milking machines, because it took more men to operate the machines than it did to milk the cows. They now milk the cows by hand, one man looking after fifteen cows. Because of economy and the distance necessary to haul the feed, they are establishing little colonies over the estate and locating the cows and men where the feed is produced. There are about thirty cows in a colony. The milk is brought to the central station for distribution.

They are now receiving fifteen cents a quart for certified milk, and all of it is disposed of in Asheville. They also make cottage cheese and ice cream.

In order to manage such a large undertaking, the business of the estate is divided into departments, with a superintendent in charge of each department.

The calves are sold and shipped to all parts of the country, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$3,000 apiece.

At the far end of the estate, on top of the mountain, Mr. Vanderbilt built his American Chateau—a castle indeed in the wilds of the forest, with the hills and the mountains near and far away. Not being contented, he purchased 120,000 acres beyond his home. That took him to the top of Mount Pisgah for his hunting grounds; and here he built his lodge in the wilds. This lodge was his Summer home,—a place to hunt and fish and amuse himself and his friends. He expended \$51,000 for a roadway to get to it. Since his death 86,000 acres of his hunting grounds have been sold to

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the United States Government to form part of the Appalachian National Park.

His home, built of Indiana stone, is most imposing, yet lonely and isolated. It is 375 feet long and 150 feet wide. It contains 165 rooms, only 70 of which have been furnished. It takes twenty servants to look after the house when it is occupied, otherwise the number is reduced to seven or eight as care-takers.

The Italian gardens at the side are a dream, a restful place to be on a beautiful day. The drinking water is piped from a distance of twenty-two miles in the mountains. Many springs exist on the estate, and Vanderbilt created three beautiful lakes, one with a waterfall.

While he lived he never owned an automobile, but he loved horses and had the best that money could buy. His stables contained fifty-five saddle and driving horses. His widow now owns five automobiles and keeps only five or six horses for her pleasure and amusement. She enjoys horseback riding. The forty miles of roadway on Mr. Vanderbilt's estate gave him privacy. There was nothing to disturb him. Watchmen are located everywhere and they are old, faithful servants, for he bought the estate twenty-eight years ago and it took him twelve years to develop his ideas and carry out his plans. During this period, he and his mother lived on it in a very modest home. He built a railroad four miles long to haul the material that was required for his new mansion. Hundreds of men were employed. It now requires about sixty men to operate the estate.

This young man was rich without effort. He possessed a love for the artistic and romantic, and an income sufficiently large to meet every demand of his fancy; and he gave them free play. He did as his wishes

dictated from time to time. He was only twenty-four when he purchased the estate. He was short and heavy set—being about five feet in height and weighing about 170 pounds. His hair was dark. He was plain and simple and democratic in his ways. At about the age of thirty, he married Miss Dresser of Newport, Rhode Island, a tall woman, about six feet in height, and weighing about 160 pounds. Her hair was dark. She was simple, sensible, plain and likewise democratic in her ways. She is now less than forty-five years of age.

The fruit of this union was one daughter, who is now about sixteen years of age and is attending school in Washington, D. C. Her mother has just gone to Washington to be with her. The widow is in love with her mountainous home in the "Land of the Sky" in western North Carolina; and why should n't she be? A rich widow with one daughter to love and adore!

Her husband died at the age of forty-two. He was taken sick at his lodge in the mountains. Returning to his home and making no gains after a few days, he went to Washington, D. C., to consult a doctor, who pronounced his trouble appendicitis. Then there was an operation, and the end. Why is it you never hear of hardening of the arteries, apoplexy and appendicitis around the poor farm, in the home of the man who digs in the ditch or among the individuals asking for alms? All these fancy ailments the doctors have placed on the backs of the rich. If I were a rich man, I would be afraid to consult a doctor. There are many things in this world worse than being poor. Most of these aristocratic ailments have come into existence the past few years only. Avoid riches and be happy, with no thought of to-morrow and appendicitis.

Charlotte, North Carolina

THIS is one of the neatest and cleanest towns in this State. It possesses a population of about 40,000 people, mostly native born. The climate is fine, the temperature seldom going to zero, and in the Summer season, going occasionally as high as 100 degrees.

It is well laid out, the main streets being wide and the cross streets more narrow. The side-walks are wide, and both streets and side-walks are maintained in good condition, there being waste boxes along the curb to avoid littering of the streets. The people, as a rule, are clean; and do right. That is, they do the best they can if you help them and make it easy to do right. It is just as easy, in fact easier, and not so expensive, to tempt people to do right as it is to tempt them to do wrong. Much of the crime committed in this world is caused by some one, either in private or public life, tempting another human being to do wrong. This is mostly unintentional too. A little care and caution avoids much trouble and expense for both the tempter and the tempted. So try to be good "even if you become lonesome," for you feel better in doing so and are not so liable to become nervous over what some one else will do or is likely to do to you.

Financially, the city has been poorly managed. It is bonded for about \$2,500,000 and going deeper into debt, because it is spending more each year than its income. Getting into this habit brings about the same results to cities as it brings to individuals who unfortunately drift into that way of trying to do business.

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In most cases, it leads to an increase of crime, because it produces poverty and distress. Both of these conditions often initiate or generate criminal thoughts, which sometimes materialize into criminal acts. Always spend less than you take in, and you will be happy and contented; you will possess moral strength, patriotism, power and influence; you will be imitated and looked up to. Cities are only a collection of individuals, and the government ruling a city is no higher or better than the individuals living within its corporate limits. Hence, it is the duty of each individual to become ashamed of his city when its government is poor, and to work and agitate for better things. This each citizen owes to all governments under which he may be a subject. A slacker is a drone, an enemy and a burden to society, because he fails to take an active interest in all public questions coming before the electorate of the government to which he owes his allegiance, whether it be a city, county, State or National government.

So the people of Charlotte are in the midst of a hot campaign to change the form of government from the aldermanic to the commission form, with three commissioners; and the prospect of winning is good. The business and laboring men are making speeches in which they are pointing out the defects of the old management and giving the usual reasons for adopting the new form. They had it up once before, and were defeated; and now they are trying it again. This is good citizenship. One who ceases to work for a better and nobler object is a weakling. He has lost his grit. It is grit that makes the man, and the want of it the weakling. This city now has twenty-one aldermen. That is enough to put any small city in the hospital. Each

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alderman must do something for his constituents. It has almost as many traffic policemen as Chicago. A sprinkler wagon has two men to operate it. I did not ask whether a third man was provided to feed the mules or not, but I have no doubt one exists. It cost \$300 to remove a tree from the edge of the side-walk and it did not obstruct the walk very much at that.

Now this is the condition of the average American city. It has an income of \$260,000 a year and an expense account of \$410,000. Of course it has a floating debt of \$220,000, which means with a city more bonds and with an individual more notes. In both instances, there is a settlement day ahead. Like death, it is sure to come.

Charlotte has several factories, making different lines of goods, but principally cotton. Cotton is the life of the town, for the mills are large and do a large business. The cotton business is extensive in the middle and western part of the State for these sections are influenced by the Blue Ridge Range of mountains. The soil is acid, sandy, clay and rich. The State is as much an agricultural and stock State as it is a cotton and tobacco State, the two latter being the principal productions of the farmers for the past generations to the neglect of foods of all kinds. The people buy food from the proceeds received from the sale of cotton and tobacco, that is, they simply trade dollars. They nearly balance; for this State has a population of 1,500,000 of people, and the foods imported from other States, with other necessities, reach close to three-fourths of a billion of dollars. This is the main reason why this State has made so little progress in the last fifty years. And this will apply to most of the Southern States.

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The colored people raise the cotton and tobacco and know nothing about producing anything else. The white people are too lazy and shiftless and too proud to work. It is a disgrace for them to do manual labor in the eyes of those who can live without work; hence, we have "skimmed milk aristocracy" on a large scale. They are consumers and not producers, burdens and not helpers in the race of life, "gentlemen and ladies of leisure," existing on the toil of an "inferior" race. The exodus of the colored people to New England and the North and the preparedness of the United States in the war with Germany are going to make a New South, a South that will expand and grow into magnificent proportions. The white people will take to the soil from necessity and raise food stuffs, vegetables, fruit and stock. This will bring about new social and political relations and the creation of much new wealth. To-day, this State has fewer cattle and hogs by thousands, than she had fifty years ago, yet the population has more than trebled. No wonder living is high, not only here, but everywhere, for the conditions in this respect are much the same in the other Southern States. They now have boys' and girls' clubs everywhere and are starting out to do things with the land, only a small portion of which is under cultivation. Sentiment is going to change with the whites, and the agriculturist will be the real, genuine, "blown in the bottle" aristocrat of the future. Why should this not be so? Why should not the human mind take pleasure and delight in making things grow and mature, with the assistance of God, thus feeding and making happy other members of the human family? There is no pleasure in the world except the pleasure you get in making others happy. To be a real producer of good

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things, even with the hoe and the spade, is something of which no man or woman should be ashamed. You are contributing something to the general good of the human family by producing something worth while—the necessities of life.

It is claimed that twenty-seven men met in Charlotte on May 20, 1775, and drew up a declaration of Independence from British rule. A fine monument has been erected on the court house square to the honor of these men. I am not certain whether or not true records of this occurrence exist. However that may be, no doubt such meetings did take place in different parts of America as a forerunner to the real Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776. For men to draw up such a document and sign it and send it out to the public required iron wills and the true courage of patriots, that is, the courage of men who are willing to give their lives for the right and for true ideals as they see them, not only for themselves, but for all mankind. Such individuals are real heroes, worthy to be thus honored by future generations. They are the men who contribute things worth while to the human race. The pity is that there are so few who possess the intellect and moral courage to point the way through darkness into the open field of light and sunshine, to a land producing wine, milk and honey, enough for all and plenty to send to others. The youth of this generation are not so reared as to bring about such characters; and yet the making of good citizens is the most vital interest affecting good government,—its greatest asset. To bring forth the finest type of manhood and womanhood the governmental agencies can produce should be the aim of all.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Raleigh, North Carolina

AFTER the fall of the Confederacy strenuous political times arose all over the South. This was due to the unfortunate death of Lincoln, and to the reconstruction of the seceding States. From the sea of suggestions and ideas, a policy was adopted which embittered the South against the North more than ever. This policy established what was known as "the carpet bag" government over local affairs in the South. To do this, marshal law was installed in the States which attempted to sever the union; and marshal law ruled not only the States but most counties and municipalities. Colored men were installed in office, in high and low positions, and this humiliated the white population by elevating the late servant over the former master. This method and policy could have but one result and one ending—constant strife and conflict and the sowing of the seed of hatred and intrigue. It brought commission of crime as the fruit of resentment.

Most of the colored officials were unable to read and write and were totally ignorant of business affairs. This resulted in waste, loss of public funds, extravagance and in many cases, embezzlement. White men were forced to ask colored men for their marriage licenses, a fact which they regret to this day. Their anger and resentment over many things like this are related to the rising generations; hence, we must realize that the Southern gentlemen of this day feels just a little unkindness towards the "Yankee," not only for starving him into submission, but for elevating the colored servant over his former master. This may be forgiven, but cannot be wholly forgotten.

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This control of the States and their internal affairs by the Government continued for about two years, when it was abandoned upon fulfillment by the States of certain obligations which they were forced to meet before becoming members of the Union again.

In the meantime, a secret political organization sprang up in different sections. This was known as the Ku Klux Klan. The object sought was to eliminate the colored public official and with him "the carpet bag" form of government. The organization lasted for several years. It was at first composed of men with no evil motives, but later the rough element joined and the organization did not hesitate to commit crime. One colored man in this State was hung. The organization finally got so bad that the general Government determined to suppress it, and in 1871 Congress enacted the Force Bill or Ku Klux Klan Act. From that time the organization gradually ceased on account of the withdrawing of the members.

This town was headquarters for the organization in this State, and the Federal court indicted a large number of men, who were brought to trial in 1869. Because of the large number indicted, the senate chamber of the State capitol was used for a court room; and Salmon D. Chase, the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, came here and presided at the trial. After weeks consumed in taking the evidence, substantially all were found guilty; and Justice Chase assessed a fine against all except one defendant. Owing to his obstinacy and lack of respect for the court, this man was sent to the penitentiary for two years.

The chair occupied by Justice Chase at the trial is still in use, and is used by the president of the State

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Senate. Most of the chairs in the senate are close to 100 years old. This State is not extravagant in the way of abandoning the old for the new, yet it is growing in wealth very rapidly.

The legislative halls are on the second floor. Long winding stone steps are used to go above from the ground floor. It is said that when the carpet bag governor was managing the affairs of the State, he used a room on the second floor for a saloon, and that colored people, as well white people, had free access to this room. The edges of the stone steps in many instances, are broken off. They say that this is the result of rolling whisky barrels up and down the stairway. This is another reason for a subdued, unkind remembrance of days just after the war.

I attended a court trial while here. The purpose of the trial was to attack the validity of a vote on the issue of road bonds—an issue which was carried by about seventy votes. It seems that a colored man was given his freedom by his master, who also set him up in business. He prospered from the start, owned much property at the end of the proposed highway, and was wealthy in stores and lands. He hired colored men, by the dozen, and those working for the highway saw that he had them vote. The plaintiff was contesting, under the grandfather's clause, their right to vote. If their father or grandfather was a slave, they must qualify before they can vote,—that is they must be able to read and write. The seats on one side of the court were occupied by the colored men, and those on the opposite side by the whites. The colored men had books and papers, and they were studying hard preliminary to their ordeal when called to the witness box. It was

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amusing. The court looked like a school room. The rich colored man was bright; he was keeping them busy on the subject in hand, and had been doing so since the trouble arose. Many of the colored boys were apt pupils, and acquitted themselves with credit.

A city election was in progress while I was there; the contest among some of the candidates was close; and, in order to win, they had begun to register colored voters. This enraged many white men who claimed that 750 such names had been placed on the poll books. They denounced it as an outrage.

To me, these local contests forecast the final victory of the colored man. I believe that in the end he will be allowed to vote. It will come gradually and after he has acquired property and gained a broader knowledge of affairs through education and experience. All young colored boys and girls are very eager to go to school, and their parents are willing to sacrifice in order to keep them in school. The results will appear in the next generation.

When we consider where the colored man came from, how he became a slave, the short time of his freedom, and the adverse conditions which have surrounded him, we must admit that he has indeed accomplished much.

He was no better than a wild animal running in the jungles in Africa. He was a member of a tribe. Each tribe had its rulers, the same as our Indians. Tribes became hostile to each other and went to battle, the same as our Indians did and the same as civilized nations are doing to-day. The tribe which was victorious would take the enemies as prisoners, and these prisoners were sold into captivity and exported to foreign lands. In this manner we came into the possession of slaves. Of

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course, since they were uncivilized and running wild, their was no such thing as husband, wife or family.

To separate units so related and associated broke no ties and caused no hardships. In the end, it meant an elevation to the colored man, the descendant of the son of Ham; but the curse of Ham has always followed him, and I presume it will be so to the end of time. But in the position he is to fill, be it servant or otherwise, he is a better human being, more efficient; and he is an increasing factor of importance in the economic composition of human society. He is needed and has an important place to fill, and it is the duty of the white man to make him more efficient and reliable in every way.

Raleigh has no large stores or factories. It is just an old-fashioned trading town. It is the capital where the "statesmen" congregate to saw out the "planks" for the people to follow and fight for. These statesmen have worked hard to house away enough to last to a good old age of peace and contentment. This enables them to prepare for another world. No one knows where that other world is, but if they are "doing well here they will do well there."

God, no doubt, made Heaven, but he never made hell or any such a place. He works on other lines. Now suppose He comes and gathers up the good who have been buried in the earth and permits the wicked to remain just where their fellow men buried them. If this be the final disposition of the body, what use is there to make another hell and thus use up unnecessary space? Just let the wicked remain where they were placed on their departure. They will molest no one. They have been placed out of sight, and under no

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circumstances should they be disturbed in their rest and final sleep. God, in His infinite goodness, is the last one to molest them, disturb them, or make them travel to a more wicked place. But it would be loving kindness in God to come and get you if you have been good and deserving, and to house you in a nicer place; and this is in harmony with all that we know and see and feel.

Raleigh is a good place to die in. It is rolling and quiet. The elevation is good, and this makes the drainage good and drinking water fine. There are worse places than Raleigh. The women here are like those in most other places in the South, they keep the wrongs, including the imaginary ones, green and fresh before the living; and they cannot forget the conduct of the Yankee when he came into their midst. It is better to forgive and forget most wrongs that we suffer during life. If we try to remember them, we shall have no time for recreation and pleasure. It is sweet to be remembered—kindly—even by a foe or enemy, and good for the enemy.

This town has a population of about 25,000, and is the capital of North Carolina. Its climate is influenced by the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The central and western sections of this State are much superior in variety of production to the eastern part. In this respect, it is similar to South Carolina.

Tobacco and cotton are produced in this portion of the State while the eastern part is devoted to truck gardening, the raising of all kinds of vegetables for the New England and Northern markets. In many instances, they produce two crops a year, owing to the mild Winter climate. Spring comes very early. As the

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Winters are so short and mild, both of these States could make a success of raising all kinds of stock, if the farmers would put their energies into this line of productive wealth. But the same trouble that retards Georgia, exists in both of these States. There are many owners of large tracts of land who, in some instances, do not attempt to cultivate it but let it remain, year in and year out, unproductive. This is wrong and one of the causes of the high cost to the masses for the necessaries of life. The poor flock to the cities and try to live on a daily wage, with much idleness and wasted energies between one period of employment and another. Vacant land unused should be heavily taxed, thus forcing the owner to cultivate it, and, in the end, sell it in small tracts, giving opportunity for the poor of the city to start a home in the country. This would better the physical, financial and mental condition of the individual and at the same time produce a surplus of food for the masses, which, in the aggregate, would reduce the cost of living necessaries and indirectly reduce the want and crime and misery of the poor in our cities. The result would be less competition for positions in city life.

The land must be fertilized, however, before it will produce anything. Irrigation is not necessary. This section of the State has many good trading towns, but Raleigh, being the capital, has more politics than business. The main streets and side-walks are wide and in fairly good condition. The side streets and side-walks are not so good, and are narrow.

The city was founded February 7, 1795, when the State Legislature located its future capital here and laid out and governed it by commissioners for many years.

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The old State House was burned, and the present one was erected in 1833.

The town is now managed by the commission form of government which has given very excellent management because of the character of the first commission chosen. This commission gave the city more substantial public improvements the first three years of its regime than the aldermanic government had given in the previous twenty years. It is kept fairly clean from every viewpoint. It owns its own water works. All other public service corporations are owned privately.

The old town is full of history. In the wars of 1776 and 1812, its citizens did valiant service for this country. It was not unanimous in the Civil War. The State joined the Confederacy, but this city had many strong and influential supporters of the Union. Of the two leading newspapers, one was for and the other against the Union. One day the Union paper was destroyed. The next day the Confederate paper was destroyed by the opposite faction. This feeling accompanied by occasional disturbances, continued throughout the war.

The people of Raleigh are very much like the inhabitants of many other Southern cities. The cheap colored labor has ruined the white population as a body, causing them to drift into the cities and exploit the colored labor both on the farm and in the city. This is proper when one can afford it and when he cannot it undermines the character of the individual. The white people who can live without work would be better off if they would do honest toil on the soil. It is pathetic to see a white laboring man carrying his working clothes wrapped up in a bundle, to be put on when he arrives at his destination. Thus he conceals the fact that he

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labors. Such actions reveal the fact that such a man is not in love with his work; and of course he renders poor service, for he is not efficient. This is one in dire distress, otherwise the work he is doing would be done by a colored man. He wants to be doing clerical work, if he works at all; he wants to be a gentleman. He is a most courteous and obliging person. He makes an effort to please and makes you feel, or wants to make you feel, that it is a real pleasure for him to be of some service to you. It is delightful hospitality. New England and the North are lacking in these amenities to some extent. In fact, the American people are, at heart, better than they appear toward strangers, especially foreigners. We should, as a nation, cultivate these gracious and graceful manners towards others, for the good impressions they make whether we mean them or not. It costs nothing to be polite, and may bring you many returns, with interest, in ways you never expected.

The women are just as gracious as the men, but are more patriotic. They have their colored servants for everything, and thus they have ample time to polish their minds. They are pleasing and entertaining to all with whom they may come in contact. They have their clubs of every sort,—clubs for preserving relics of the Civil War, clubs for erecting monuments to their departed heroes, canning clubs, cooking clubs, etc. They never fail to instill in the minds of their young that the Yankees never whipped their fathers and grandfathers in the Civil War, but starved them into submission; that they were right then and are right now in their conduct towards the colored people; that negroes were owned servants then and are subjected

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servants now; that they are inferior in every way to the white race, and should be so treated on all occasions and everywhere. The women are almost wholly responsible for the political and economic conditions that exist there to-day, brought about by the mother's teachings and conduct in rearing her children and by the environments of childhood life in the home. The father of to-day has mellowed much from this stand, and has a broader view of life and its responsibilities. This change has been produced by business relations and travel.

In 1802, Eli Whitney, a Connecticut school teacher, while teaching school at Charleston, South Carolina, invented the cotton gin. He passed through the town and showed the invention to the members of the legislature, who purchased the use of it on a royalty. Thus one school teacher made good, for the machine made the production of cotton profitable and brought hundreds of millions to the Southern States. It created a demand for thousands of laborers. The labor of the colored man, woman and child became highly profitable, and there must needs be a great struggle to retain the slave in absolute subjection for this enormous increased agricultural work. Since that time many improvements have been made on the machine; and to-day it is a wonderful contrivance, separating the cotton from the seed, with speed and without waste.

President Andrew Johnson was born here December 29, 1808. The house where he was born still stands, and is occupied by colored people. His father apprenticed him for a tailor. With the assistance of an older friend who carried his bundle of clothes to the

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edge of town, he ran away to South Carolina and opened a shop of his own. He fell in love with a rich man's daughter, she was willing, but the father objected. If you have ever been truly in love you can appreciate how the country appeared to Andrew in that locality. He soon pulled up his stakes and visited Raleigh. Then in 1826 he located in Greenville, Tennessee, and opened a shop. He fell in love again, and this time his suit was successful. When he married the young woman, he knew little about arithmetic and was unable to write. She was his teacher and he proved to be her apt and willing pupil. He soon got into politics, was elected alderman in his town, arose to State positions, then went to Congress, and finally became President of the United States. Let no lad say he never had a chance. Every boy has a chance if he has eyes to see and ears to hear and is willing to pay the price, hard work and close application. The same is true of girls. In this day of public schools, cheap books and free libraries, ignorance is a disgrace regardless of age or conditions. No one can be too poor to learn and cultivate the mind, and, like money loaned on interest, intelligent study and close application in any line will bring their reward.

The city has a bonded debt of one and a quarter millions. The tax levy is one and a quarter. The city is not a bad tourist point, for it has some good hotels and the climate seldom goes near zero.

The public market is not a success. The city charges too much for the space. It has a large enclosure mostly vacant. Cheap rent is essential to bring producers to a public market to sell; and a large market giving a good selection will bring the consumers.

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Speaking of the high cost of living, I found in a city library a little book which gave the prices of necessaries in 1842. Here are some of them: A dozen needles \$.25, a bandana handkerchief \$1.25, a muslin handkerchief \$.70, a yard of broadcloth \$7.00, a pound of pepper \$.70, a pair of cotton hose \$1.40, one dozen pewter plates \$4.50, a pound of Hyson tea \$2.50, a yard of linen \$.70, a pound of gun powder \$1.00, a pound of shot \$.15, brown sugar \$.15 a pound, coffee \$.25 a pound, flour \$6.00 a barrel, molasses \$.60 a pound. candles \$.05 each. Nails were sold by numbers, not by the pound, that is, fifty ten penny nails for \$.15. Postage in 1827 was from 6 to 25 cents, owing to the distance the letter was to be carried. These were high prices. Living expenses can often be materially reduced by reducing your wants. We can do without many things if we really make an effort to do so, and thus be happy.

All told, eleven States, only, left the Union. This State went out May 20, 1861; and this town surrendered to Sherman's Army April 12, 1865, General Lee having surrendered to General Grant April 9, 1865. About the same time General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to Sherman. He treated the people of Raleigh nicely, as they caused him no inconvenience or trouble.

This town of Raleigh, located on a beautiful site surrounded by a good country, has been making slow progress for it is like most capital towns, pestered by politics and shunned by business enterprises. This makes it largely a residential place, and it has some beautiful homes in the new additions outside of the city proper. It will always remain so,—a good place for old men and women and babies, quiet and serene with but little fast driving.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Atlanta, Georgia

IN CUSTOM and spirit, this city resembles a Northern or New England city more than any other Southern city. This is so because many of the Northern people have moved here and established themselves in all lines of business. They give the city much of its push and energy. They have brought here what the Southern people call "pep"—the spirit of activity and energy that leads to practical results. This spirit is not only generated for their own enterprises, but goes out to boost the city in every way possible.

It has had great growth in the past few years and now claims a population of 200,000 people. If it has not that many now, it will have in the near future. Yet, with all this, there is an element in the city that fails to come forward and do its part. This element possesses the characteristic southern way of doing things. It is procrastinating and indifferent and says by its actions, "Let George do it."

The streets are poorly paved and poorly kept. The side-walks are narrow. Apparently they were laid shortly after the Revolution and have been patched and repaired so often since that time that they are uneven and consist of many different kinds of designs and materials. They now look old and rusty.

The city is not growing quite so fast now. There are many vacant business rooms, yet rent on the good streets is very high. In the residential section, however, rents are not unreasonable.

It has nearly three thousand factories, they are mostly small, yet there is a steel plant that employs

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nearly 1,500 men. It has no very large business houses, although some are creditable to the town. The hotel accommodations are good. There are a few good apartment houses. The old fashioned home prevails here. Hence there are many good looking men and fine looking women,—a condition which comes from being well housed, well fed and well clothed. In the growing of fine people this is just as essential as is the raising of fine stock on the farm. You cannot stunt animal life in any manner and get good results. Employers of labor are just beginning to understand this, so they have begun to look after the welfare of their men in every way, insisting on those things that will make them a greater producing unit of wealth.

The town is rolling, and this makes the drainage an easy problem. The water supply comes from a river about six miles away, and is properly treated and good. The city is a healthy town and a pleasant place to live, the temperature seldom touching zero in the winter.

What makes any town or State is the character of the people inhabiting it. The soil and local economic and climatic conditions affect the character of the people in any community.

Georgia has a rich, sandy clay soil, not over three or four inches thick in many parts of the State. The farmers have raised one crop, cotton, on the same soil until it is exhausted and nothing can be grown. The boll weevil is causing a revolution in the methods of farming. It has driven the farmers to the raising of grain and stock, and this, in time, will add materially to the wealth of the State, provided farming conditions are improved.

At the present time, only a small percentage of the

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State is under cultivation. A few individuals own enormous tracts of land,—sometimes as much as 50,000 or 100,000 acres. This unequal distribution of the land forces a tenancy instead of ownership of land in the State, so that seventy per cent of the farmers are tenants at the best. Many evils naturally become associated with an excess of landlords and tenants, because the tenant does not and cannot have the same pride and interest in farming that he would have if he were owner instead of tenant. The State will not make great strides in agriculture until, by wholesome laws, it increases the number of owners of the land and the area farmed.

Colored people are largely the tenants. The colored man does not show the same intense application to his task that a New England farmer does. This is natural, for he is only a tenant and not so well educated, and is often swindled out of much of what he does produce. Why should he not become restless and indifferent to work? He is underfed, underpaid and swindled out of his profits, in addition to his civil rights. What else could we expect from him? He knows that he is not receiving his just rewards. He is helpless,—without money and without knowledge. He is daily reminded that his color causes a prejudice against him and that go where he will, he cannot overcome the stigma placed upon him because he once was a slave. So he submits humbly to his lot, and is a kind, peaceable citizen trusting in the Lord to make things right somewhere in some place at some future time.

This is the condition of the colored man since he began to plan for himself. If he obtains enough money to buy a piece of land, you can never purchase it from

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him, for he never sells. You may induce him to mortgage it and deprive him of his employment and steal it in this way from him by sharp practices, but he will never part with it by bargain and sale. Many now own their homes and farms and cultivate them. Pay the colored man a decent wage, and he will work and save fully as well as the white man.

In many places in the South he is in the majority. On every hand he is seeking book knowledge for himself and his children. The schooling the Southern States are furnishing the colored people is causing an unrest among the younger generation. They are getting a broader knowledge of life and its duties. They are longing in their hearts for better conditions, more liberty and justice, better protection in their rights. This is why the colored man is leaving the South and going into new fields that he has heard about and read about in books. The schools of the South are lifting them out of ignorance and slavery into better, more industrious citizenship.

America has about ten millions of colored people, and they are of the servant class. What would America do without this great body of laborers producing wealth in all lines? What would the South do without them? They do all the hard work. As a tenant, he raises substantially all the cotton, and the result of his hard work is only a living for himself and family. Hence the more equal distribution of the colored people over America will result in good to all. It will increase the colored man's wages and elevate him as a citizen to the extent of protecting him in some of his rights and according him justice in his share of the rewards of his labor. The colored man is a great imitator. He watches the white

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man at his work and, by himself, tries to execute the same thing. In this way he has learned many of the trades, and follows them in all parts of the South. In all his trials and troubles he sings the colored melodies, sleeps soundly and thinks not of the future; for he is very religious, docile and considerate, and feels kindly toward all for what he gets. In this way he lives peaceably and on the best of terms with the Southern whites. A Southern white mother is ostracized if she cares for her own child, so the colored maid becomes her servant on small pay. The colored women fare just the same as their fathers and brothers. Even in this day, the colored people in South Carolina are substantially slaves. It is not so much so in the other Southern States.

The Southern white man is a creature of habits. He is great on pedigree, on ancestry, on systems, on habits, and on traditions. This is why it is so hard to eliminate the tick from the cattle or inaugurate reforms. Georgia is one of the most progressive among the Southern States, yet in some portions of the State the farmers fight bitterly against the installation of the vat and resent being forced to dip their cattle to kill the tick. It is something new. It is a change from the old custom of letting their cattle run free as rangers on the unfenced land. They fight fencing the land in the open because it destroys a custom. In other words, you have to hit a Southern white man on the head to get a new idea driven into his brain. Of course this does not apply to all. Yet the Southern man, if he thinks favorably of you, is most courteous and obliging, generous and cordial. As a gentleman, he is glad to introduce you to his wife and daughters, and woe unto you if you fail to prove yourself, on all occasions,

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a gentleman "of honor." He is high tempered and quick to resent a slight, but will quickly forgive if a sincere apology is tendered. He tries to be a gentleman and, being a gentleman, he should work as little as possible.

All this chivalry and the peculiar habits and customs of the whites come from slave life and slave influences on the dominant race at that period of its existence when characters were being molded into manhood and womanhood; and those influences have been passed on to subsequent generations and will continue to influence them to a certain degree until the white population becomes accustomed to honest labor. This condition will be brought about by the equal distribution of the colored servant population throughout the United States.

About thirty per cent of the land is cultivated at present, yet fruits and vegetables in large quantities are produced. All its apples are shipped in, and there is no reason why it should not grow its own apples.

Much of the progress in Georgia is due to the activity of the women. They have numerous clubs and federations. They organize and maintain schools in the mountains, schools for the poor and ignorant mountaineers. In 1917, a young girl walked thirty-five miles in the timber and knocked at the door for admission, that she might receive the benefits of the school's instruction. She was in her teens, working in the fields of her father's mountain ranch. This work, taken up by the club women, is becoming extensive and far reaching. Education is to the human mind what cultivation is to vegetable life. It causes growth and development for untold good. In ten years the women alone will make Georgia a new and different State.

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Separate high schools are maintained for boys and girls. There is also a commercial high school where both attend. There are four private colleges for girls and one extensive technical school for boys. The whole State is reaching out in an educational way and one cannot work in these lines and not be well rewarded in a finer, better and richer citizenship. All honor to the women for their persistent efforts.

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Knoxville, Tennessee

I WAS glad to get out of Chattanooga because of the excessive smoke and dirt, but this city surpasses all others in which I have ever been, including Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The air is so saturated with smoke that my eyes were smarting all the time I was away from the hotel. A blackness hovers over the city continually.

The town proper has a population of about 40,000 inhabitants. An effort is being made to annex the suburbs before the next census, and it is stated that if this is done they will have fully 100,000 people residing in this locality. It is well located and has many good business houses and factories; but nearly all the factories are located within or near the city limits with their smoke stacks belching volumes of dense smoke in every direction. To add to the pleasure of the inhabitants the railroads run through the heart of the city; and the engines never cease, day and night, to add their share of smoke. One can smell smoke everywhere and taste and eat it in his sleep.

This is all brought about because Tennessee has an abundance of iron ore, coal, copper, lead, zinc, limestone and other minerals. Coal and iron ore gave Pennsylvania its start toward accumulating its great wealth. The State of Tennessee is just starting, and it will be, in time, one of the richest States in the South. Many of its small towns have manufacturing plants, Cleveland has large lumber and coal interests and London has the same. At Lenoir City, the Southern Railway has established extensive machine shops, where it has built many

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

of its cars, including the making of their parts, for it has extensive foundries in connection therewith. In many towns over the State, ranging from 1,000 to 6,000 inhabitants, you will find large knitting, cotton and woolen mills employing thousands, mostly women.

The State is getting a series of fine public highways running in every direction. It has limestone everywhere; and large stone crushing plants are in operation making material for the building of public highways. The crushed stone is mixed with concrete and prison labor is used for doing the work. The roads are fine, and Tennessee is showing progress in every direction. It is the most progressive of the Southern States.

The western part produces the cotton; the middle part produces the limestone, fruits and vegetables; and the eastern part produces the minerals and timber. Saw-mills are thick. Tennessee marble is famous; and, in season, she sends hundreds of cars of strawberries to the Northern markets. Other fruits are also sold in large quantities. In the agricultural section, her farmers diversify their crops. They are trying to catch up with the times. Good farm houses and outbuildings, with a silo near by, are seen in every direction. They are beginning to produce poultry, butter and cheese. The little town of Morristown, with a population of only 6,000, ships on an average of four cars of poultry a week.

Now what has all this activity brought about? The advancement of farm land. Good farms, with average improvements, are selling at from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre according to the location. Even mountain sides where you would slide off, bring

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in some cases, as much as twenty-five dollars an acre. These are utilized as stock farms.

And this is not all. Such activity is increasing unrest intellectually, and progress is seen in this direction. As one meets people in the country and in the cities, he notices in their faces more intelligence, more force, more alertness, and more expression than is seen in the masses of many other Southern States. This gives evidence that the educational advantages in the State are being enlarged and placed within reach of the people, especially the poor. One sees little colored boys and girls with bright, cheerful faces carrying their books to and from school.

Many Southern States are two generations behind the Northern and New England States. This means educationally and commercially. No people can advance commercially until the State has properly educated its units, its citizens, the masses. Ignorance lives in the past, and the fruit of ignorance is prejudice, crime, disease, poverty and distress.

But the foreign war is lifting the Southern States from the "slough of despond" onto a higher plane, where they are beholding a new vision. Labor is scarce. Factories and railroads are advertising for laborers. Everything a farmer raises is going up in a balloon in price. The shops and factories are raising wages and reducing a day of labor to eight hours; this is attracting farm hands to the cities. Some farmers are getting desperate, and are offering from one dollar to a dollar and a half a day with the usual privileges. They will be driven to farm with machinery operated by steam and gasoline.

Now has not the eight-hour day and the increase

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of the factory wage per day done as much to increase the high cost of living as the foreign war? If this is true, have we not weakened our power to resist, when the war ceases, the competition and efficiency of foreign countries? We have reduced the hours per day, increased the wages of our laborers over foreign labor, and at the same time reduced the farmer's capacity to produce a sufficient quantity of food. It seems to me that there must be and that there is going to be some kind of a readjustment all along the line. If so, someone will be caught, and it will be the party who wants much and refuses to surrender little.

Strange as it may seem, with work so abundant, wages so good and living so high, you will observe many colored men idle, and many of the poor white trash, too. Some men, and women too, are constitutionally opposed to work. Here is where universal military training—with the hoe and shovel—might be a god-send. The percentage of idleness in this section is very large. One Swede told me that many men got married and permitted their wives to support them by taking in washing, and that sometimes two or more families pooled their expenses and lived in the same hut. The warmer the climate, the more this is done, and the more idleness you see.

Odd as it may seem, not many Jews are in business outside of Memphis and Nashville. I thought this strange, and made inquiries as to the cause, but no one could tell. It is a rare exception to see a Jewish traveling man. All commercial travelers are Gentiles. A son of an old merchant told me two good stories of occurrences in Chattanooga many years ago. One day a Russian Jew—Abe—gave this young man's father a

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letter of introduction from a New_York City house, requesting him to let Abe have all the notions he had to a certain amount and stating that it would stand good for the same as Abe was going to peddle. The deal was closed and Abe started out. When he returned the third time to replenish his stock, the merchant asked him what profit he was making. Abe told him four per cent. The merchant said to him: "You cannot make a living on such a profit as that." Then Abe explained. He said, "Vat I buy for one dollar, I sell for four dollars." The merchant told him he had made a mistake, for he ought to have him behind his counter.

Later, Abe made the acquaintance of a priest who was always in debt because he was no financier. Abe loaned him money at different times, and the amount got so large that he thought he ought to insist on some security. Abe asked for security, and the priest said he had none. Abe insisted that he had some symbols in his church work of solid gold. The priest admitted he had a figure of Christ with diamonds in his eyes. Abe insisted on having that. The priest refused, because he needed it for his Sunday services. Abe told him he must bring it, stating that he would loan it to the priest over Sunday and then it must be returned to him on Monday morning. The priest consented, but he got nervous and by Saturday night raised the money he owed Abe and called to pay him off and get his statue. "Sure," said Abe, and he brought it forth. The priest examined it and said, "Abe, is this the same Christ I let you have?" "Sure," said Abe. "But what has become of his eyes?" said the priest. And Abe answered, "Why, fadder, do you tinks that Christ could live a whole week with a Jew and not cry his eyes out?"

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Abe may have started the Jews in wrong, but as prosperity broadens they will be here in time. Money is flowing into the State now from all channels, and if the war continues two or three years longer the people will have money to loan and to make internal improvements of a permanent nature.

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Columbia, South Carolina

THE traveler leaves Asheville with pleasant memories, for it is 2,288 feet above sea level, and has fine air and beautiful scenery in every direction. The Northern and New England tourists keep this town, and in their absence business is dull. There is a Jew who is hardly able to write his name, only a junk dealer. He is bold and handles everything. Before the war he dealt in hides to some extent, and he felt a pressure from the tanneries for more hides because of the war. So he began to reach out and buy more hides. He sent buyers into the adjoining States, and his business grew to enormous proportions. One of his friends told me that the man's profits would reach close to \$500,000 this year. This only illustrates that "diamonds are all around you," regardless, often, of your location, if you only get the "feelings" and can see clearly. Many Jews are here.

Hendersonville is only sixteen miles away. It, too, is located in the mountains and is quite a tourist point for Southern people. It has a population of about 6,000 and entertains from 5,000 to 10,000 tourists every year.

North Carolina has about two and one-half millions of people, nearly a million more than South Carolina. It has more good trading towns than any other Southern State. In population, these towns range from 2,000 or 3,000 and up to 50,000 people. The State has only two minerals, mica and aluminum. It has some timber. You would naturally ask what business sustains the towns. The greatest business interests are

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in connection with cotton, rice and tobacco. This is true of Highpoint, Thomasville, Greensboro, Lexington, Gastoria, Reedsville, Durham and Charlotte. Having no coal, the factories in these towns depend on power-plants erected along its rivers. These produce hydro-electric currents and distribute the same to all points on a reasonable basis. The truth is, the foreign war is making a new class of millionaires—cotton mill millionaires. They are running their factories day and night and are getting for their products prices of which they never dreamed. They are unable to realize the situation. One man told me they were simply dazed at the volume of money being accumulated in their bank accounts. When you realize that some of these towns have five, ten, fifteen, twenty or more cotton factories with their machinery in action day and night and with thousands employed at good wages, you will have visions of the new South of the future.

At Spartanburg, with a population of 15,000 people, the two Spartan mills, alone, employ between 3,000 and 4,000 people; and besides these there are the knitting mills and other cotton factories. Factories making cheap furniture are located everywhere. All of us have seen, in fields, on barns and in newspapers, that magnificent animal, Bull Durham. It is here at Durham, North Carolina, that he starts on his journey around the world.

Cotton, cotton mills and the colored people are all one, the latter being the foundation upon which all this prosperity rests. The white people do the managing and the selling, and the colored people do all the hard work, from the time the cotton is planted until it is converted into cloth. You see father, mother, brother,

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sister and the pickaninnies in the fields plowing, cultivating and picking. Some have baskets and others have big gunny sacks tied to the body, and they go along the rows plucking the white bunches from the hull. When the plant is matured, this hull opens and the white cotton protrudes. In the center of each boll is the nut, which contains from three to six seeds. The cotton which adheres to the nut is started to the gin mill, where the long fiber is removed. The short fibers still adhere to the nut, and this is called lint. It then goes to another machine and the lint is removed. This is shorter than the first fiber removed and inferior to it in quality. It is used for packing, etc. Then the nut is crushed and ground into powder called meal or made into cake. The seeds are treated for the oil they contain, and the oil is used in many ways. It is used for cooking, and for making soap and many other things, among them being a "sure cure" for consumption. It is cheaper than lard. The Southern people are not great meat eaters. They are vegetarians, although they eat some fowl and fish. They have rice twice a day. So you see there is need of but few cattle and hogs in either of these States.

But to raise good cotton requires much work and care. The ground must be fertilized, and the stalks must be thinned out, plowed four or five times, and kept as free of weeds as a garden. There are three pickings from each crop, as the buds bloom at different periods. The first picking is the best. Colored people are paid about fifty cents for each hundred pounds they pick, or twelve dollars a month and board, if hired by the month. The higher wages offered by the North and by New England are worrying the Southern people;

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and the Southern employers have been forced to raise wages in the mills, on the plantations and in many other lines of employment. The South would be helpless without the negroes; and owing to the scarcity of labor caused by the foreign war, the colored people will receive great benefits financially, socially, politically and educationally. Life will be made more attractive to them in the South, so that they may be contented to remain as servants.

This brings us to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, a beautiful city with wide, well paved streets. It is only 350 feet above sea level, and is located just on the edge of the Blue Mountain Range which gradually fades into a more level country, as you near the Atlantic Ocean. It has good business houses, good hotels, beautiful shade trees and fine homes.

It is a very old town, being founded in 1790. The first legislature met here in 1791, so its people were at the front in the exciting times of 1776.

At least three-fourths of it was burned on February 17, 1865, when General W. T. Sherman was returning from his "march to the sea." To-day, it has a population of 50,000 and its cotton and knitting mills are going night and day. In considering its present prosperity, you would not think it had met with such a misfortune only fifty-two years ago. Sherman took Atlanta, then Savannah and then Columbia. It is charged that from Savannah to Columbia, his army took all the horses, cattle, hogs and poultry, and that it burned the buildings, the timber that produced the resin and turpentine, the cotton gins, the presses, and the factories. It is said that his army could be traced by smoke by day and by the glare of fire by night.

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Sherman had close to 75,000 men, and there were not to exceed 20,000 Confederates in the whole State. Hampton's cavalry occupied Columbia. He ordered hundreds of bales of cotton piled up in the main street to be burned if necessary, so that it would not fall into the hands of Sherman; but learning that the railroad was destroyed and that the cotton could not be removed, he vacated the city on the morning of the seventeenth with all fires out, so claimed, except the depot, and that under control. Sherman and his army marched in. During the day the cotton caught fire, no one knows how, and that night the conflagration extended everywhere. Sherman accused Hampton of ordering that the town be burned, and Hampton accused Sherman and his army of the destruction of the city. For many years thereafter this question was argued by the friends of the opposing forces, and there it rests to-day. Each feels that the other is guilty. The fire brought great distress to the people. The city had been, in a measure, headquarters to the Confederacy. Seventy-five thousand Confederate soldiers were treated at the wayside hospital located here. The women moulded bullets for the soldiers and were very active in every way.

All this is not fully forgotten, but is fast fading into the past, even with the natives. It is well it should be so.

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Charleston, South Carolina

THE South does not feel any too kindly towards either the Northern or New England people. Sometimes you will hear it said that back of their manifested kindness and courtesy towards you, in your presence, is a sting of criticism, at least in feeling if not, at times, in action or words.

They assert that New England was the successor to Great Britain in the capture of the black barbarians of Africa to be exported as servant slaves; and that finding the New England climate too severe to make the business profitable, the Yankees sold them to the Southern planters and raisers of cotton and received the cold cash in return. They were profitable to the South and their numbers increased with the enlargement of the raising of cotton. The South was patient and kind to them, and in time, instructed and trained them to become efficient servants. Then New England became humanitarian and religious over the subject of slaves and began a nation-wide agitation for their freedom, although still retaining the money for their sale to the South. In the end the people of the South lost their money and then the negroes. Then New England tried to force upon the South political and social equality between former master and slave. This the South regarded as the unkindest cut of all.

The past year, the commercial interests of New England had agents in different parts of the South soliciting both colored men and women to migrate to New England as laborers in the homes, factories and mines. It is estimated that Charleston alone has lost

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10,000 colored people in the past year, and they are still migrating. This was brought about by the European war, which has created an abnormal condition, in the scarcity of labor and a corresponding increase in wages.

The housing of the colored people in the South is bad. They are located in settlements, or communities, on the plantation as of old. A shack about ten by sixteen feet is built with one door, and with openings for windows to be closed by small board doors. In this home are housed father, mother and all the children, whether one or a half dozen. One small room must answer for parlor, dining room, kitchen, bedroom and all other kind of uses required of a home. The monotony of life is broken by putting them in settlements. They visit and see each other, and this is the social element of their life,—an element which animals of every kind require. But think of the efficiency and moral standard created and promulgated under such conditions! It is a life of poverty in all its phases. They say that this method is absolutely necessary to keep the colored people under control. They aim to keep them always in debt and to see that they receive as little money as possible at one time, for if they had enough to get out of the neighborhood, they would leave.

They assert that too much education is injurious to the colored man, for it makes him a loafer instead of a laborer. If he is educated, he aspires to do the white man's work, or the clerical part. A large percentage of the present generation of colored people are truly loafers. You see them everywhere. However, many are industrious; and these are making progress, buying homes and farm land and depositing money in savings institutions.

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Charleston has a debt of four and one half millions, and taxes and living expenses are high. If the owner of improved realty makes repairs and paints up, the assessor increases his taxes; and that is one of the reasons why Charleston looks so old and neglected. Being surrounded by neglect, squalor, darkness and gloom, depresses the people intellectually, commercially and socially. Brightness and cheerfulness would make them smile and push forward in every way.

The city has many churches located in the business district, with small cemeteries surrounding them. Inside, in front of the pulpits and chancels, in times gone by, they buried some of their heroes and loved ones under the floor, and placed marble slabs over their bodies with suitable inscriptions. Iron fences, with big gates, inclose both the churches and the cemeteries adjoining them. Thus they worship with the living and the dead. A few wander among the tombstones, especially the older women; and then they enter the church to see and worship God while their thoughts are on the departed. Some of the churches are very old. Saint Michaels was started in 1761 and St. Andrews long before that. Both are Episcopalian churches. The women look after the churches, the heroes and the distinguished dead. They make it their business to erect monuments to all worthy individuals and causes.

In 1769, a monument was erected for William Pitt for his efforts in getting the Stamp Act repealed by Parliament. In 1780, the British, in attacking the city, shot an arm off the statue; and in 1789, the monument was restored. Henry Timrod, the South's beloved poet, has a monument near by. At the Battery, Sims, the State's novelist, is likewise remembered; and to the

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heroes of the Revolution and defenders of Fort Moultrie, located on Sullivan's Island, the Battery has a fine monument with the names of the defenders. This monument is mounted with a life-sized statue in bronze of the hero and loved son of the State, Sergeant William Jasper. The British fired a shot that hit the staff of the flag, and it fell outside of the fort. The youth cried out, "Colonel, don't let us fight without a flag," and over he went returning with the stars and stripes and holding the flag in position until a new staff was brought to relieve him. Subsequently, he did other heroic acts. The whereabouts of his grave is "unknown"; but Southern women never let such acts or such lives be forgotten, even if the graves are unknown. They were not satisfied with the monument erected in the Citadel to John C. Calhoun, so it was replaced by a tall shaft of granite and bronze, with a bronze statue surmounting all. This monument stands where all can behold it, a memorial to the man who led them, above all others, to lose and suffer much in blood and treasure.

On December 20, 1860, South Carolina, first and alone, left the Union, soon to be followed by Florida. Little did they dream what the future had in store for them. Their statesman and former leader, John C. Calhoun, passed away in 1850.

Major Anderson, on the night of December 27, 1860, left Fort Moultrie and took charge of Fort Sumter, commanding the entrance to Charleston Harbor. They began action and fired upon the flag floating over the fort; in due time, Major Anderson surrendered; and thus began the Civil War, a war which lasted over four years and cost millions of dollars, thousands of

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lives, wounds that have not yet healed and losses not yet regained.

While the little fort, containing not over an acre, was being bombarded, the citizens of Charleston by the thousands stood around the Battery and watched the shells, and the smoke rising from the fort as it was struck—watched the shots that roused a whole nation. The Battery is a park to-day abutting Charleston harbor, and surrounding the Battery, or park, are the old palatial homes of the rich and once influential citizens of Charleston and the State. Even to-day these homes are magnificent in their stately bearing, filled with tapestries, rugs, rare and expensive furniture, and oil paintings. These homes with their spacious rooms occupy lots as large as hotels, and in the days of old there were servants for every one and every thing. The masters lived like kings. Their riches made them bold, brave and haughty; and thus we see pride going before destruction.

These men made their fortunes from cotton and cheap labor. They were defending and trying to protect their possessions. Nearly all have passed away and their children and relatives who still live are scattered. Some of these fine homes are fashionable boarding houses with all the old furnishings intact. When one sees what they had and how they lived, he is not surprised at the attitude they took. To them, all was about to be lost.

Many changes have taken place since then. Fort Sumter has a new brick wall above high water mark. New modern disappearing guns are stationed on the fort and there are three or four men as care-takers. Fort Moultrie, two miles away, is the main defense

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now. It is on Sullivan's Island, which is about ten miles long and one mile wide. It is well fortified, and old armament is being replaced with modern. As this is war time, I can give no details. Numbers of young men in the coast artillery defense are stationed here. The Island is nothing but a shoal and is subject to overflow. The government property is protected, however, from ordinary high water.

Charleston is about eight miles from the ocean, and is located on a strip of land, between two rivers, the Cooper River on one side and the Ashley River on the other. The harbor has a depth of twenty-eight feet at low water. Sullivan's Island is about seven miles from Charleston, and commands the entrance from the ocean to the harbor.

Many islands are along the coast. Morris Island contained the Confederate battery during the attack on Fort Sumter, in connection with gunboats. The siege lasted for five hundred and sixty-seven days, before the Confederates surrendered. Morris Island is now the United States quarantine station. James and St. Johns Islands are near by. These islands now produce sea island cotton, the best that grows. This cotton has a fibre about one and one-half inch long. It is very fine and soft in texture, and is worked into imitation silk. It brings from three to four times the prices paid for upland cotton. It is grown only within the bounds of the salt air from the sea. Upland cotton has a fibre from one-half inch to an inch long, and is coarser in texture. Upland cotton is now also used in the manufacturing of automobile tires.

About twenty-five years ago, phosphate of lime was discovered near this city, in inexhaustible quantities.

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Since then several large concerns have been organized to manufacture carbonic acid and fertilizers, and all are doing a fine business and prospering.

Miles and miles of waste land exist around Charleston, for want of enterprise and development. It has to be drained and fertilized in order to yield any crops. Notwithstanding this, many persons, some foreigners, have met the conditions and are raising truck garden foods on a large scale. About twelve thousand car-loads a year are produced within a short distance from the city and sent away to the large cities in the North and along the coast, by ships and trains. Colored people do all the work.

When a body of them of all ages and sizes gets into a field hoeing or pulling weeds, they remind one of a flock of black birds in a corn patch. One German is doing business on a very large scale. This year he had one hundred acres of cabbage. They produce from three to four crops a year from the same land.

It is odd to see two industries which are located here, an asbestos plant that gets its raw material from Canada, and the American Bagging Company, that gets its material from India. Out of jute, it makes the bagging that binds the cotton bales.

Of all the Southern cities this one stands alone, unique in its individuality and a typical city of the South. It is old and rusty in every way. Even the main business streets have not seen any paint, from all appearance, for a generation.

The Huguenots started this city in the year 1562. This was forty-five years before the English located in Virginia, fifty-two years before the Dutch began the building of the city of New York, and fifty-eight

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years before the Puritans started Massachusetts on the road to fame. Many things have occurred since those eventful periods in the history of the American people. Look at the race each of these settlements has made, and consider the line of action, intellectual, religious and political which each promulgated and bequeathed to the future. Early teachings, youthful aspirations and surroundings, do shape and direct the human mind into pure, clear channels from which flow wholesome, helpful and uplifting influences, or into shallow, impure water which represses and retards human action and human progress in every way.

To-day, Charleston has a population of about 65,000 people, and fully 35,000 of them are members of the colored race. Of course, this creates the same conditions in municipal affairs that exist in the State. Some communities are almost wholly inhabited by colored people. The truth is, there are no political parties in the South. The line of division is in races, the white against the black; and there is no other political division. In the struggle for supremacy, one must yield to the domination of the other, or conflicts resulting in bloodshed must be the result, for amalgamation of the two races is unthinkable and impossible. Because of the constitutional differences such a thing will never happen until the end of time. So we have the blacks submitting to the whites, the master and the servant. One gives the order and the other obeys. A physical working relation, only, exists, and this glides along peacefully and with apparent harmony, for justice and equity never arise, and are not considered. In the division of rewards between capital and labor, profits are placed on one side and

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living on the other, and all seem to be satisfied. "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

The whites have had to defend the city on many occasions. In 1669 the Spaniards and the French undertook to capture the city, and it was successfully defended. Then in 1779 the British attacked the town, and in 1780 they captured it, took possession, and held it for two years, when they surrendered to the natives. So you see the city began early to fight those who attempted to disturb the people in their possessions, and it has been a good fighter, too.

Its ambitions to grow started early, for it organized a chamber of commerce in 1774 and the same organization is still doing business. It started a public library in 1698 and still maintains it. It was in advance of all the other colonies in taking steps for independence. In 1765 it urged the union of all colonies, and in 1774 went so far as to form an independent government by adopting a constitution. In March, 1776, and on June 28, 1776, the British attacked it and besieged the town. So you see South Carolina was awake and at the front in all the preliminary steps to bring about the independence of the American colonies.

She had sent her young men to England to be educated, and they returned saturated with the English ways and customs and with all the aristocracy that wealth and position could create. The frequent military and political contests made heroes of many of the young men. Their successes created a distinguished ancestry which, in turn, caused the "family tree" to spring up with its branches; and the genealogy of the different families was studied and preserved in the archives of the city and State. Coats of Arms were

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obtained by some earlier families and handed down. This unequal family distinction caused marriages to be made and broken accordingly. Duelling naturally sprang up in such a locality like a wild flower in the wilderness and young men were taught to defend the honor of the family. All civic matters could be, and were, settled by the courts; but the courts had no jurisdiction over a question of honor. A question of honor not only involved the rights and respect due a gentleman, but included all the women in whom the gentleman had an interest. This caused men to be very guarded in their remarks in reference to women, for gentlemen friends were required to offer their lives in defense of the honor of women. So women were elevated in the eyes of all men. Men regarded their mothers, wives and daughters as their angels, and thus was the beginning and life of chivalry in the South. Duelling was in full swing until 1866, when it was abolished. Women regretted to see duelling abolished for they rather enjoyed seeing two men mark time, measure off space, and shoot to kill in defense of their good name. They much preferred that genteel way to the modern way of suing for damages or having their gentlemen friends go behind the barn and thrash the other fellow in the John L. Sullivan method, without even seconds or attendants.

Out of these social relations grew up a musical organization called the St. Cecilia Society. This was composed of the young people of the families possessing a pedigree. Professional musicians were hired, on a salary, to entertain the members of this organization; and its doings were censored so that not a line or word appeared in print. It was absolutely exclusive

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and seclusive. If a young lady married or moved away, her name was stricken from the roll of honor. This held the "400" with an iron band, never to be unlocked or broken by an outsider or stranger, unless the family tree or pedigree were high and beyond question.

This organization has changed some the past few years. It is now a dancing club, also, and those who marry or move away are still retained as members; but in every other respect the organization is in existence the same as heretofore.

This results in one thing only. It makes its members feel they are better—superior—to every other human being. The vulgar are excluded. The stranger finds the city cold, and the attitude and bearing of the natives make him feel that possibly he is not wanted. Possibly this is not intended, but such a spirit has permeated the political and commercial life of the city. This is one of the reasons why Charleston does not grow. Its aristocracy has caused it to die. It is dead.

I know I ought not to say these things, for I was treated royally by the citizens. They took me in their automobiles to see the city. They left their business to visit with me. Some made me promise to call again before I left the city. Some urged me to visit their city again. Husbands and fathers introduced me to their families. I do love Charleston and many of its people. The women are very reserved at first, but when you properly meet them they are most gracious and kind; they are gentle and attentive, and their speech and action please you and make you feel at your ease. Long live the city of Charleston and many of her charming men and women, but I do hope

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they will look to the future and forget the past. What you do and what you are, and not your ancestry, will be the standard by which you must and will be judged in the end.

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Summerville, South Carolina

THE old ladies of Columbia never will regard the Federal soldiers as gentlemen, because those soldiers ate the delicate foods these ladies had stored away in the cellar, took their horses and carriages, addressed them in conversation without removing their hats, and had the audacity to embrace their colored maids and make love to them in their presence. This they regarded as the limit. It was shocking to their sensitive natures. The old soldier boys who yet remain, I am sure, can easily charge any misconduct of this kind to those who have passed away, and the incident will be closed so far as the women living are concerned,—hence there will be no divorces and no scandals.

The Southern women are very loyal and patriotic to the South, even unto this day. They have their orders and associations everywhere to keep green the memories of the Confederate dead. They see that monuments and memorials are erected and that flowers are placed on the graves at all anniversaries. This impresses the rising generation, and the memories of the past are thus perpetuated. The presence of the colored race ever keeps the opposition united.

I have seen the typical Southern gentleman of the olden school, who sits and dreams of the days gone by. They have about all passed away, but here and there we see one who observes all the forms and rules governing his social position, as was his habit a generation ago. He is six feet or more in height. He has white hair and mustache, and possibly short burnsides. He

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is as erect as an Indian and he wears a soft hat and a single-breasted black suit and carries a cane. His coat is of the Prince Albert style, and he wears a white tie, and a standing collar. His small feet are covered with well-polished shoes. He is dignified and philosophical in his bearing, and in nine cases out of ten he is living on the interest collected from his debts. He is a gentleman, a statesman, and I am sorry to see his type pass away from American life, the same as the buffalo has already done. Such men are an interesting part of American history.

Some of these old fellows, however, are game to the last. While in Chattanooga, I observed one around the lobby of the hotel. He was about seventy years of age and was with a young woman about twenty-one. On one occasion he returned to the hotel from a trip. With grip in hand, he rushed up to the clerk's desk; and, looking around, saw the young woman leaving the elevator. He rushed up to her, and they kissed each other squarely on the lips. He then dropped his grip to the floor, kissed the young woman three times on each cheek, and stood by her side fondly squeezing her hand held in both of his. This made me nervous, and I became interested. On inquiry, I learned that he was one of the managing officers of the hotel company, owning some five hotels, and that he had married this young woman a few months before. His knees rocked some, and I did then and there think that "there is no fool like the old fool." Now girls, it is always up to you, after all, whether you would rather be an old man's darling or a young man's wife. Whichever way you decide, you may at times in the future regret that you did not do just the opposite thing.

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

On leaving Columbia the traveler soon observes that the land gradually flattens out as he approaches the ocean, and that all cotton mills disappear. Yet cotton is grown all along to the water's edge. On inquiry, he will learn that no cotton mill has made a financial success when located within one hundred miles of the shore line of the Atlantic Ocean. This is because of climatic conditions alone. It is so warm and sultry for a great period of time in the year that mill laborers cannot become so efficient as to produce work that is equal either in quantity or quality, to that of the workmen in the western and northern portions or mountainous section of the State. Economically, then, such conditions must affect other lines of industry until they have superior advantages over all other competitive points. Hence you see no large cities along the shore line above described, in any State possessing similar land and climatic conditions. Monopoly in any line, or extraordinarily favorable conditions, might create an exception to the above conditions and result in business success.

South Carolina has about one million six hundred thousand inhabitants, and about 1,000,000 of them are colored. The colored people are universally poor, and a large percentage of the white people are in a similar condition; hence the wealth of the State is in the hands of a few of the white inhabitants and a few non-residents. There are no minerals of any kind in the State. Its agricultural products are cotton, corn, hay, wheat, tobacco, potatoes, oats, rye and rice; the five principal ones being cotton, corn, hay, oats and tobacco. The value of all agricultural products does not exceed \$150,000,000, and two thirds of this comes from cotton.

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This does not include lumber productions which are large. The value of manufactured products of all kinds reaches about \$145,000,000 per annum. The farmers are devoting much attention to the rotation of crops, and this is making the cultivation of the soil more profitable, even in the production of cotton. The State is becoming more active and efficient in the lines it produces, and is making progress. It is now second in the number of spindles in its cotton mills, Massachusetts alone surpassing it. The acreage of cotton, because of the high price, will be very large next year. Old abandoned mills are being restored and placed in operation, and towns old and rusty with age and sleeping as Van Winkle did, are taking on new life, giving employment to the poor and making all America richer and better by their increased activity. People are awaking to their opportunities, and are putting themselves in harmony with the new order of things. This place is an old fashioned Southern town, slow and rusty in action and appearance. But near by is a wooded section of long leafed Southern pine, in which is located one of the finest hotels in the country. It is complete in all its appointments of golf, lawn tennis, hunting preserves and hounds and horses. In fact, it is prepared to supply every want and desire. The climate is ideal during the Winter season. It is a lovely spot, and just the place for a nervous person or one who has bronchial trouble.

Here, also, is Dr. Shepard's tea farm. Although he is dead others are carrying it on. They are raising tea all right, but from a commercial standpoint it is still an experiment. There are so many things that enter

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into production which must meet the competition and conditions existing in other lands where tea is produced in a commercial way. Nothing much is gained or learned without experiment and effort.

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Savannah, Georgia

IN SOME respects, this is one of the most remarkable cities in America. It is one of the oldest and richest in history, being connected with some of the most important events of the beginning of American life. A kind hearted Englishman living in London became concerned over the fate of the poor debtor who was imprisoned for debt, and started out to relieve his situation by transporting him to a strange land and offering him a new start in life under new conditions. Oglethorpe was his name. He was not rich in this world's goods, but he was the William Penn of the Colony of Georgia. In June, 1732, the King granted him a charter and gave him permission to take twenty-one imprisoned debtors to this new colony. With funds obtained from philanthropic persons like himself, he chartered a ship and started on the long voyage to America. In February, 1733, he and one of his associates, Mr. Bull, marked out and located the town of Savannah.

One strange clause was incorporated in this Charter. It provided as follows: "No officer or person shall receive any profits, prerequisites or fees of any kind for his services rendered or to be rendered on behalf of the colony composed of these poor debtors." The prevalence of graft that has arisen since that time in many lines of business and public life makes this provision impressive and wholesome to contemplate in this day.

We must bear in mind at this time that the possession of this land was in the hands of the Indians, and that, in order to avoid future conflicts, favorable terms had to be first obtained from them. This Oglethorpe accom-

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plished by dealing with the Indians in the most honorable way, and during his management he succeeded, in most cases, in securing their love and friendship. To guard against surprises, however, he caused a stockade to be built around the small settlement; and within this enclosure all their horses, cattle and other domestic property were kept. In time, the settlement increased in size and outgrew the stockade. In laying out the city, he anticipated this by making squares in the middle of the streets, in every block. This was for the purpose of enabling the settlers without the stockade, in case of threatened danger, to bring all their earthly possessions on the inside and house them in the squares until the danger had passed by. Finally, the necessity for these squares passed away; but the city, as it grew, continued this original plan of making squares in the middle of the streets between the blocks. These squares are everywhere to-day. They contain shade trees, flowers, and seats, and are used by the children as neighborhood play grounds. This makes the city one of the most beautiful little home towns in America. This plan, of course, makes the streets wide, and they are well paved and kept clean. The side-walks are wide and in good condition. The business houses are good.

Savannah is, in many ways, a very attractive place. It is located on the Savannah River, which has a depth of twenty-eight feet at low tide. The land is swampy in the vicinity of the stream and during the heated part of the season much malaria still exists there. As in most sections of the South located along the Atlantic Ocean, the natives have failed to show any disposition or energy to improve the conditions by installing or adopting a proper system of drainage. It was here

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that John Wesley began his work in America, and this was the birthplace of Methodism. He began his work in 1736. The name Methodists was applied to the followers of Wesley from the manner in which they lived. Here he started the first Sunday School in America, and the one he launched still lives. It was here that he wrote his first book of hymns in 1737. He returned to England in 1738. Think what this man planted on American soil in the short period he remained in this barren and isolated spot! It has grown to be one of the greatest religious forces in American life and has spread out into foreign lands. George Whitefield was sent over as his successor, and the work planned by Wesley was ably carried on by Whitefield for many years until he died at Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1770. Savannah was attacked and captured in 1778 by the British, and held until May, 1782, when the natives assumed control once more. The home, or estate, of the British Lieutenant Governor was confiscated and given to Major General Nathaniel Greene for his services. It is located fourteen miles north of Savannah.

Greene lived on this plantation until he died in 1786. It was known as the Mulberry Grove Estate, and remained in the Greene family until 1800. In General Greene's house in 1792, Eli Whitney planned and invented his cotton gin which worked such a revolution in the handling of cotton. On this plantation, the remains of Greene were buried, but subsequently his body was removed, quietly and by strange hands; and his final resting place is now unknown. When George Washington visited Georgia, he was fittingly entertained at this plantation. Washington paid his second visit to Georgia and this city in 1791. General Greene's

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house was burned in 1864 by Sherman's army on its march to the sea. The city was almost destroyed by fire in 1796, and again in 1820; the damage of the second fire being estimated at \$5,000,000. It has a population of about 60,000; 35,000 of whom are colored. It has entertained many distinguished citizens in the past. Vice President Aaron Burr was entertained in 1820 in his official capacity. President Monroe paid his respects to the city in 1819, and in 1825 Lafayette was making a visit to this country and honored this city with his presence. While here, he assisted in laying the cornerstones of two monuments, one to Greene in Johnson's Square and the other to Count Pulaski in Chippewa Square, both generals having fought with him for the independence of the American colonies. Five hundred children participated in the ceremonies. In 1838, Savannah had grown to be a city of 7,000 population. In 1844 Henry Clay, the "Old Prince," dropped in on the citizens; and in 1847 Daniel Webster, accompanied by his wife, paid the city a flying visit. In 1849, Ex-President James K. Polk honored the city with his presence. The visit of William Makepeace Thackeray, that distinguished English author, must not be forgotten. What other American city of this size can boast of so many distinguished visitors in its short history? And it played its part in the Civil War. It is eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean where Fort Pulaski is located. The Confederacy captured this fort in January, 1861. The Federals recaptured it in 1862, and Sherman took possession of the city in 1864. When everything was quiet, General Robert E. Lee, in search of his health, made it a visit in 1870. In 1883 President Chester A. Arthur looked in upon the residents of Savannah, and

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he was followed by Jefferson Davis and his daughter in 1886. Then, in 1886, came the earthquake which did great damage to Charleston and some damage here. To keep the record straight it should be stated that President Cleveland paid it a flying visit in 1888.

Savannah has a large foreign commerce, consisting mostly of the export of cotton, which alone amounts to more than \$100,000,000. This creates large deposits for the two National and ten State and trust banks. The deposits are about \$40,000,000. The market place is interesting. It has been in existence for fifty years. It is a combined closed and curb-market. Dealers pay one dollar a week for the enclosed and fifty cents a week for the curb for the privilege of selling goods on the market. It is open every day the year round, except Sunday. The colored people largely control the market as truck gardeners and husksters, Things are very reasonable in price but the market is not sanitary; in fact, it looks filthy. It is used as a football in city politics. The housewives depend on it and patronize it in large numbers. Truck gardening is hard work, and the Southern white people are not the best of friends to hard work, especially when there are any colored people still alive.

The people have other claims to distinction. It was from this city that the first steamship that ventured out upon the open seas started for Liverpool, England, across the Atlantic Ocean. It was a steamer of 350 tons, and was named the "Savannah." The vessel left Savannah on May 22, 1819, and arrived in Liverpool, England, on June 20, 1819, the trip taking twenty-nine days and eleven hours. Thus was demonstrated the genius of the young American, which was

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to revolutionize the commerce of the world. Fulton discovered the use of steam in 1807. He built the "Clermont," which operated on the Hudson River, and he was first to establish steam traffic on rivers. The "Savannah" was equipped for sailing as an emergency. Many sailing vessels, seeing smoke coming from it, supposed it was on fire and went to its relief. In England, all official life and the common people viewed it with pleasure and amusement. From Liverpool, the boat went to Stockholm, and then to St. Peterburg; and it made the same impressions on the people of these countries as it had made on the inhabitants of Liverpool. It returned to Savannah November 30, 1819. It was too expensive to operate it as a steamship, and it was operated thereafter as a sailing vessel. Thus the "Savannah" passed into history; but steam navigation, in due time, became a necessity, and to this city and its early citizens all honor is due. The contribution made to the world was something worth while,—something of which all Americans are justly proud.

Savannah is believed by the colored people to be the best city in the South, because nowhere else are they treated so well as here. They have three colored banks; many own real estate; and they are not oppressed as they are in other parts of the South.

Their educational advantages are the same as in the other States, the authorities not permitting them to go beyond the tenth grade. They have no high school advantages. However, the amount of education they do get is silently but surely undermining the present economic conditions between the white and colored populations. The colored people are beginning to get restless over the treatment they have been receiving.

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To properly discern the drift that has been started by the little education that has been given the colored people, we must recognize three classes among the white population. First, there is the small percentage of the refined and educated white class, either with or without wealth. Second, there is the middle class of whites, who have limited education and are engaged in respectable employment. As a rule, the people in this class are in comfortable circumstances. Third, there are the poor uneducated whites who must toil for a living in the more laborious pursuits, much the same as the colored people. With the last two classes the Civil War is still on. The prejudices against the North, and against Northern influences and enterprises, are simply smoldering and are almost as strong and bitter to-day as they were previous to and following the Civil War. It is true that these prejudices are not so open or outspoken as they were during the war; but, in many instances they exist in the thoughts, feelings and conduct of the people the same as of old. In the small towns and villages and in the country, it is especially so. Education has made the feelings of the colored people finer and more sensitive, hence they resent the slights, the insults, and the cruelty of the whites, bearing such treatment in sullenness and subdued anger. This is especially true of the young people. The educated whites and the educated colored people understand each other, and there is no trouble between these two classes. Another cause of friction is the success of the colored people and their acquisition of property. The white people resent manual labor; they shun and avoid it whenever possible, as being beneath their social standing and solely within the province of the

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colored race. To people who have no money and inherit none, work seems to be an absolute necessity; hence the colored man works. He does everything he can get to do. He has invested his surplus money, and with the growth of the country he is attaining a certain degree of prosperity. The poor white people observe this, and they resent their misfortune and envy the prosperity of the colored people. This leads to irritation and conflicts, and to the oppression of the colored people by these whites. This is natural. Prejudices of this character often exist in one white person against another. So in many places, in fact in nearly all places, a colored man must remove his hat when he approaches a white man in his place of business and remain uncovered until he leaves the building. In the country, the small towns and the villages this is especially demanded by the white people as a token of the colored people's respect for their superiority. Regardless of the white person's standing or intelligence, the colored man must observe this custom although he may be richer in this world's goods, more refined and better educated. This can have only one effect—silent resentment.

The cotton mills employ only white labor in the factories. The colored people plant, cultivate, produce and deliver the cotton at the mill; and there, their work ends. The white people are employed by piece work, and earn from two dollars a day down. Two dollars a day is regarded as big wages. If a man is married and has children, he often finds two dollars a day insufficient to clothe, educate and support his family; so his wife joins him in the mill, if she can, to assist in earning sufficient for their needs. In many cases, because of domestic conditions, the young children

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are forced to join the father and work by his side to support the family. This lowers the vitality of the children and deprives them of an education; and thus we have the poor, stunted, uneducated "white trash," whose distress, want and inefficiency are gradually increasing. And all this is the result of prejudice,—prejudice against the colored peoples' prosperity, small though it be.

The salvation of the South is in higher wages and universal education. In time, this would make a New South with better feeling towards the North, and towards the colored people, and with greater progress industriously and agriculturally because of greater efficiency in the masses. When the masses are ignorant and poorly housed, fed and clothed, no intellectual, moral or financial progress worthy of consideration can be made. Each human being, in order to be profitable as a producing unit in and to society, must be cared for intelligently, both in body and in mind, and conditions surrounding his life must be pleasant, wholesome, healthy and uplifting. If one is to realize the best and greatest profits out of the opportunities that surround him, the morning sunshine should bathe his whole being and cause a bright eyed smile instead of a downcast look of sadness and despair. Another cause of friction and unrest among the colored people is the many unjust, false and trivial charges filed against them in the courts. Many times these charges are followed by lynching, and thus the accused is deprived of his day in court. Thus, among the younger generation, many criminally inclined are being developed and brought into existence. There is a hopeless resentment of the want of fair and honorable treatment,

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both individually and collectively, given by the whites.

This will increase and become more formidable and embarrassing to the South as time goes on. Most animals will turn and fight when driven to extremes. This is one of the natural instincts of animal life for self-preservation. When in need of labor on the streets and public highways, public officials will often send out wagons, arrest the necessary number of colored men, file some trivial charges against them such as boot-legging and the like, try them and send them to the bastille for the period they are needed. They are then dressed in white suits, with black bars encircling the body, and sent out in squads, under a white foreman, to labor the allotted time on the public improvements under construction. Even race tracks have been built in this way. And this is the policy of nearly all the Southern States toward the colored people. Many colored people have told me of such wrongs that have been done to innocent people of their race, and a few white persons have admitted to me that such was the practice in many localities. Another source of discontent has been the low wages paid the colored people by their employers, and the manner of payment. Common laborers get from \$.75 to \$1.25 a day and are idle half the time. Housemaids get from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a week. Hotel maids get \$15 a month. Engineers receive from \$30 to \$45 a month. Carpenters get \$2.50 a day. In all other lines the wages are in like proportion. Because of the low wages and frequent inability to get work at any wage many have been driven to desperation and have become criminals for life. You must bear in mind that the colored man was given his freedom without money and without credit. Empty pockets and stomachs,

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with food stuffs and fine chickens all around, have, unfortunately, created a criminal class. The offenses are mostly of a pilfering character but sometimes they reach a more serious stage. At first they take food for the time being to appease the appetite, and the habit grows on them. For this they are arrested and punished by being placed in the chain gang to work in the public service building, and on the streets, roads, bridges and buildings and on any other public improvements needed and constructed from time to time. In this way they are fed and housed and avoid starvation, and are apparently happy in escaping the worser of two evils.

All these things and the labor conditions created in this country by the foreign war, caused a great exodus of colored people from the South to the North and the New England States. This movement commenced in the spring of 1916, and continued throughout the year. Thousands have already gone, some from every Southern State, and it has only just begun. In Pennsylvania, some are reporting back that they are earning \$3.00 and \$4.00 a day and are paid in cash. While in the South, they were paid in merchandise and in dribs, a little at a time, never getting enough at once to move beyond the country. They never knew how much was due them, for they never could get a settlement with their employer, and in many cases they were cheated out of the amount in fact due them for the hard labor performed. They are sending for their wives and children, also their relatives and friends. If the colored people do as they talk, the exodus in 1917 will surpass that of 1916; and the more intelligent ones say that the movement to leave the South has only

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started. This is going to cripple the South for labor. The more reliable and industrious ones are leaving, and the bad ones are being left behind. The result will be that the colored people will be more generally distributed throughout the United States, especially in the manufacturing and mining sections. The South will have to treat the colored people better, pay them higher wages and give them better living conditions. Landlords now give a colored tenant a one-room shack costing from \$75 to \$100 and charge him \$4.00 a month rent. A two-room shack no better in construction brings \$6.00. They are miserable excuses for dwellings. I met one old colored man who had quit raising cotton and said he had moved into the city to make a living. I expressed my surprise at his inability to make a living in the country raising cotton. He told me the "ducks" ate his cotton up every year. I asked him to explain. He said the landlord staked him with machinery, tools, seed, and provisions. He bought all necessaries and fertilized and planted, cultivated, gathered and delivered the cotton to the landlord's warehouse. The landlord "ducked" him for rent, then "ducked" him for machinery and tools and mules. He "ducked" him for staking him with interest. He then "ducked" him for storage, and then "ducked" him for insurance. And when the cotton was sold he "ducked" him for commissions. He finally discovered it was always the same, that the "ducks" had eaten his cotton up. "The ducks got me each time," he said, "so I quit and moved into town to work and avoid the ducks and support my family."

Savannah, Georgia

NOT many years ago, a boy was working in a general store in Canada at four dollars a month. He possessed a vigorous mind and a restless spirit. While yet a boy, he rolled up his clothes in a bundle and went to St. Paul, Minnesota. His capital was good habits and a good mind. His ruling impulse and desire were to do something worth while.

He soon found employment in a coal office, and in a few years had saved some money. The girl who waited on him at his boarding house likewise had good impulses and a good mind. The young man admired her, and wanted her to be his companion through life. He advanced her money to obtain an education, thus making her his equal and a suitable partner in the joint undertaking of building an ideal American home, — a home dominated by simplicity and good common sense.

He soon took up the transportation problem. A desert, which afterward proved to be an empire undeveloped, covered the whole Northwest. With lion-like energy and will power, this boy, now a man, built two great railways through the wilds and over the desert, to the Pacific. At first, the scarcity of freight and business presented a new difficulty, but, in due time, all problems were solved successfully, and J. J. Hill the boy became "Jim" Hill, the man, the Empire builder of the Northwest. In one short life, he accumulated sufficient to leave his girl wife and her children \$70,000,000.

At the same time, another boy was building a railroad from the Atlantic, through swamps and over an

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elevation of 5,000 feet. In the swamps he lost 4,000 of his men, including his two brothers. The railroad extended to San Jose, Costa Rica; and, when it was completed, he had but little freight, and had to create the business. This man is yet alive; he is worth millions and lives in New York City. He is Mr. Keith, the president of the United Fruit Company. There was yet another poor boy, the son of a preacher, who at the age of fourteen years was a messenger boy for a New York broker. He possessed qualities similar to those of the other two boys. He saved his money, studied the problems of his employer and married a girl who later inherited a million. She had confidence in his integrity and ability, and loaned him her million. He bought the old Union Pacific Railroad, a failure and a fraud. He borrowed and put millions in the roadbed, making it one of the best beds in the world in that day. He bought bigger engines and larger ears and made longer trains; and he astonished the railroad world at the low cost of handling freight by the new method of operating railroads. Profits rolled into the pockets of the owners; and this boy died at the age of sixty-two, leaving his wife \$68,000,000.

These three individuals were dealing with the problem of the transportation and distribution of food-stuffs to the human family. Their efforts and ability and the good they accomplished were not appreciated during their lives; neither are they appreciated now by the millions who enjoy the benefits of the work and accomplishments of these three masterful minds. Mr. Hill almost depopulated Norway and Sweden to obtain farmers to locate on farms in his wilderness. These farmers raise cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, corn, wheat,

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barley, oats and vegetables and the like, in great quantities, to feed millions of the human family elsewhere; and this produce was to be carried to market over his railroads. With the rapidly growing population, what would the price of foodstuffs be to-day if it had not been for this man's prophetic vision and early action to provide for the future wants of man?

And so with Mr. Keith and his bananas and the fruits of other kinds which he cultivated. He perfected the banana and made it world-wide in its benefits,—the poor man's food. Its life-giving energy is superior to meat and it is cheaper than apples from your neighbor's orchard.

Transportation does enter into the cost of production and affect the cost of living. The genius of Mr. Harriman demonstrated how it could be done economically, and all other railroad managers became his imitators.

As a rule, people are just; and they would appreciate the efforts of such men, if it were not for the long spindling chaps who become agitators to get a public office. They want these public offices in order that they may become self-sustaining. Otherwise they have not the ability to keep their "pants" properly creased so as to enter "good society." They create so much prejudice in certain periods of time that a Napoleon with searchlights, piercing the darkness far into the future, as these men did, becomes discouraged; and thus the benefits the people might enjoy are retarded or possibly lost.

What the South needs now most of all is boys who will become men like the three I have just described. There are millions of acres of rich soil in eastern North

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Carolina, South Carolina and southern Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. It is still in a virgin state, untouched and undeveloped. In the West they have arid lands, and go to the mountains for water. Here they have too much water and refuse to drain the land, except enough to raise the food they need to live on. They climb the mountains to get their timber, and stop midway on the uplands to plant enough cotton to produce the necessary cash for their pleasures and luxuries.

This is not wholly true of the present, but it is of the past. I know of one Southern railroad that has employed fifty men to work in Tennessee, the Carolinas and Georgia, organizing "boys' corn clubs," all along its line. It is Jim Hill's idea transplanted in the South. The members of the club are being taught many other things besides the raising of corn. Another railroad has taken up the same plan on its lines, and truly it is pleasing and quite interesting to see the enthusiasm that is being created among the boys. Even the old men are getting gay and are beginning to have school house gatherings to discuss the best farming methods, diversified crops and registered stock. Dairying and poultry are also receiving serious attention.

All this is especially so in the State of Georgia, which is next to Tennessee in progress. They have even organized canning clubs for the girls. The agricultural colleges, with their agents, and the State agents are working in harmony with the railroads. Georgia has nearly 100 men employed to demonstrate the various crops and teach the art of soil building; and it has nearly fifty women to look after the girls. In time this will make a new Georgia,—a richer and better

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Georgia. They have pig clubs and poultry clubs, and they are spreading faster than the boll weevil.

And now the farmers are organizing counties to fight the boll weevil in a scientific manner. They are forming into clubs and making the farmers sign agreements to obey instructions. Work of this character in any line counts, and in the end brings results.

Georgia can and will be made a great State. Some farmers from New England and the North have purchased farms in different parts of the State; and, so far as I could learn, are devoting their energies to stock and grain. One New England man has purchased 3,500 acres near Augusta, and he is making it a model stock and dairy farm. He planted 400 acres to corn this year. The State has about 34,000,000 of acres, and about 24,000,000 are in forest. The hardwoods are oak, hickory, ash, dogwood, black gum and persimmon. The soft woods are long and short leaf pine, poplar and cypress.

This State produces about \$150,000,000 of cotton per year. About \$20,000,000 of it is sea island cotton. Its corn last year amounted to 65,000,000 bushels. Georgia has large productions of oats, wheat, rye and rice. Its hay crop is good. It raises peanuts and tobacco. It is next to Louisiana in production of sugar cane. Irish and sweet potatoes are grown. There is a big crop of the latter this year and they are selling for fifty cents a bushel. Tomatoes, spinnach, kale, beets, carrots, cauliflower, squash, lettuce, egg plant, asparagus, peaches, apples, pears, prunes, cherries and quinces are raised in abundance. Of watermelons, there were over 10,000 car-loads shipped out this year. Even pecans and other nuts are grown here.

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Cotton and knitting mills are numerous over the State; also fertilizing plants. Georgia claims her manufacturing industries produce about \$200,000,000 a year.

Like the Carolinas, however, she is short on minerals. Land is cheap running from \$5.00 up. Around Macon it is worth from \$10 to \$25 an acre; and around Savannah, about \$30; around Athens about \$40; around Atlanta about \$50; and around Augusta from \$10 to \$100.

Stuyvesent Fish, the millionaire of New York, owns the lighting plant at Waycross, a town of about 25,000. He has just had built there a packing plant for hogs and cattle, and was there the past week for the opening occasion. He was the lion of the day. He urged the farmers to raise more hogs and cattle and get rich. Large railroad shops are located there, with a payroll of a million and a half a year. Good wages buy good beef.

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Augusta, Georgia

THIS city, and Athens, Atlanta and Macon are the four principal cities in northern Georgia, and are in the center of the agricultural and cotton sections.

Augusta claims a population of about 6,000 people, fully 60 per cent of whom are colored. It is a very old city, having been established by Oglethorpe, an Englishman, in the year 1735. He did his work well. The streets are all wide, the principal one, Broad Street, being fully 100 feet across. The streets are well paved and have beautiful shade trees. This gives to the city a very attractive appearance.

Its hotel facilities could be improved. It has some good business houses. It tried to surpass Atlanta and undertook to erect a skyscraper eighteen stories high. The building remains vacant and unfinished. The *Chronicle* erected a twelve-story building adjoining this one and then came the big fire that almost destroyed the city. This occurred a little over a year ago. It damaged property to the extent of millions of dollars, and the city has not yet recovered. The owners are trying to convert the Chronicle Building into a hotel, which would be a good move for the city.

Augusta is quite a manufacturing point. In addition to its good railroad facilities, it has four canals connecting it with the Savannah River. Thus it is provided with ample means to handle its commerce. Some Eastern parties built a hydro-electric plant, getting the power from the same river; and this furnishes the city with light and motive power for the

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factories. A large line has also been formed with Eastern parties to the commercial advantage of the city. Its factories are varied. It has brick factories, lumber mills, iron and wagon works and flour mills; and it calls itself "the Lowell of the South." But its greatest factories are cotton mills, and of these it has seven. This makes it the second in importance among the cotton trading centers in Georgia.

It is well patronized by Northern and New England tourists, many having built beautiful Winter homes on the hills, as they claim the climate is superior to that of Florida in many ways. It is not hot and sultry in the early spring, and the atmosphere is dryer. It is, in a way, the resting place for many rich people of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who predominate in numbers. In the Revolutionary War, many battles were fought in this locality between the English and Colonials. Augusta was made headquarters for the army. Here was located the powder works for the Confederates during the Civil War. And here, unusual monuments abound everywhere to honor the dead. There is a Confederate soldiers' monument, and there are monuments for Generals Lee, Jackson, Walker and Cobb. Thus the memories of the past are ever kept green by the living.

Atlanta is the city of the South. They call it the "Gate City" and the "New York City" of the South. It claims a population of 200,000 "or more." There are at least a dozen skyscrapers, and the city has many beautiful, well-paved streets, although they are somewhat narrow. Fully 60 per cent of the population is colored. Atlanta is the booster of all boosting cities. It is really a Northern city, and Northern citizens have pushed it forward in its rapid pace the past few years.

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This is the real energy back of the wonderful growth of Atlanta. It is commercialism and commerce reaching out in all lines and all directions. It is a great railroad center located 300 miles from the sea,—an inland city that is working to overcome all obstacles. Many large Northern and Eastern concerns have made it their distributing point for the South and have established branch lines and branch agencies to look after their business. It has built up a large export trade and handles, on a large scale, tobacco, cotton, grain, horses and mules. In mules, it is second to St. Louis. It has cotton mills and manufactures cotton-seed oil, bags, furniture, machinery, fertilizers, flour, lumber and its products, agricultural implements and patent medicines. Its mayor is none other than Mr. Asa G. Candler, who by means of “coca cola” has made himself many times a millionaire. He is a good man in the right place. Many of our American cities are reaching out for the beautiful Civic Pride. To some this means much, to others little. To Mr. Candler it means much.

On arriving in the city the traveler gets a bad impression at the Union Station because it is surrounded by a lot of rusty, worn out buildings of all sizes, shapes and material. It looks like a junk shop.

The mayor purposes to condemn all this property for a park and to landscape it, and make out of it a beautiful plaza to the point where the “city beautiful” begins. Atlanta is the capital of the State and he wants the State to help, both by enabling legislation and by a substantial contribution of cash. The estimated cost is about \$7,000,000. Now that is a beautiful thought, something big, and if accomplished, will make the mayor on a par with the grand old Solomon of Jerusalem.

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The question is, "Will it pay?" Yes. To make beauty arise where filth and ugliness and uncleanness abound is a profitable investment, even at a generous cost. Beauty, flowers and music never caused any human soul to commit crime against himself or society. The love of the beautiful created and cultivated in the masses directs the actions and thoughts of mankind toward good, wholesome citizenship. Good citizenship produces good governments, and good governments make life worth living. Bad governments are a curse to all mankind. Good wholesome surroundings have a tendency to make people more contented. Who ever saw a boy go wrong if he loved his dog and made it his bosom friend and companion? Why? Because the dog knows no wrong and its simple nature responds to the tender loving kindness of its master. So let us make our cities places of beauty and cheerfulness, abodes where it is easy to do good and hard to do evil; and thus we will reduce crime. Simple living will follow, with industry and thrift. This is the only way to reduce poverty.

When one sees all this growth in this place in so short a time, he can hardly believe that Sherman captured the city in September, 1864. General Hood was at the head of the Confederate forces. The city was almost destroyed. There is no doubt of General Sherman's leaving his tracks as he went along. In November he started for Savannah along the Central Railroad, and fires and destruction left but little remaining along the journey. I do not know when or where he said "War is Hell," but it must have been somewhere on his march to the sea. His theory was to leave nothing behind from which the Confederate could recuperate,

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and there is no doubt that his journey was a success.

Athens is a town of 20,000 inhabitants and one of the most important institutions of the State is located here, the Agricultural College. Atlanta has an altitude of about 1,000 feet, and this town is not quite so high. Its average temperature is about the same, however, 60 degrees. It is a very attractive little place.

Macon is an enterprising town located near the center of the State, and it is a railroad center. It has a population of about 60,000 people, about 60 per cent being colored. It is quite a shipping point for agricultural and manufactured products.

Brunswick and Savannah are the two main shipping ports of Georgia, located on the coast. The State has eight cities with a population of 8,000 or more, and it has good trading centers in abundance, some of them looking like wide awake little places and having the air of prosperity. Georgia is prosperous if she may be judged by her cities and towns. Everywhere are evidences of growing wealth; the industries are varied and extensive; and the banks have increasing deposits and capital sufficient to handle the business as it expands.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Durham, North Carolina

THE western part of this State has many prosperous towns and cities, ranging from a few thousand inhabitants to 40,000 or 50,000. The country is hilly; and there are good-sized rivers, which protect the inhabitants with proper sanitary conditions, and also, after the process of filtration, afford good drinking water. This city has a population of about 40,000 people. It is clean, neat and attractive in appearance with good business blocks facing wide streets, and with good side-walks.

It is now governed by the commission form of government, consisting of three members. Many towns of this State have adopted this form of city government, and everywhere there is a noticeable difference between those which have and those which have not. The streets are better paved and cleaner, and they are built out into new territory for the development of additions to the city. This, of course, causes expansion of the wealth of the city, brings into view new property for taxation; and thus creates new life, energy and progress for the city. Taxes remain about the same but, under the commission plan, more improvements are made for the same expenditure of public funds. They have better and finer cities by reason of the adoption of this form of government; and it has the approval, everywhere, of a very large majority of the people.

This is not the only thing that has made Durham an attractive place. It is one of the most favored of all cities of its size, here or elsewhere. It has a citizen by

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the name of Mr. Duke, now an old man, who has taken unto himself a young wife and is enjoying life. He has turned his former cares and troubles over to his two sons. Mr. Duke was a farmer many years ago. He lived about fifteen miles from the city and was engaged in the raising of tobacco. He was very successful. He conceived the idea of manufacturing his product. This also grew, and as it enlarged he bought tobacco that other farmers raised; and it grew, and it grew, and finally became the moving spirit of the American Tobacco Company. Many have contributed to his millions and smoked to the old man's comfort, happiness and good health. This trust was finally dissolved by the Government into its separate units, and he is making money in all of them.

Not satisfied with its success in tobacco, the house of the Dukes entered the cotton field on a large scale. Now their factory has grown until it comprises enormous plants, giving employment to thousands of people. They are the life and wealth of Durham. The Dukes made and own the town. They make all kinds of tobacco, such as plug, cigarettes, etc. One plant pays the Government over \$15,000 a day revenue. The buildings are neat and attractive, and the grounds are kept in the same condition. They are just like a park. The cotton mills are kept in the same physical condition. They have made it a model factory town. They manufacture sheets and pillow slips. They operate knitting factories. All know the Dukes as tobacco men. The night riders of Kentucky made the tobacco company famous, and the Dukes could not escape.

All the towns in Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina situated near mountains of any size have

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from one to several cotton mills. The European war has made some of the owners several times millionaires. They are unable to supply the demand, and the price is advancing constantly. Some are operated with three shifts a day and night. All have not done this, because of the scarcity of labor.

There is a sad part to all this. The colored man and his wife and children go to the fields and plow and plant; they cultivate and pick and deliver the crops to the landlord. He does not hesitate, in most cases, to manage affairs so that the colored man and his family get food and clothing and are protected. But that is all they get. The landlord sells the cotton to the mill operator and receives all the profits. The mill owner, in turn, employs white help, except that in some cases colored help is employed for some menial work about the mill. He pays two dollars as the high wage for ten hours of work, with one half holiday on Saturday. The laborer soon finds that, on account of the high cost of living, he is unable to support himself and wife on this wage, and especially when his family becomes enlarged by the addition of a child or two. So the child joins the parents, as early as twelve years of age in some cases; and it takes all three, or more, to keep the family from the poorhouse.

My observations convinced me that fully twenty-five per cent of the help in the mills consisted of boys and girls. I visited different towns. These little children were thin and poor looking; there was no color in their faces; their eyes were faded and dim; their bodies were frail and thin; they appeared both overworked and under-nourished. They were becoming physical and mental wrecks. The body could not be developed

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under such circumstances. Deprived of school privileges, the mind was drying up except for the automatic work it had learned to do. Here you have the poor, ignorant white trash of the South; and this is how they are produced on a large scale.

The policy of the educated and well-to-do in the South is to maintain this condition among the poor whites and also among the colored people, in order that they may have servants in large number and at a low wage. This has been the condition all over the South.

Another policy has been to employ a colored man and give him work half of the time, and always to keep him in your debt. Many men told me this was the only way to keep the colored man. This is why colored help is considered unreliable in the South. This is why many steal that they may live. They are underpaid, often deprived of a portion of what they do earn, and unable to get constant employment. Such conditions can result in nothing else but unsatisfactory help.

Common laborers are paid \$1.25 a day; carpenters are paid \$2.50 a day; brick masons receive \$3.50 a day. In nearly all three of these lines, the work is done by the colored people, except when the poor white trash work in.

These are some of the reasons why the South is fifty years behind the times. These are some of the reasons why the South did not grow as it should have grown after the Civil War. The white people declined to do hard work and they kept those who had to work poor and under subjection.

No country or state can become rich and prosperous when the masses are living in poverty. Good houses, good wages, good sanitary conditions and good

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treatment of the laboring classes bring wealth and riches and prosperity to the State. The poor live well and spend their earnings and the rich save; and that is the difference between a rich and a poor man. The well paid laborer makes good business conditions for the merchant. This causes new enterprises to be launched and there is a call for more labor; and thus a State becomes rich and prosperous. All of this the South has failed to observe and follow in the past.

Education and intelligence are enemies to a low wage and poverty. The percentage of illiteracy has been high in the past because the rulers wanted it so. The extension of the public school system to the colored people is the cause of the extensive exodus of the negroes to the North and East at the present time. It will continue in the future unless the South increases the pay of the colored man and grants him greater educational advantages. The seed of knowledge has been planted, and it will grow and multiply with time. The South is seeing the light; gradually it will grant these concessions; and when they are fully bestowed it will grow wonderfully in commerce and wealth. It has the soil, the climate, the markets and the transportation facilities to become an empire in itself.

The white man must go to the field with his hoe; he must go to the shop; he must go to the timber and the mines and develop the natural resources at his door. All America is mutually interested in the development of the Sunny South,—a land rich in history, rich in minerals, rich in literature, rich in soil and rich in possibilities of the future.

But she must reform and protect and mature the delicate forms of her children; that they may grow up

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to be real men and women, producing units of mental power; that they may contribute something worth while to the body politic of which they are members. Each individual should be prepared to contribute more to society than he receives during his natural life; otherwise he is a parasite, a burden to mankind. The individual owes everything to the world, and in return it owes him nothing. Have you contributed anything for the benefit of mankind?

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Jacksonville, Florida

IN THE Winter period, the climate in Jacksonville is very similiar to that of Los Angeles, California. However, a northener sweeps down occasionally and, for a day or two, chills the air and lowers the temperature to a point where it is dangerous to the cultivation of the orange tree. For this reason, no oranges are raised for the market here; the orange territory being farther South.

The atmosphere is bracing and many tourists remain here all Winter, as freezing and snow are substantially absent. The tourists are a little better groomed and somewhat more substantial looking than those who visit in southern California. Many of them have the Eastern air about them, although the observer recognizes that they are tillers of the soil, at least most of them. The gambler, the sport and the confidence man, including the pickpocket, are here looking up their trade. They are of all grades, some dress as dudes, right in the fashion, stop at the best hotels and get acquainted "with the best." Even matrimony is consummated, in some instances, to carry out the Winter's work. Of course, the rich widows are mostly sought; and they often prove easy victims. One woman from Tennessee married a "handsome fellow." She was rich. The union lasted six months. She found out that he had been in the penitentiary three times, and was a professional pickpocket, a hotel thief and a handy man of the world. The widow is here again this Winter and desires another man. Some women want the earth, and are dissatisfied with their lot in this world. They crave two things,

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—a man and the right to vote. It is their divine right to have both, not only in expectancy but actually. Some are here who have never enjoyed the blessings of either. Some start the word around or down the line in the parks that they are well to do, self-supporting and independent. When this news gets abroad, the old boys spruce up, look pleasant, drop the kinks out of their halting steps and maneuver for an introduction. It is easy, for in most cases it is only an illusion. And, after all, men and women are only monkeys, playing tricks and cavorting around to deceive one another. Of course, there is the romance and the sentiment that “it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.” Day after day, the sparring goes on, until a call comes from home and the moving picture film of life fades away to be repeated next season. Jacksonville has other attractions besides “youth and old age and climate.”

About fifteen miles up the St. John's River, is a small settlement called Mandarin. About 200 people reside there in the woods. This settlement was there back in the eighties. A distinguished American woman took a fancy to a small tract of ground consisting of three acres. In the center of this tract grew a few enormous water-oak trees, with bending, drooping branches. In the midst of these trees was an open space where she built a Winter home. Her name was Harriet Beecher Stowe. And here, in old age, she passed her happy days in company with her husband and surrounded by a few of her old friends from New Jersey. The Nicholl, Hooker, Crane and Webb families all had homes near by to cheer and comfort one another in a lonely spot in the woods. Nearly all have passed away,

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leaving a few relatives who are now scattered. Some were Englishmen. Mr. Nicholl was such, and his representatives are in England engaged in the war of nations. Mrs. Stowe felt the need of a church, and through her efforts a small Episcopalian edifice was erected. This church is still used for divine services. A parsonage was erected at the same time. The property is now owned by her old friend, Mr. Mead, of Caldwell, New Jersey. About eight years ago, the house was removed to a spot about a mile back; and it has since been occupied by colored servants,—a fitting use of the old home of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The kitchen still stands on the original premises, and is filled with kitchen and old household furniture. A few orange trees still stand and are bearing a little fruit, but they are neglected and forgotten. While living, she confided to her friends and neighbors in her Southern home that, had she lived here before her book was written, it would never have been written. While living in New England, young and imaginative, the sentiment for the supposed wrongs of the colored people wrought upon her mind so strongly, that, without actual knowledge and experience, and from imagination alone, she composed the book which made her famous and was a moving potential force that went far towards bringing about the freedom of the colored race. They disappointed her in her Southern home. She felt they were shiftless, that they were without ambition or a desire to elevate themselves, that they would never advance far towards individual intellectuality, and that hence they were doomed to be an inferior race. Time alone will solve many of these problems. A large percentage of them in the South is

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shiftless; so are many of the Southern white people shiftless. Climate does affect animal life morally, intellectually and physically, whatever the species under its influences. A moist and depressing heat, prevailing for eight months out of twelve, and frequently going to 108 degrees or more above will weaken the energy, aggressiveness and spirit in all animal life; and humanity is no exception to the rule. Such conditions do cover a large section of the Southern States; and this together with an overplus of cheap colored help, causes the people to make slow progress as a body. The fire of youth is burned out early, and the race in life lags because the heat units are without and not within. And so it will always be, to the end of time, unless the climate changes. Snow and ice and storms and strong winds, alone, build up human character and put strength and vigor into animal life. Resistance makes bone and muscle, and the overcoming of obstacles leads on to victory and progress in every way. "It is grit that makes the man and the want of it the chump."

It is the same here as it is in all warm climates. Religious cranks generate and grow and expand into every phase of religious frenzy. They have them here in plenty. There are two men here now whom I have noticed occupying street corners; they are fairly well dressed and have long hair and whiskers, in imitation of Jesus Christ as artists have pictured him. They claim that men should be here on earth forever if it were not for their sins. Their doctrine is that death and departure from this earth are caused by the short-sightedness of men. Then there is a Jew from Russia, with a few women associates. They call themselves the Pontifical sect. They make progress by creating

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excitement. At times they are called "Holy Jump-ups" because in their services, at the proper period, they jump up and down on the platform and become excited, giving vent to their enthusiasm with speech and song. This, of course, influences those who are weak of will and inclined to be emotional. Some evangelists use this method to arouse their audiences to a frenzy; and when these conditions exist, they willingly take the "saw-dust trail" and are cleverly "saved," at least for a while. The tribe of barefooted and bareheaded agitators is not in this locality. It is too cold. They may be elsewhere in the State where the climate permits such exposure, to assist the brain in attracting the attention of the wicked and the lost.

The city has but little manufacturing or jobbing interests outside of the State. It is not only the gateway for tourists, but it is the distributing point for fruits and vegetables to the New England States and the North. Its orange production amounts to about \$5,000,000 per annum. Its lemon industry is small. It has large lumber interests; and Armour & Company have just completed a packing plant for the purpose of slaughtering native cattle and hogs. The other Chicago concerns are here as distributors of meat products, only; and some of them are extensively prepared to handle the trade, which is very large in the Winter season.

The city has ten white banks and one colored bank. The white banks now have on deposit \$31,000,000. Some of the bank buildings are imposing structures, adding much to the beauty and substantial appearance of the city. The location of this city makes it an important distributing center for the products leaving

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and merchandise entering the State. It is just seven feet above the sea level, and is located on a flat, sandy soil which surrounds it for miles in every direction. The soil will produce no vegetable life until one builds it or makes a soil of sufficient quantity and quality to grow the things he desires to produce. He must consider, at the same time, the climatic conditions and the character of the soil he has to deal with. In fertilizing, he must use material that contains the elements necessary for the desired product; otherwise the fertilizer might have the opposite effect and his efforts be worse than lost. Fertilizers are expensive. Everything in this city is expensive. They claim it is the fourth in the list of the most expensive cities in the world, so far as the necessaries of life are concerned. The Woman's Club is trying to find the cause of this condition and install the remedy. Woman always has it in her power to make living dear or cheap; but she is not, on most occasions, willing to make the sacrifice necessary to go from high living to a simple life. She will not be outdone by Mrs. Jones. So it is a constant grind that invariably ends the same, namely, in the denunciation of all trades people and all interests directly or indirectly handling or dealing in the necessaries of life, and in the continuation of the same mode of living as before.

Judicious purchasing, the eliminating of many of the pleasing and convenient popular service agencies and putting in lieu thereof more personal effort in meeting the producer face to face, must and will materially reduce the cost of living. The women can instill in the youth of America habits of thrift and economy instead of habits of waste and extravagance. These

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are the two prominent characteristics in American life of to-day. One leads to power and permanence, the other to weakness and ultimate extinction. The future life of the American Republic is in woman's care and keeping. Will she rise to the responsibility? It is a delight and a pleasure to see the American women take a deep interest in the high cost of living. Hope is dawning and the problem is for her to solve.

This city is located not far from the southeastern corner of the State of Georgia, just twenty-eight miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It is on the St. John's River, which is navigable, having a depth of about thirty feet. Florida is peculiar in its formation. No doubt when it was made the excessive pressure was at the South; and this being true, the southern end of the Peninsula State was tilted higher than the northern part. This is why the St. John's River starts from lakes located in the center of the State, runs along the eastern section, then turns due east a short distance north of Jacksonville and empties into the Atlantic Ocean. It is a large river, and the only one I can recall which travels up hill. This makes the city of Jacksonville a port where most of the large ships can approach throughout the year. The city has a population of about 85,000 people, 50,000 of whom are colored. It is the largest city in Florida, with wide, clean, well paved streets, and with good buildings and many substantial business houses. The hotels are numerous, and some are very creditable for a city of this size. It is, in truth and in fact, the gateway for the tourists going South, as almost all the railroads coming from the North touch this city. The trains on these roads are loaded with thousands of tourists from all sections of the

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country, but mostly from the New England States and the Lower Mississippi Valley. For this reason, its appearance is very much like that of any active, progressive Northern city of the same size, especially during the Winter. It has suffered the loss of many colored people during the year 1916, as have all other Southern cities. Charleston, South Carolina, lost about 10,000; Savannah, Georgia, lost about the same number. This city tried to stop their migration to New England and the North by passing an ordinance prohibiting any one from inducing or engaging the colored people to leave the city without first taking out a city license so to act. This required the payment of \$250 and the observation of and compliance with certain prescribed rules in the ordinance. When this became the law, the white agents refused to take out the license. They established an underground passageway to a hill known as "Four Mile Hill." This was so called because it was four miles outside of the city limits. The first gathering of the colored people there occurred on an evening in August, 1916. All day long the colored men, women, children and their pets kept up the exodus to Four Mile Hill. Some went on foot and others in broken down buggies and vehicles of every description. These conveyances were loaded with trunks, bundles, bags and receptacles of all ages and kinds holding the earthly belongings of the fugitives. The people were of all ages, sizes and descriptions. It was the crusade of early history repeated over again, but of another kind. Some were laughing, some were crying. Families, separated for the time being, bade each other good-bye. Yet they were hopeful in the extreme, for they were responding to the people who gave them their

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freedom and who were now inviting them to come and locate in the promised land,—a land of work and plenty, a land where there was real freedom and an opportunity for willing hands to build up and acquire a competence by performing honest labor. The number so gathered exceeded 10,000 souls. Never before was there such an outpouring of a wronged and oppressed race. They went out peaceably and full of hope, ready to go anywhere in this their own country in order that they might make a new habitation under better conditions and among people whom, though strangers, they considered as their friends. As darkness came on, two trains with twelve coaches each, were filled with the race that has suffered much from the hands of the whites.

This trouble was brought about to avoid arrest by the city officials of Savannah. No other occurrence like this has happened in the South. Jacksonville lost from 10,000 to 12,000 colored people during 1916. If the statements of the substantial colored men can be relied upon, it is my judgment that this immigration of the colored people has only started. Those who have gone are sending money back for their relatives and friends, who are arranging their affairs to depart at the first opportunity. In time, this exodus will cripple the South in many ways. The colored people will receive better treatment and higher wages in their new home. A living wage makes of a man a better citizen, whether he be white or black; and a practical education makes of him a more efficient unit in society and the State. An idle, inefficient unit of society is like swamp land,—a burden and a menace to the life and health of those who come in contact with it. And this disturbance in the South is only a manifestation of hidden, unseen

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forces working for the uplift and purification of the American people.

This is an expensive city in which to live, because much of the foodstuff comes from North and East. Many people from these sections have located here to escape the severe extremes of the weather, and they insist on the same kind and style of living as that to which they have been accustomed. This, of course, is impossible at a low cost, as land for miles and miles around this city is too poor to produce the foods which can be grown on the rich, black loam of the Mississippi valley in abundance and with but little exertion. It is impossible to produce animal foods at a reasonable cost unless the soil will sustain the foundations necessary to build and develop animal life, to-wit, corn, hay, oats, rye, alfalfa and grasses that produce fats. These things cannot be successfully grown around Jacksonville, because of the lack of that fertility in the soil which is so essential in the production of the proper feeds required to sustain cattle, horses, mules, sheep, hogs and the like and to put on the necessary fat to make an animal whether man or beast, full-sized and well rounded out. Hence a better quality of these things is produced elsewhere, and with less cost. When wanted here, they must be shipped in, and transportation for long distances costs money, and makes animal food expensive. The territory around this city is adapted to the raising of vegetables and certain kinds of fruit. The soil can be made fairly remunerative; but it must be properly fertilized and irrigated; the foods to be raised must be selected with regard to the sandiness of the soil; the seed must be planted in the proper season of the year; and the crop must receive proper attention and care. The fact that

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climatic conditions make it possible for them to produce more than one crop a year enables the gardeners here to compete in some articles with better soils in colder sections, where only one crop can be produced in twelve months. In the Winter time, the temperature seldom gets down to 20 degrees above zero, and the length of the Winter season is not over sixty days. The low temperature does not last longer than a day or two at a time.

The city is wide open in its government, on the theory that the large number of tourists must be entertained and must have amusements. State laws are violated to do this; but the tourists are the harvest for the natives, and the more the city can induce to come, the bigger the harvest. The Summer months are quiet, hot and lean. About eighty per cent of the dwelling houses have signs tacked up announcing "rooms for rent" or "rooms and board." In these rooming houses and in the numerous hotels, thousands of storm scared people find a haven of rest during the Winter months. If one knows how, he can get any kind of a drink seven days in a week. The places where drinks may be had are called "clubs"; and the minute you open the door and get on the inside, you are a member. At the entrance is a conspicuous sign, stating that "this place is for members only." Some of these clubs have reading rooms next to the side-walk. Here you can read the daily papers, the weekly and monthly magazines. I inspected this department, and found that the literary branch was not much used. The dust had been undisturbed for a long period. On the inside are tables, kitchens and things one feels he needs and ought to have. No introduction is needed, not even a card. Some money

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is all that is necessary. They appear glad to see the visitor, and the warmth of the reception gives him the feeling that he has been well treated and that he is welcome to come again. The bane of the liquor business is the good fellowship that surrounds its dispensation. A radiant smile puts one at ease, and gives him a warm heart ready and willing to receive everything that is offered. This makes him remain too long, visit too often and drink too much. Some commercial houses might get rich if they would observe the treatment of the visitor or customer by the barkeeper. "Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone."

The "red light district" is here in full swing. Each house pays the city \$21 a week. This question has two sides to it, but the practice is doomed and the sooner the better. Such a partnership on the part of the city is demoralizing and expensive. It is the source of much graft, directly and indirectly, in all the departments of city government; and it is destructive of wholesome, healthy human lives within its influence. It is tainted money and dear money to all who taste, touch or handle it. Our American cities are fast getting away from the idea of even tolerating it, with or without money.

It is estimated that between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000 are brought here and expended by tourists in each Winter season. From my observation, I do not doubt it. This does not include what might be permanently invested. That is a large amount of money to pay for pleasure and recreation and the privilege of getting away from the snow and ice. In time, this will be a real Winter play ground for New England and the Middle States; and here lies the real wealth of Florida.

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Good and sufficient hotels with reasonable rates, fair treatment of the tourists; and good highways connecting the many small towns throughout the State, will induce hundreds of thousands to visit it then who do not now; and thus the natives will have consumers for the fruits and table foods they can produce. The long expensive transportation charges will be eliminated, altogether. In this lies the future prosperity of the State.

St. Augustine, Florida

THE Floridian Peninsula was discovered by Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard, in 1513. He was deposed by the King of Spain as Governor of Porto Rico; and, being a wild and reckless man, possessed of an adventuresome spirit, started out to discover new lands. He was born in 1460, and was the child of one of Spain's noblest families; and, because of the manner of his living from early manhood, he was anxious to restore his lost youth and health. He had heard, from natives, that a spring located somewhere to the north possessed the qualities of making the old young and gay once more; so he sailed, in the spring of 1513, for the fountain of youth. He landed near where St. Augustine is now located, and, because of the abundance of flowers, he named the country Florida.

The land was inhabited by Indians. Their settlements, in some cases, were of respectable proportions; and they had advanced, to some degree, in the arts and agriculture. He found them peaceful, and he and his men were treated with kindness and consideration. Later, in his absence on a visit to his home in Spain, other Spaniards arrived. These caused disturbances by cruel and dishonorable treatment of the natives, so that on his return in 1521 he found the Indians hostile to his landing. In the battles that followed, he received wounds, which shortly thereafter caused his death. The Huguenots came, in 1562, and founded a settlement near by. The object of their coming was to secure freedom of action in religious worship. In 1565 Melendez came, with twenty or more priests and over 2,000

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

settlers, and founded the present city of St. Augustine. This was fifty-five years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. These early settlers suffered many hardships and losses from time to time. Soon after the founding of the city, the French, the English and the Indians combined made an attack upon it, and the inhabitants endured many trials and tribulations. A fort was erected, and garrisons and missions were established for outposts; and thus civilization began. Sir Francis Drake, of Pacific fame, appeared in 1586, and captured and burned the city. After his departure the fort and the city were rebuilt. However, in 1647 the settlement contained only 300 people, so destructive were the numerous attacks on its existence.

From time to time, Drake, Davis and other pirates continued to prey upon these different settlements along the coast, until 1825, when the United States Navy chased away forever the last pirate ship in American waters. In 1763, when England and Spain were at war, Spain lost her Floridian possessions to the British. England retained ownership until in 1783, when she conveyed it back to Spain. In 1821 Florida was purchased by the United States for \$5,000,000. Since that time, the Stars and Stripes have floated over Fort San Marco, thereafter named Fort Marion. In 1835, the Seminole war began. This war grew out of an effort on the part of the United States forcibly to remove the Indians, led by Chief Osceola, to the happy hunting land in the West. This war lasted seven years, and it cost 1,700 American men and \$40,000,000. The Indians have been reduced by sickness and death from 6,000 to about 2,000. They now wander over the Everglades, a swamp consisting of about 1,500,000 acres, located

in southwestern Florida. The Indian's lot has been a hard one, after all. The white man would not let him be fair. He has always had to fight or surrender possession of the rich lands, not only here but in every section of the United States. This rule of might, prompted by the struggle of life, is the governing passion in the conduct of the human family to-day in all parts of the earth. It has been so in the past, and it will be so in the future. The plan and purpose of life is to struggle and fight for existence. This is life in all its forms, and it means progress and civilization throughout the world. And thus St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, began and struggled along for almost four centuries.

This city is most interesting from every viewpoint. Every nationality made some impression on its life; but there is nothing to be compared with the effect of the tastes, mental tendencies and eccentricities of the Spanish people. In appearance, construction and manner of life, this city is Spanish. It is true that no Spaniards are there, but their spirit hovers in and around this quaint old city. It has about 7,000 inhabitants consisting of approximately 4,000 colored people and 3,000 white people. They were sleeping, dreaming of the past and hoping for the future, when a benefactor unannounced and to them unknown walked into their midst. From a swamp, he created palaces, and he made flowers and shrubbery, vines and palms and the like to spring up in symmetrical profusion, forming another Garden of Eden in the western desert. This man was Henry M. Flagler, and all honor to his name. He began life a poor newsboy, and we all know that the task of a newsboy is no easy one. When he grew

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up and was too large to sell papers, he learned the carpenter's trade. He followed that calling until he was attracted to the oil fields and arose to be one of the strong men in the Standard Oil Company, which, in its day, demonstrated the justice of calling its organization one of the greatest business combinations on earth. All its pioneers were young men who were poor. As a rule, men rising from poverty to affluence and possessing commanding intellects, have humble spirits. They never forget their early days of poverty. They see poverty and know it when they see it; they have felt its sting and have been bitten by its hunger and torment, so that their hearts beat for all mankind. They see so much distress that they do not know where to begin and just what to do or how to do it. Such has been the experience of the pioneers of the "Standard Oil Crowd." They have been philanthropists, all of them, who have left the world better by their having lived in it. They did things on a great scale by bringing the necessaries down within reach of the multitude, by creating new livable conditions for mankind and by ministering to the wants of rich and poor alike.

And so it was with Flagler. He built a railroad into a desert; he erected magnificent hotels along his road; he then invited the rich to visit what he considered the finest Winter climate in the world. He knew they would be so charmed that they would visit his hotels again; and he believed that, in the end they would do as he had done,—invest millions of dollars in a desert land, where poverty, want and distress abounded everywhere on account of lack of transportation of the things that would grow. He knew that millions of acres that were idle and unproductive would produce the finest

table foods and fruits in the world. This would put tropical foods within the reach of poor, congested sections elsewhere at reasonable prices, and at the same time create values in the land of the natives and make life easier for them. This undertaking, as we see it today, took, not only ability and capital, but an iron nerve. At the ripe age of eighty-three, Henry M. Flagler passed away with his work substantially finished. Time alone will demonstrate his wisdom in starting the enterprise and in having confidence that the people would develop the land and help themselves when the opportunity was brought to their doors. He was married three times. His first wife died; his second wife became hoplessly insane, and after several years he was separated from her by decree of court. From this union he had two children, a son and a daughter. The son resides in New York and the daughter married a Mr. Benedict. She became the mother of one child. Both she and the child are dead. As a loving father, he erected, in her name, near his residence in St. Augustine, a Memorial Presbyterian Church, at a cost of \$650,000. The interior is in the shape of a cross. This idea is carried out in the lighting system and in every other way. The entrance is at the foot of the cross. A magnificent pipe organ is placed at the head of the cross. On the left arm of the cross a beautiful mausoleum is built. It is surrounded by magnificent marble columns and the interior is finished in marble. Resting there in a marble casket beside his loving daughter and his grandchild, is the one-time newsboy and carpenter, the philanthropist, the builder and creator of great things. With all his greatness, he was simple, kind, gentle and democratic in his ways.

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A monument to his memory has been erected in a park at the depot of the Florida East Coast Railway. It consists of a granite pedestal on which is mounted a bronze statue of Mr. Flagler. He was plain in dress, was about six feet tall, and weighed about 200 pounds. His hair was close clipped and he wore a mustache. Late in life, both his hair and his mustache were snow white. In his latter days, he was almost helpless. His third wife, only, survived him, and she afterwards remarried. The hotel named after the discoverer of Florida is truly a palace; and with its mate, the Alcazar, makes the life of St. Augustine costly and elegant. Oil paintings adorn the walls of these hotels. The ceilings are matchless in beauty, and carved figures in wood make these places marvels of beauty and design. The management is gracious, deferential and pleasing from the head to the foot; and when the conveniences and the treatment are considered, the prices are reasonable and worth what is paid. This is the New St. Augustine.

In the old town there are many things to play upon the cupidity of the visitor and relieve him of his penies. There is Fort Marion; there are the two houses, each claiming to be "the oldest house," there are the slave market, monuments and other relics. The shops are small like the streets. Some streets are not over fifteen or sixteen feet wide. The houses are low; they stand next to the side-walk, and occasionally some extend over the side-walk. This compels the pedestrian to walk in the street. In the old Spanish days, this was all right; but, with the automobile of to-day it is not safe. The shops belong largely to curio dealers. The business lasts only for about seventy days, when the hotels are open, that is, when the natives are skin-

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ning "the Alligators." In the Summer time, they trade dollars with each other and wait until next Winter for the next crop of "Alligators"; and during this waiting period, they skin the oranges. There is nothing else to do. This is a typical tourist town, trusting in the Lord for a good crop next year.

DAYTONA, FLORIDA

Daytona, Florida

NO DOUBT Florida came into existence through the action of great tidal waves of the ocean which piled up the sands of the sea against the Gulf of Mexico for thousands and thousands of years. The white sand, which looks like snow by bright moonlight, covers the ground wherever you go. The land is low and level in every direction. In some places, it is just above the water's edge, and in other places only a few feet. In the interior, many places are below the sea. Many of these contain water, which forms swamps and marshes of all descriptions. So it is in St. Augustine. The city has filled many of the swamps but others are permitted to remain, and the odor of sulphur coming from them is perceptible. And this is not all that is coming from these swamps and marshes. Millions of mosquitoes spring into existence, and, as the warm weather approaches, after having a Winter's feast off the tourists, they grow fat and large. After you have been bitten a few times, I am quite sure you would not hesitate to go on the witness stand and deliberately testify, without malice aforethought, that, in your judgment, they are as large and strong as English sparrows. The natives deny that these mosquitoes are to the manner born, but insist that they came down the Atlantic coast to spend the Winter, away from the ice and snows and chilling winds, just like the white "folks" and the get-rich-quick crowd. However this may be, they are here,—big, fat fellows just like the big Chicago fellow who goes out for business and does things. This did not seem to satisfy the natives,

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so they enlarged the territory for the mosquitoes to cavort and frolic in. They induced the Government to build a breakwater to keep the ocean waves from beating down a very modest sea wall built to protect the city and keep the water from flooding it. This creates a large shallow bay next to the town, which will always have mosquitoes, and no doubt tourists, to the end of time.

So far, I have observed no scenery in Florida. It is one flat, monotonous expanse of territory decorated with the long-leafed pine and having a foundation of sand that apparently is without bottom. Because of the low altitude and sandy soil, water permeates the ground everywhere and is often quite near the top. Except for garden foods, irrigation is necessary only in a few instances.

The first town of any importance is Palatka. It is five miles inland, and you can reach it by a stub railroad or automobile. It is a very nice attractive trading point of about 6,000 people. The streets are clean, and along the side-walks orange and lemon trees are planted for shade. The uniqueness and novelty of the scheme adds to the attractiveness of the place. This is only the outer edge of the orange groves, and the people are devoted to the raising of vegetables as a livelihood. You must bear in mind that Florida is a large State. It is about 500 miles long and 130 miles wide. It is an old State, yet the natives protest it is only ten or fifteen years old, as life and prosperity began to smile on it about that time. It was then that Northern and New England capital began to be invested here by the increasing army of tourists. In truth and in fact, this is about all the prosperity that exists here. The natives

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and past tourists who are permanently located here, at least for a period of time, are now planning and making arrangements to celebrate its centennial of statehood, which happens in the very near future.

After leaving Palatka you come to the next trading center, a place that devotes most of its energies to raising one thing only, Irish potatoes. The Irish you find everywhere. When I die and go to heaven I expect to find an Irishman guarding St. Peter's gate, hence I am going to be good to the Irish, for I do not know which one will be in charge. For this reason, alone, I shall never become an Englishman. I am willing to take a chance once in a while, but not too many or too great; this one is too great. Well, this little town of about 5,000 people received about \$1,000,000 last year for the Irish potatoes raised in this neighborhood. The crop is being reduced in quantity and quality, because of the inability of the growers to buy potash for fertilizing. Germany formerly supplied their wants in this respect and England has prevented the supply, hence they are against England. So goes the world. This is about the only thing that grows in Florida. It is free from attack by any creature, and it can be brought to maturity with little care and attention. The sweet potato is injured seriously by the salamander, a species of mole, a creature smaller than a rat. In spite of the injury from this pest, nearly 4,000,000 bushels of potatoes were produced in Florida last year.

Our next town was Ormond, purely a sea resort with one of Flagler's magnificent hotels on one of the finest beaches in America. Here you can ride for miles on the beach when the tide is out. Twenty automobiles

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can go abreast on the sand. The tide returns about one o'clock. You can do the same thing at St. Augustine. I took such a ride, and will remember it always. It is a pleasure and delight for the young and exhilarating for old men and women, especially for old men who are trying to renew their youth for some future "engagement." I am sure P. T. Barnum would say the same thing if he were alive, and what he did not know about human nature was not worth knowing. When he lost his fortune, he could always work the same old crowd with some new thing and be placed on his feet again. Now, that is only retaining confidence in yourself and keeping your nerve. "It is grit that makes the man and the want of it the chump." Don't forget.

This brings us to Daytona, Florida. Do not forget the place. They do the same thing all over Florida, I am told, but Daytona can be quoted by Dunn & Company or Bradstreet in "I A A." An old resident of Florida told me that the natives had nothing to do for nine months in the year, except to trade dollars with each other, if they had any, until the tourist crop arrived; then they "skinned the Alligators." "In other words," he said, "in the Summer time we skin oranges and in the Winter time we skin the Alligators"—tourists. On investigation, I have found this to be the truth with ninety per cent of the hotels, restaurants and houses and rooms for rent. Prices go up from 50 to 400 per cent. I must except the Flagler hotel management. The appointments and the service rendered are worth what you are charged. The price is always the same and the only point with you is as to whether or not you can afford to buy the goods.

Daytona is a restful city. The streets are wide,

DAYTONA, FLORIDA

and there are moss-covered live oaks along the walks on many of them. A drive through the streets is pleasing, entertaining and restful. The population is about 8,000 people, of whom possibly forty per cent are colored; and there are only about three Southern families in the town. The people are mostly from New England and the Mississippi valley. Some residences are large and attractive, but most of them are modest. There are some fine homes across the river on the Seabreeze drive. From 10,000 to 15,000 tourists spend the Winter at this point. There are many hotels and rooming houses, and there is no business of any kind except the process of "skinning the Alligators" in one way or another. One of the bankers told me his deposits increased over \$2,000,000 during the tourist season. He loaned to the trades people and on town property, but not a dollar on farm lands. He said it would be dangerous. He has been in the banking business here twenty years. I took a trip in the country through the pine woods. They are nothing but a jungle with "negro shanties." All tourists leave the first week in April. This is so all over the State, because at that time it begins to get hot. The mosquitoes have multiplied so you can see their victorious armies congregating, and the large hotels lock the doors and nail up the windows. Their guests have flown. Those remaining are the Florida "cracker" (the whites) and the colored people. The natives are called "crackers" because they become bleached out and thin, look fagged and tired and apparently want to sit down and wait for the Judgment Day. The "new blood" that comes in to stay says they are lazy and will not work. In time "new blood" will unconsciously fade into the same

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mental and physical conditions. It is so all over the world in all hot climates. All animals are undersized and will not move except to obtain the necessary food to keep them alive. The sun takes the starch out of them. Nine months of continuous hot weather on animal life produces the same effect, regardless of the form of the species. Here you have the alligator, the turtle and the sleepy species. Their nature has been produced by thousands of years of the same environments. Even in the Winter period the temperature seldom goes below 60 degrees above and from this to 80 degrees above. As Winter climate, it is fine for the old, the weak, the blind and the poor. Fish abound everywhere, and with hook and line no one need starve. By proper fertilizing, three or four crops of vegetables can be grown a year. This is sufficient for a small family. Yet one needs some money for clothing and the necessaries that arise from time to time, and the extremely weak and poor will sooner or later meet distress. The occupations are few and far between, the pay is small, and applications are many and pressing. This is the natural condition in all such climates; and, after all, it is the last place a poor man or woman should go unless it be to "skin the Alligators." California treats its tourists fairly in the matter of hotels, restaurants, and rents. Florida must change her ways and do likewise or she will have to hunt new "Alligators" each succeeding Winter, and that is expensive in the end.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

Palm Beach, Florida

HERE we are at this famous Wintering place to which thousands of tourists travel from all parts of North America. There are the old and the young, somebody and nobody, some with large red faces and others with thin, small, white ones, short men and long women, short women and long men, men with bunions and women with corns, men and women with the duck walk and others with the turkey walk. But, no matter to what class they belong, all are trying to look fine,—that is to be sprightly and young and elastic in movement. The bunion and corn doctor is here, and so is the beauty doctor. The things that are unnecessary and cumbersome are taken away and the things that are lacking are supplied; so, when discharged, each one looks like his or her real self, and has a smile, artificial or otherwise, mostly otherwise, that will never come off. They are nothing but a collection of horse traders, who, like Deacon White, are trying to improve their earthly possessions and get one that will stand “without hitching.” Of course doting fathers—sometimes—and fond mothers, who are always on the job, are here with marriageable daughters, making a pleasing if not a dashing presentation of the American beauty,—a prize for any man. Here is also the young man whose father is at home working hard to accumulate more money to maintain his son in ease and luxury. He has the latest cuts and styles in dress; and there is not a line or mark on his face to indicate that he ever associated with a serious thought much less a day’s work, whether for eight hours or less. And the

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“old boy” is here too. He has seventy summers to his credit, more or less; and his young wife is just past twenty. He is trying to keep step with her youth and beauty and enthusiasm, and she is trying to impress every one that she is the “old man’s darling” and “his alone” and that her cup of joy and happiness is full and overflowing. Then, too, some of these old boys are here inspecting the flock with a view of making a purchase of one that is sound, that is one that has no pink eye, curb, spavin or ingrowing toe nails,—one that is just budding out into a beautiful rose, a red one preferred, one of Hamiltonian birth, with perfect ankles and shapely feet and a high, gracefully carried head. Ah! Some of them are stunning! They are dreams. They have tulle and lingerie festooned butterfly-like about the body, matching gowns of the latest creation. The gowns are low at the top, but not too low, and high at the bottom but not too high; and they have boots that Cleopatra would have given one of her admirers’ kingdoms to possess. Many “pie women” were in evidence, that is, those quite large and substantial in every way. They had diamonds in their heels and diamonds on their toes; they had diamonds on their fingers and diamonds in their ears. They had ropes of diamonds and pearls around their necks and clusters of diamonds on their throbbing chests; many of them were “queens” in all respects except that they were “pie women” all the time. And there were men with large, red, rough faces, with sailor gaits and diamond studs like Venus in the sky, with finger rings set like automobile lights on top, and with bunions on their feet from work and care. No preacher, no professor and no literary man was there. The price was \$8.00

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or more a day; and, being modest, such a man sought the attic around the corner where he could think and communicate and play with the spirits Divine. The rewards of life's duties and occupations are not always the same, neither are they in proportion to the mental and physical labor performed. The happy man or woman is the one who has good health and is surrounded with simple pleasures and congenial friends and environments. These things cause the isolated cottage to be always uppermost in the mind, the cottage in which a sip of tea, a crust of bread, a flower and a ray of sunshine give true welcome, and where the tired one may take a rest and give nature time to knit up the raveled sleeve of care.

Palm Beach is located on an island, with Lake Worth on one side and the great Atlantic Ocean on the other. This island is only a few hundred feet across, but miles in length. Only a small portion has been improved. Mr. Flagler paid \$10,000 for all his land in Palm Beach. He built the Poinciana, facing Lake Worth. Back of it and facing the Atlantic Ocean, he built the Breakers. One of these hotels has 1,500 rooms, and was the largest in the world at the time it was built, and the other has 500 rooms. The former is the social center, with afternoon teas, music, song and dancing day and night. Here are the bright lights of city life in all its forms and impulses; and here is a display of rich gowns and wardrobes, jewels and beautiful women. All about are large verandas with little nooks and corners where congenial guests can coo and exchange little pleasantries as the bird of time flies by, in some cases never to return again.

The choicest words are sought, and they are spoken

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with voices so tuned as to render the sweetest music to please or suppress the true feelings of the individuals speaking. The owners of these sweet voices hope to win in the end or to discard on short notice and make a new venture. To them, nothing is real, yet all is real. It is human life—to reveal the best and conceal the worst—to tolerate or to forget. Life is one sweet dream, if we will it so, wherever our lots may be cast. Mr. Flagler knew human nature, so he built the Poinciana, knowing that women would attend the fair with millions of dollars on display, and knowing, also, that mere man would come to take a peep at the procession and humbly pay the bills. Things are now coming to his investment as he, years ago, designed and planned. Others have bought on the island, near to and all around his original purchase. Beautiful and costly residences have been built and others are being built. Some will cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Phipps's are building a magnificent residence facing the ocean. The most of the new costly homes will face the ocean. Richard Croker, of New York City, owns a mile of ocean frontage. This was purchased years ago for \$5.00 a front foot. He spends his Winters in a bungalow erected thereon, with the sunshine all about him and with the deep blue ocean for his picture in front. He is eighty years of age, or more; but he dances and cavorts around like a man of twenty-one. He is apparently no older than his young Indian wife. For exercise, he works on his lawn. White Hall is Mr. Flagler's palatial home facing on Lake Worth. It is now occupied by his widow and her new husband. Mr. Flagler erected a memorial church here, and one at Miami. The new bride and her husband attended

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church, and she was smiling and seemed quite happy. Women as well as men do get lonely at times, and act "for better or for worse." The location of this beautiful home on the lake instead of the ocean is hard to understand. The sewerage from the hotels and residences facing on the lake empties through pipes extending, not exceeding twenty feet, into the lake. As the town grows, this will become a serious menace to the health of the inhabitants. Much of the garbage is thrown back of the hotels and residences, and a slight odor is detected coming therefrom. The mosquitoes were alive; they were on the march, and making up for lost time; and they were very busy. The drinking water comes from a fresh-water lake. This is an artificial lake dug in the ground a short distance away. It supplies West Palm Beach and Palm Beach with drinking water, such as it is. The natives who are able buy distilled water, and many tourists do likewise.

The island is filled with snakes. A friend took me on an outing through the residential section. We had a trip along the ocean drive. Our automobile ran over six snakes in the residential section, without killing one. They were crossing the street from one side to the other, making a visit to a neighbor. However, I am inclined to think snakes are no worse than dogs. Fat women, slim women, short women, and young women have their pet dogs with them. When they all appear in the evening to give their dogs exercise and an airing one must pause to consider whether he is in a hotel or a kennel. Some dogs have short tails and some have long tails; some are white, some red, some black, and so on. The front feet of some bend out and then in, cause the toes to meet. I thought this funny. After watching

such a dog walk, I wanted to give it a nickel out of sympathy. Some of the dogs have pet names, and the owners of others call out, "Come, my baby." The owners lift them up, sit down in a chair and hug them closely to their bosoms as if they were children. All at once a dog has a bite, at some place on its body, possibly inflicted by a flea or "jigger" picked up in the grass. After the bite it goes mousing all over its body and possibly it has more bites than one. In due time its labors cease and it triumphantly looks up into the "mother's" face, protrudes its tongue, and kisses the fond "mother" by licking her lips, without first washing its mouth, and soon after having chased the flea all over its diminutive body.

The wheel chair and bicycle are the popular modes of conveyance for young men and women, but the old people stick to the chairs propelled by the bicycle. There are men dudes, too. They dress two or three times a day. One bachelor from New York wanted the cuffs on his trousers raised a "shadow"; so he engaged a Florida cracker to do it; he raised them a half inch and charged him \$1.75. He was mad; and the more he talked about it, the shorter they seemed to become, as he saw them. Florida is supposed to be a prohibition State, but if one joins certain clubs which exist here, he can live high. The proprietor of one of the hotels appeared one evening in full dress; and along about three o'clock in the morning, he began to break dishes. Over one hundred were destroyed, and he made so much noise that his guests across the way were disturbed. One of them arose and, picking up a slop jar filled with waste, dashed it through the window. When it struck the side-walk below, the noise could have been heard two

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blocks away. This was having a good time all around, and it was a fitting way to close one day and approach the next. The story of Palm Beach would not be complete were I to leave out the "Bradley Club." That is the club the common people attend when properly recommended, and such recommendation is not hard to obtain. Men and women in attendance must appear in full dress. Large stakes are played for, by both men and women. We know this is so, because it is estimated that the owners will clear \$1,000,000 this year. They pay the city of Palm Beach more than \$100,000 per annum for permission to operate. They have another club establishment in a quiet place. The building has the appearance of a financial institution, a bank, with massive columns in front. Here the most select are admitted,—those who do not want to be seen at the other place. Curtains are drawn, there is no music. All is quiet and secluded. No doubt a stiff gentleman's game, known only to the inner circle, is often staged there. What is \$100,000 or so to some men with choice wine and good things to eat? It is all right there; but when you are assigned at a table to partake of a simple meal as a law abiding and God-fearing individual, and you see a man toss dollars for tips to the waiters, in the open where all can see it, then and there, in your heart you pronounce him vulgar. He sets the pace that humiliates you and belittles your income. It is vulgar, and no gentleman will so advertise his gifts and charities. Such men and women make it hard for those who follow, especially for those who are educated and have refined feelings and bearings, who are much superior in every other way,—although not so fortunate in dollars and cents. They are not placed with the get-rich-quick class.

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They, or their ancestors, failed to make a lucky stroke on the stock exchange or missed out on oil, coal, coke or gas.

This tipping custom or habit is getting to be a bore and a nuisance. Hotels should abolish it; and if they desire to make a schedule of prices, let them add so much for tips for the servants they underpay. At one hotel I heard the porter, in a loud voice, directing the bell boys to refuse twenty-five cent tips and accept nothing less than fifty cents. He called out the baggage of a room number that failed to give a tip as a "dead one," and this applied to all below twenty-five cents. Fifty cents or more was called out as a good one from room so and so. All this is demoralizing and a small species of grafting which spreads into the business world and often ends in downright stealing by hard pressed servants and employes.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

West Palm Beach, Florida

IT IS hard to travel in Florida, especially in the southern part of the State, because of the lakes, swamps and everglades. The State is about 500 miles long and 150 miles wide, and three railroad systems control its transportation. They are rivals and they are autocratic in their management, charging all the traffic will bear and furnishing nothing without a charge. This makes truck gardening uncertain, for the freight charges are high and the profits are often lacking. This condition affects the citrus fruit proposition, also; and both truck gardeners and fruit growers have to contend, at every angle, with the commission dealers in fruits and foods in the large cities. These commission men are bright; they know the game and cause many a hopeful to die young and step aside for a new tourist with new funds and unblighted enthusiasm. This scheme is operated in a circle and the supply is ever increasing. P. T. Barnum said, "a sucker is born every minute"; and the truth of this statement is demonstrated here every winter. Many people lack imagination and never see the end until the cash is gone. They never know it is night until they get lost in the dark.

Only five per cent of the land in Florida is under cultivation. The soil is sandy; and without fertilization, it possesses no power to grow or sustain cultivated life. It is absolutely impossible to grow anything without putting into the soil the essentials to feed and sustain vegetable life. God has created certain forms of vegetation to exist and grow in such climates for the purpose of producing a soil which will produce the food

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necessary for human and animal life. Florida was settled too soon, by 50,000 years or more, and nature did not have time to prepare a top soil to grow things. The State has a population of about 800,000 people. These people have to contend not only with a bad soil and high freight rates, but with vermin, microbes and parasites by the billions. The air above and the soil beneath are crowded with them, and they are all bent on attacking human beings and animal and vegetable life. Nothing escapes. There is something devoting itself to the destruction and consumption of everything that exists or attempts to live. Life is one constant struggle. This is what they have to pay for sunshine and the mild Winters. A fly eats the lettuce. A weevil eats the corn in the field; the same insect follows it to the crib and when the corn is ground up, this destructive creature is found in the bin. It will destroy corn in six months. No Florida corn can be bought in the feed stores. All of it is shipped from the North. A white fly eats the orange leaves and discolors the orange by making it black. Another insect eats into the skin of the orange, making it rough. The natives then call it the rustie orange and try to make the purchaser believe that it is another species. A scale and a scab go after the life of the orange tree; a red spider does much damage also. Moss, an air plant, lights down to crush the life out of the tree. Then a worm or grub goes after the roots, and they call this dry rot. With Jack Frost to combat and with a market first up and then down, the growing of oranges is lively and interesting. Then, too, the orange growers of Florida are negligent in the care and attention given to their groves. This gives the enemies full swing, and when they have finished in one grove they move over

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to a neighboring one for a friendly call. After a ten-years' experience, you will know more than you did at the beginning, unless you have disposed of your grove in the meantime to some tourist "lamb" who is "wise" and wants to invest—that is reduce—his surplus. The ground must be fertilized, and this costs from \$50 to \$300 an acre. If you fertilize to-day and a big rain falls to-morrow or next day, your fertilizer goes into the sand and you have to do it over again. Irrigation, in places and at times, is necessary, although the average annual rainfall in the State is about sixty-five inches.

The kind of fertilizer to be used varies with the land you are cultivating and the kind of things you are trying to grow. Too much, too little or wrong proportions will affect the flavor and quality of the food. You are compelled to be guided by a chemist, a wise man who will keep track of your soil from time to time for a reasonable compensation. Clover, blue grass, alfalfa, timothy, oats, wheat, rye and barley cannot be produced in the State, for they will not grow. This makes diversification of crops an impossibility and constant fertilization an absolute necessity. The corn weevil eliminates corn, commercially. This eliminates Florida in the production of animal foods. Her wealth is reduced to citrus fruits, vegetables and tourists. In the latter she has promise of great future wealth as the population of the United States increases. She has a monopoly in vegetables for four months of the Winter season. Only two grasses will grow on lawns and golf grounds,—St. Augustine and Bermuda. For stock feed, she produces cowpeas, hay, sorghum, velvet beans, soy beans, peanuts, sugar cane, Natal hay, Kudzn and Kaffir corn. Most of these feeds have to struggle to escape being

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destroyed by pests and parasites. Sugar cane is destroyed by a worm that bores into the center of the stock. Caterpillars and moths get after the velvet bean. So it is with vegetables. The Salamander destroys the sweet potato; insects frolic in the cabbage, the celery, the onions, etc; while the cane borer, the weevil borer, the frog-hop, bugs and mites, are ever present. Horses cannot live on the feed that grows in Florida. Nearly all that is given them comes from the North. The horses are so reduced, in a short time, that they look as if they were near the boneyard. Mules get along much better. So with the dairies. Feed for the cows must be shipped in. This makes milk and butter expensive. The making of dairy products is out of the question. The tick sucks the life blood out of the cattle. As you drive over the ranges you will see cattle just able to stand up. Occasionally one gets so weak that it is unable to rise, so it tears up the ground and in a short time dies from the neglect of man. The tick can be eliminated if the owners will follow the instructions of the Government. The razor-back hog runs wild and makes its own living, eating nuts, snakes, roots and grasses. It weighs from 70 to 120 pounds, and makes good bacon. All the hogs are black, as none but dark colored hogs can live in the climate on account of the excessive heat. Berkshires, Poland-Chinas, Jerseys and such breeds are doing fairly well on food shipped in from the outside. This makes pork expensive. Native feed, such as peanuts, potatoes and beans, does not produce the same kind of meat that corn produces. The meat is soft and flabby. The native beef is the same, on account of the same conditions; and the carcass does not weigh more than from 300 to 500 pounds. This gives to the natives a cheaper meat

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than can be obtained from the corn-fed cattle, but it is inferior in quality and flavor. It is the poor man's meat, and it is unwise for Florida to do anything more than try to supply the wants of those who are unable to pay for the higher grades. The State does produce large quantities of Irish and sweet potatoes, peppers, beans, egg plant, onions, cabbage, cucumbers, strawberries, radishes, beets, lettuce, celery, pineapples, sugar cane, rice, tobacco and cotton. The products of the soil of Florida amount to about \$70,000,000 per annum.

These things are produced in the central and southern sections of the State. The tomato and pepper section is just north of Miami, and pine apples are produced, by the mile, south of West Palm Beach. The same root will produce a pineapple each year for several years. They, like tomatoes and peppers, are tender and easily injured by frost. The production of the pecan is not profitable. The grapefruit is the finest in the world, but the crops are too large and the prices too low. They are also as susceptible to frost as oranges. Next to the tourists and the parasites, Irish potatoes seem to be the most sure crop. The sand flies, the sand fleas, the mosquitoes and the common fly are the tourists' companions. They are here by the billions, and he can take some of them to bed with him every night. Some are very nice for they do not sing or give any warning; they simply make you aware that you are not at home.

West Palm Beach is a town of from 5,000 to 6,000 people, located on Lake Worth, an expansion of the Indian River. It divides this city from Palm Beach, which is located on the opposite side of the lake. The tourists, in appearance, resemble those that stop at St. Petersburg. This town has some creditable stores and

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is more of a commercial center than Palm Beach. The hotels are more like boarding houses and the cooking is better, but accommodations are limited and tourists are held up the same as elsewhere.

Marl soil is simply limestone disintegrated. Muck soil, or marl, is largely made from idle weeds which grow and make muck. This is the character of the soil in the Everglades. In a few months, it will grow two feet in diameter, and sometimes it grows twenty feet high, then falls over and dies. Poison dew gets on grasses and affects the corn also. This is bad for stock, especially horses. During the Winter season the different counties have fairs. Horses are seldom seen. The exhibits consist of fruit and vegetables, poultry, cattle and hogs. Most of the poultry, cattle and hogs come from the Northern States. Some have been here a few months longer than others, and these are taken from county to county and exhibited as Florida cattle, etc., for the benefit of the tourists, most of whom never worked on a farm and know little about stock. They are used like a mascot and no doubt produce results by causing tourists to make "permanent investments"—of the unjudicious and unprofitable kind. Fine live stock cannot be produced in this State because of the character of the feed. Even poultry must have feed shipped in from the North.

On the road to West Palm Beach we stopped at Titusville, a town of possibly 800 people. This is the famous Indian River Section, which is considered the best for fruit in Florida. A man told me he felt sure Mr. Thomas Taggart of Indiana had a famous spring which cured rheumatism, gout and old age. He believed "Tom" emptied Epsom Salt into this spring by

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the carload and that this was really doing the work. However that may be, the hotel where I stopped had a spring that contained Epsom Salt, for the proprietor told me it was as good as Tom Taggart's. I drank plenty, and I concluded he was a wise old lad and knew what the people needed. The method was immaterial so long as results were obtained. The sewers emptied into the lake; garbage is thrown out over the fence; and drinking water is rain water held in cisterns. The buzzards are numerous.

An island just across the lake is occupied by many truck gardeners. Melbourne is a small town not far below. On one occasion a fire broke out on the island in the pine woods; and snakes of all kinds, especially diamond rattlesnakes, started for the water and began to swim towards the town of Melbourne, causing almost a riot among the people. As they swam they held their heads as well as their tails above water; they did not want to get their rattlers wet. The timber and swamps of Florida are filled with snakes, the diamond rattle-snake and the moccasin being the most dangerous. Many hunters lose their bird dogs as a result of snake bites. Many of the natives wear leggings to escape the snakes. Some of these snakes are seven and eight feet long, and can swallow a rabbit at one meal.

Our itinerary next brings us to Coaco and Lockridge, two good tourist towns on the Indian river. These towns have good hotels. Fort Pierce, with its famous mosquitoes, is not far away. The harvest of tourists was so bountiful in the Winter of 1916-1917 that these towns charged from \$5 to \$10 a night and smiled as if they never expected to get another chance. The next place is Stuart, a few miles north of West Palm Beach.

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This is where President Cleveland, one of the best Presidents the United States ever had, and Joseph Jefferson, like whom there never was another, met to throw in the line, smoke and tell true stories about fish. This established its reputation. It is a pleasant town, where fishermen alone congregate for sport. George W. Perkins, the Moose, has a fine home on an island in the river here. The climate is fine and the catches are good.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Miami, Florida

FROM Palm Beach it is sixty-six miles to Miami, one of the most popular tourist towns in the State. It has a population of about 20,000. It is not an old town, Mr. Flagler's enterprises having made it possible. Many of the buildings are of the latest designs and modern, and there is a tendency to build them of white material with a roof of red tile. This gives a beautiful, pleasing contrast; and, if carried out extensively in the future, it will make Miami one of the most attractive as well as one of the finest wintering towns in America. The streets should be widened, grades should be made better, and excessively high buildings should be prohibited. No building should be more than four or five stories in height. Miami cannot and should not be made a commercial or manufacturing town. It would be easy to make it a Winter garden of beauty and luxury, perfect in design and finish, with fine shops and trading stores and with delightful houses, whose big lawns would be restful, simple and pleasing to the eye. These lawns should be kept clean and made attractive with tropical plants, flowers and shrubbery, artistically placed and arranged. Miami should employ a landscape artist to make the beginning and setting right. Beauty brings riches, wealth and the multitude. Mr. Flagler had this conception of Miami; and he purchased the finest site there and erected thereon one of the most home-like hotels in America. This hotel is well managed, and the treatment of guests is most gracious and pleasing. The grounds are commanding and beautiful, with palms and tropical plants, flowers, etc., and it is well named

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the Royal Palm. A mound existed where the hotel is built, and on this spot the Seminole Indians once met and planned. It was used as the chief home of the tribe. It had to be removed to make room for the hotel. The Miami River empties into Biscayne Bay at the back of the hotel grounds, and the bay spreads out for three miles to the east. This made it a very fitting place for Chief Osceola and his tribe.

The sanitation is not the best. The sewers empty into the bay only a few feet away from the residences. The bay is substantially a stationary body of water. In time, as the population increases, evils will come from this policy. The drinking water is obtained from wells dug within the corporate limits at a depth of 800 feet. Because of the high price of fertilizers, the garbage is hauled out and spread upon the farm lands, and possibly some does not go out very far. Around every town in Florida, you see one thing that is not pleasing to strangers or visitors. It is the buzzards in the air. Buzzards are useful for one thing only,—to pick up the filth; and they stay around where it exists. Miami should cause them to move to Palm Beach; or at least they should be induced to leave Miami. Good water and sanitary disposal of sewerage and garbage are essential to the health and progress of every town. I saw buzzards at Tampa, Lakeland, Orlando, Palm Beach, and in every town I visited; but I was disappointed when I saw them in the beautiful little town of Miami.

Some tourists made unkind remarks about the hotels, rooming houses and restaurants. These remarks were justifiable, for, with some exceptions, they charged exorbitantly for the services rendered, and the cooking was miserable. A man and wife in little cheap hotels

MIAMI, FLORIDA

were charged as high as \$18 a night. One woman and child were charged \$6 for an inside room without a window. This spirit prevails all over the State. California never treats its tourists that way. It deals with them on the square, and gives them the best things to eat in the world. Hotels, rooming places, and restaurants make but little advances in the tourist season. But many Floridians "bagged" all the game they could get, and in some cases their charges were only this side of highway robbery. Many hotels had no schedule of prices, but "shook you down" for all you would stand. Hence many tourists remarked: "There are many buzzards in the air and many buzzards on the ground, and those in the air are smaller than those on the ground." The Flagler hotels are not in this class. They have strictly one price to all, give you good things to eat and the "choicest things" all around you to select from. The only question to be answered is, "Can I afford to stay and pay the regular rate?"

In this respect, Miami is no exception to the other towns in the State. However, new modern hotels and apartment buildings are being built, and this will improve these conditions in the future. It has electric light, water and gas, and a street railway with three miles of track and six cars. It contains six banks with a deposit of \$10,000,000, a good percentage of which belongs to tourists. The town is less than five feet above sea level. This makes the drainage problem more difficult to handle. The Everglades surround the town and extend as far north as Palm Beach and west almost to the Gulf of Mexico. They consist of nearly 2,000,000 acres of land that are nothing more than a swamp. A large portion of this area is covered with water and in

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some cases the water is two to three feet deep. All the water in Florida is subterranean,— that is it seeps down through the sand and appears at a lower level in the form of a swamp or a lake. The State is thus filled with lakes and flowing springs, some of which are very large giving forth a volume of water sufficient to form a small river. Lake Okeechobee, just west of Palm Beach, with a length of sixty-five miles and a width of thirty-five miles, is a menace in rainy seasons to the land for miles all around it, for it not only overflows, but also causes much seepage to find its way there from under ground. The State is trying to overcome this by tapping the lake with canals ten feet deep by sixty feet wide. Six of these canals have already been constructed and have materially reduced the volume of water in the lake, especially during dry periods. In time, the Everglades will be drained.

Carl Fisher, Hannan, the shoeman, and another gentleman went over on the Beach and are expending large sums of money to make that section a fine residential place. Each has erected a costly and magnificent home, and they are now talking of erecting a \$1,000,000 hotel. If these men continue in this line, and do the things they say they are going to do, they will make the Beach one of the finest water resorts in America. The climate and the ocean with its sandy beach move these men to spend large sums of money for the pleasure and amusement of the public, and the public in the end pays the bill for being satisfied.

William J. Bryan has a simple modest home just north of the city. His home is well surrounded by beauty and wealth, and, if environments have anything to do with a man's thinking capacity, he ought to think

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good thoughts. Mr. Dearing, just around the corner from Bryan, has about 200 acres upon which he is building a home, with other improvements, costing \$2,500,000. He is a single man about fifty years of age and a member of the International Harvester Trust. He can entertain Bryan, and I am sure Bryan can entertain him. Why this young man is expending so much for a home no one knows. He has made a canal to run along the side of his residence so he can embark from his yacht without much exertion. His father would never have done this. Possibly this is why Bryan is strong to tax the "unearned increment and excessive profits." It is said that in early days the pirates made a cave in the bank not far from Bryan's residence. From this cave, they obtained fresh drinking water to strengthen them to pursue the rich and make them disgorge their supposed wealth. Possibly Bryan had some design or motive in getting near the "Punch Bowl," for that is what it is called. Perhaps he wanted to get inspiration so he would have the strength to get after the idle rich and make them deliver to the public, for the good of the public, the surplus for which they have no particular use, except to do further "harm." The cave has steps built and one can still pass in and out with ease.

You cannot suppress the real estate man. He has subdivided acreage into lots out as far as eight and ten miles; and if the purchaser undertook to locate his lot he would get lost in the swamps. They call some of them "nigger lots," that is, they are twenty-five feet in width. These are auctioned off every afternoon and evening, for what they will bring. They value them at \$40 each. The women are given a box of candy and

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while they bite the candy the men bite the lots as a "venture." This is a long time "investment." Six lots are made from one acre. Land values and lot values are up so high they are seeking admission in the place above. Agriculturally and horticulturally speaking, all land in Florida is worthless, except as a place to stand on and keep out of the water. No fruits or foods grow here without fertilization, and some land requires more fertilizing than others.

The pepper and tomato section is about fifteen miles north. Peters is called the "Tomato King." Years ago he began truck gardening. Conditions were favorable at first, and fortune smiled on him. Now if he loses, he is out his fertilizers, labor and seed. If he wins he makes a "killing." This year he has eight hundred acres in tomatoes, planted since the February, 1917, frost. He raises other vegetables and is an extensive operator in many lines. His success has ruined hundreds of imitators, who failed because of their lack of knowledge, lack of funds, and lack of proper conditions, prices being up one year and down the next. Towns and scores of farm houses have been vacated. The frost destroyed the tomatoes and peppers in December, 1916. The new crop in February, 1917, went the same way; and another has been started. The evidence of wealth from elsewhere abounds all around. Thirty or more private yachts are anchored in the bay.

Many private cars are on the sidetracks. Diamonds are as thick as strawberries in a box. Buildings and improvements have been erected from money made elsewhere, where snow and ice and cold and the four seasons frolic and play with one another—tag as it were. Such is life—a struggle.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

Key West, Florida

FROM Miami to Key West it is 156 miles. The route is on one of the most interesting railroads, through land and over water and islands. For uniqueness and daring of enterprise, this road is surpassed nowhere in the world. We pass through the swamps of the southern part of the Everglades for miles upon miles; and we go through Florida City, Homestead, and other places where some pioneers have settled and are attempting to conquer and overcome many obstacles and to make the land blossom into flowers and bring forth fruits and foods so plentifully as to reward their hardships by giving them a competence. It takes courage and faith in the future for individuals of moderate means to isolate themselves thus. Here are men who have struggled along until they have reached old age. Their youth and life and enthusiasm are all behind them; and now they are waiting for the final call to end the failures and disappointments they have met, experienced and mostly forgotten. As we glide along these swamps we notice that they are covered with saw grass and scrubby bushes. The soil is saturated with water and in places the water is collected in pools on the surface. The land is treeless and without animal life. Many years ago, it was pushed just a foot or so above the sea by an earthquake. Next we pass onto the water over a concrete trestle, a continuous bridge built on the solid rock of the ocean, the water, in some places, being thirty feet deep. We go from island or key to key, some of the islands being seven miles apart and others not so far.

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Strong arch-like constructions of solid masonry make the track as safe as on land. The length of the road is about seventy miles, and it cost millions of dollars. The framework extends about three feet on each side of the rails. In one place, a drawbridge was built to protect navigation. Along the track on the keys, small villages are established where section men who look after the track have built their homes. Much of the limestone or concrete was obtained from the bottom of the sea, temporary tracks being built out along the side where steam shovels would dig down and bring it up. One peculiar characteristic of this material is that it hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. Jetties of the same material are placed along the track in places to protect the road bed from damage by sea storms. And thus the energy and wealth of Henry M. Flagler, Standard Oil money, was invested to further commerce, to cause new enterprises to spring up and develop a barren waste and make it rich in the production of fruits and vegetables and foods for all mankind. Thus was this "tainted" money invested to make foods more plentiful and living less expensive.

In the forenoon we arrived safely, by rail, at Key West. This is a town of about 20,000 people, located on one of the larger Florida keys, an island about one mile wide and seven miles long. This town is very old; and the buildings, hotels and dwellings, do not deceive their looks. They are odd in construction, and most of them were painted when first built and have not been painted since. They have porches and awnings and piazzas of Spanish designs; and there are closed blinds at the windows so that the occupants, like typical Spaniards, are hidden from public view in the privacy of their homes. However, in the evening twilight they venture

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

out for fresh air and to see the activity without. The population is mixed. It comprises many Cubans, some Spanish, colored people, and the Florida "Crackers." Tourists, mostly, make it a one or two days' stand. It is the starting point for Havana, Cuba, Tampa and New Orleans. This travel is quite heavy during the winter months. The hotel accommodations are very poor, otherwise it might become a popular tourist point; for the climate is fine, the temperature seldom going below fifty or rising above ninety, and there is a fine breeze at night, permitting rest and sleep. It is also a naval station with extensive fortifications, a marine hospital and barracks of the United States Government, with a small body of officers and men in charge. These men walking about the city in their uniforms add tone and make an addition to the social and business life of the town. This is needed, for the town is quite dead. All the visitor can do is to go to the swimming pool or the ocean and bathe; and this is quite fortunate, for the hotels are devoid of the luxuries of bathing privileges. As "cleanliness is next to godliness" one would not be in this town if it were not for the gulf and the ocean. These enable him to keep a clean body, and a clean body does help quite materially to keep the mind clean. The other diversion is dancing, and the girls could not exist without the blessed privilege of dancing. With good motives, this is one of the noblest accomplishments; it gives elasticity to the step and grace and beauty to the movement of the body, and these create and encourage the refining graces.

A few invalids have congregated here because of the climate, yet it is a healthy town and there are few deaths. Only one undertaker is here, and he does only a fair

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business. However, they have plenty of lawyers, dentists and doctors. I think they are here mostly for their own health, rather than business. The sanitary condition of the town is not the best. The drinking water is rain water, held in cisterns. The sewer system is the gutter along the side-walk. New England and Northern cities would mob the city council in twenty-four hours if such disposition of the sewage were attempted as here. I have often felt that some people live and get fat on smells of filth which is all around them, while other people worry themselves sick over the microbes that promenade around in silk hats, canes and white shoes, allowing these things to drive them into sleepless nights and the insane asylum. Be this as it may, I object to the sewer being my companion day and night. I want the microbes to battle with one another and not with me. On this subject I am with William J. Bryan's "peace at any cost." The garbage is thrown in barrels placed anywhere out of the way, and when they are filled the contents are removed and burned. Nothing is raised or grown on the island. All food and raw material are shipped in. But few factories are here except cigar factories and they are small. About 4,000 persons are employed in these factories and the pay-roll amounts to about \$40,000 a week. This is the chief industry and the life of the town.

All the tobacco comes from Cuba. They use no Florida tobacco. They claim the Cuban tobacco is superior in texture and flavor because of the better soil and climate existing there. The Florida leaf, when wrapped around a cigar, in a very short time becomes dry and brittle and then cracks, causing loss and dissatisfaction. To keep for any length of time, they must be moist. This is not the case with the Cuban tobacco.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

A few years ago, Tampa offered land and cash to many of the factories here. This offer was accepted, and it resulted in loss to Key West and gain to Tampa. The business is not growing here. Another industry, which extends up the coast, is hunting for sponges. A fine sponge is found here and placed on the market. The coral and the sponge, both members of the animal kingdom, go hand in hand. The sponge grows at the bottom of the sea. It is dirty and hard when found. It is taken and cleaned with fresh water, and is beaten and treated until it becomes soft and elastic and fit for market. There are several species, of all shapes and sizes, some resembling coral rock, which is the secretion of tiny sea animals. These strange creatures feed and live in the seas, and the sponge goes to the bathroom and serves many wants of man; while the coral makes a solid rock foundation, to form islands, and enable a Flagler to build a railroad into the sea. Before he did this, his road was a losing proposition. When it was completed he was within ninety miles of the rich islands of the West Indies. He put on one barge, then two barges, and ran trains loaded with freight by barge transportation to and from Havana; and his road started on to financial success. Thus the coral and island keys, with millions of dollars to command and use them, are in the service of mankind for its good, benefit and welfare. So it is with all things divine, if we can learn to know and use them with wisdom and for some useful, definite purpose. The keys are so numerous that they become dangerous to navigation in case of storms. Around Key West many storms occur, many ships become helpless at sea, and some are lost. The danger is so frequent and great that fifty ships

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with crews are located at Key West to be on guard day and night to help vessels in distress. This being a distributing point, many ships call at and leave its port.

The island is less than fifteen feet above the sea. Fish and sharks are plentiful and give the fisherman much sport. Up toward Fort Myers, the tarpon abound. That is not far from this town. Turtles are obtained here in commercial quantities.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA

Sarasota, Florida

THIS town has a population of about 4,000 people. It is very much like other towns in this State. It is located near the Gulf and north from Fort Myers. The latter city is on the river about fifteen miles from the Gulf, and has a population of about 6,000 people.

Not far away Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago purchased a large body of land which she is dividing into small tracts and selling to tourists. Of course the "Crackers" have no money, and Mrs. Palmer is not slow to capitalize her prestige and convert her investment into cash at an advanced price. She is doing the same as many men would do except that she hopes to make it a social centre as well as profitable to those who buy. She says privately that this State would be the best in the Union if it were not for the vermin, pests and parasites. Now she is possibly speaking climatically, for the climate produces these pests and parasites by the millions. They prey upon everything that lives and grows, and there is no way to escape or exterminate them. For every one you kill there are many more which take its place. You have to stand and fight for your right to live, and the struggle is not in a good cause. Many tourists make this point in the Winter season, for the West coast is milder than the East coast.

Fort Myers is really its rival, for Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and others have built themselves winter homes there, and it is becoming noted for its tarpon and devil fishing advantages. Even ex-President Roosevelt visits this place for this kind of sport and has the reputation of catching these game fish. Fisherman put forth

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so many claims and have told so many stories about fish and fishing that in these latter days proper evidence, under oath, is required by the multitude before the stories are accepted as truths. I have no doubt Roosevelt has the proper evidence, for he seems to be always loaded when attacked and puts up a defense that many readily believe without further argument.

As for Henry Ford, he is for peace at any price and would not engage in taking life, not even the life of a fish. He prefers his properly dressed and cooked awaiting him in the dining room for the regular, customary introduction.

And as for Thomas A. Edison, there is only one Thomas A. Edison. He says but little, thinks much and takes things as they come. If the proposition looks good to him, it has his approval; and he adopts it and uses it regardless of sources or consequences. They say he loves to fish whether on the water or in the laboratory. Quiet people are said to be good fishermen.

While at Orlando, I attended a colored church meeting. It was an awakening of the people in the interest of the Lord. They say the natives at Orlando are very religious. I believe it is the only town in the State that has a Unitarian church.

The meeting was devoted to song and prayer. The songs, with colored voices rendering the music, made it truly a religious meeting without prayer. There is a volume and melody in their singing that appeals to you and makes you feel better if you are inclined toward depression of spirits. Some of the members were touched very much, especially one colored brother with snowy white locks, who stood up and asked the brethren and sisters to join him in prayer.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA

With a strong, melodious voice he started out with the usual supplications; and after getting warmed up, he said, "Lord, come down among us to-night, right with us, and help us fight our battles with the devil. Give us strength and courage. Do not send your Son, for the children of this age are disobedient and disrespectful to their parents. They are lazy and indolent, given to dress and display and wasteful habits. Come down Yourself. Do not take the time to open the door, but come right down through the roof, through the shingles, and join us in this meeting, for we want you and need you."

Being in this prayer-meeting reminded me of my visit to the Animal Garden at Jacksonville, Florida, where I saw some people neither natives nor tourists. They were very interesting to me, so much so that I spent the afternoon making a study of them. They were in a house with a roof and open sides, with rods running up and down, the space being divided into three rooms.

In the first dwelling was a baboon, a large, black, homely creature, strong as an ox. He frequently stood in an upright position and gazed on his descendants outside around and about him. He was alone in the world, having no lady companion to share his abode with him. When tired of standing, he would sit down and occasionally walk around his room. He gave forth the spirit of restless discontent at times, yet seemed quite indifferent to his surroundings.

But every time a certain large colored woman would approach, with a big white apron on a bib, he would spring to the side of the cage and grasp the iron bars and shake them so hard in an effort to get out that one would think his dwelling house would fall down. He would gaze at her affectionately, showing his manly disposition,

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struggling to get free, apparently, so he could be her shield and protector for better or for worse.

What did it all mean? A nickel for his thoughts. Was he taken back to his native home in the woods where his youthful days were spent with his own people, who were on this earth before man?

The occupants of the home adjoining were still more interesting to me. It was a happy family of father, mother, son and baby. Their actions toward one another, in their natural domestic simplicity, were, at times, quite striking and much like the actions of the members of the human family. The father acted the part of the head of the family. He was grouchy and dictatorial at times, then again affectionate and conciliatory. Occasionally he would assume the responsibility of correcting the baby by some form of punishment. It would cry and run to its mother, who would take it up in her arms and protect it against the wrath of its father. At times the two would almost come to blows, when the mother would take her baby and ascend a ladder to the roof and enter a small cage. The father never attempted to follow her, but went to one corner of the room and lay down. Shortly, the baby would venture out, cautiously and carefully, making a survey of the surroundings and he would be closely followed by the mother. They both would descend, and from all appearances were ready and willing to receive callers.

These family disturbances were frequent, and sometimes aroused other members of the family. The grown son had not forgotten the warm embraces of his mother, and occasionally, when the baby was away engaged in its frolics, he would steal over to his mother who would take him in her arms and embrace him affectionately.

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Soon the baby would see that his brother was most likely trying to supplant him in his mother's affection and he would forthwith rush over and crawl between the mother and son; and if the son did not move out of the way, the baby would bite him. Then he would make his getaway quickly and turn and look indignantly at the little baby. This seemed to be the length of his disapproval. The mother would embrace her baby affectionately and look over to her son kindly. This kindly look and this loving embrace endeared her to them both and made the domestic circle once more united and happy. The mother was the domestic chain that bound them all as one. Though strong and just, she was not always equitable or for the best. However, she always meant well.

This daily life becomes monotonous to mothers and they often, like all other creatures, desire and long for some diversion. They often want to free themselves, for a short time only, to get away from their surroundings, and see and enjoy other phases of life, if only to go to a "movie." This is natural and good for them, and it keeps them well physically, intellectually and morally. They return with a new spirit in their life and the thoughts uppermost in their minds are their home and their children. When diversions are scarce then they should have some license, at least innocent liberties.

In the partition, about two feet up, between the baboon and this family, was a knothole. The mother on two occasions stood up and tried to peep through the knothole at the baboon, possibly to see what kind of a man he was, for I am sure she had no other acquaintance with him, otherwise her curiosity would not have been aroused. The knothole was not any too large and she was not the cause of its being there.

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The father, apparently, was paying no attention to the mother; but on each of these occasions he discovered her trying to peep through the hole at the baboon, and each time he deliberately went over and began to box the mother's ears. She turned, and the family spat was on. It was quickly over, but the father evidently insisted that the mother's conduct must be above criticism, at least "above suspicion," so long as he had the duty of maintaining the family honor.

Almost immediately after the second episode, a big truck dashed up near by, loaded with sand; and, owing to a heavy rain, the ground was soft and it mired down. The chauffeur tried hard to move it on and made the engine explode fast and loud. The little family became excited and gathered near the side facing the truck. It saw something new and strange.

The mother took a position sitting up, with her baby clasped tightly to her breast. The father took a like position on her left and the grown son did likewise on her right; and thus the family group united in a common interest in wonderment at the devil machine without. All their faces with a look of distress and fear were gazing out to see what would happen next. After a few minutes the baby arose and ascended the cage and looked over the peoples' heads, watching for some time. It finally descended, and on its report the family returned to its accustomed pursuits, satisfied that no harm was coming to the members of that household—only a household of monkeys.

How like human beings in actions, deeds, impulses and sentiment the members of this family seemed to be! No wonder Darwin observed, and wrote thoughts worthy of a great man for the benefit of the human

race. "Know thyself," is the great study of mankind, yet we know so little.

In the next home, alone and lonely, was a monkey who offered a lesson full of meaning, sad and impressive, for all. A saloon keeper in the city once owned it and kept it in his saloon as a pet. While it was there he taught it to drink beer, and in time it became addicted to the drink and insisted on having its refreshment. The habit grew on it, and it drank much and often. It required a quart of beer at a time. This was great sport for the saloon habitués.

It had become palsied. Yet it was not so old. Its arms trembled so badly that it was unable to put its hands to its mouth and hold its food long enough so it could bite it. Human like, it would walk over to a post or rod and place both hands holding the food against it; then lean the head forward and eat. This kept the food in its place, and thus it had to live. Sometimes it would use the floor for this purpose. Its nervous system was a wreck, and it was waiting to die. It still retained its spirit in every way, but physically it was gone. Its hands were beyond its control from abuse of its body. So with many people. By neglect and abuse of the body in many ways they end as this poor monkey had ended, a physical wreck. Young men should profit by the mistakes of others. They should observe the laws of health and be temperate in all things; and they will grow old beautifully and grandly, in possession of all their faculties.

Fort Myers, Florida

ON MY way from Savannah, Georgia, to Jacksonville, Florida, I secured accommodations in the Pullman, the porter taking my grips and showing me a seat. Seeing an overcoat on the seat, I remarked that it was occupied. He replied that we would have to double up, and I said that it was all right with me. I rode for miles and miles with no one in the seat with me. Finally a little man—little in more ways than one—entered the car. He gave every appearance of having neuralgia in the stomach. When I saw him approaching, I just felt he was the card I had drawn and was ready to expect almost anything from such a human being. His body was bent and he had a thin small face,—a face that had never smiled, not even when reflected in a looking-glass. He was the sort of individual whose wife and children are relieved when the door closes in the morning after him and regret that the days are so short. They never want to see him return, because he brings into the family circle rains and storms instead of sunshine and flowers. You have known such men; you know them when you see them.

Sure enough he was to be my “partner,” and as his coat lay next to the window he was accorded full possession of that end of the seat. As he sat down, he put his right foot on the steam pipes and crowded over next to me with his left elbow resting in my side on a line parallel with my stomach. He said nothing. I said nothing. I did not know how he felt, but imagined his feelings. I was amused, and enjoyed the situation

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immensely. After an hour or so, he leaned over on his left elbow and pressed down harder on my vitals. This caused me to abandon my "watchful waiting" and to twist my right arm in such a way that he went "ker-chug" against the side of the car. The jolt was sufficient, and the war of words began. He said he had bought that seat from New York City to Jacksonville and that I had no right therein. I told him that I had purchased my seat from the conductor of the train, that I had paid for it, and that the porter had arranged for me to occupy it. He said I could not sit there, but must sit opposite him. This I told him I would not do, not for fifty dollars a day, for his face and disposition would affect my appendix, and I dreaded surgeons and doctors and avoided all steps leading into their hands.

He finally got excited, and I informed him that I was a crazy man escaping and that if he did not cease talking I would throw him out of the window. His remedy was to appeal to the officers of the train. This he did; and the conductor, mild and gentle, came, heard his story and decided against me. I informed the conductor that I was there by his direction, that he was mistaken, and that he showed himself unfamiliar with the rules of the Pullman Company and the legal rights we each possessed. I told him the stranger bought a lower berth from New York City to Jacksonville, to stay in at night only, and that during the day the Pullman Company made him a present of one seat, reserving the right to sell the other three seats if the upper berth was unoccupied and the vacant seats were undisposed of. I stated that I did not desire to keep the seat if he would find another like it, but that otherwise I would insist upon the return of my money. The

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conductor then found another seat and called to me to take it. When I arose to do so, a gentleman claimed it for a lady. Thereupon I undertook to sit down in my former seat and discovered that my rival had lain down with his head resting where my body found comfort amidships. It was amusing to see him squirm and twist to get released. I weigh 225 pounds and am slow in movement. On this occasion I was *very* slow. I was enjoying myself. This was a New York City tourist. I afterwards met some charming people from New York City, but Wall Street has really given that city a bad name, and the market must have gone against this fellow. You meet a few like him occasionally everywhere. God permits them to live so that others can see their meanness and thus make themselves better men and women.

Once, sitting at a table in the dining-room of a very fine hotel, a Boston broker was seated to my left. He dressed well, and was bright and very democratic and independent. He had an aversion to tipping the servants around the hotel, although he was well able to do so, as I learned later. He took a dislike to our waiter, a colored man, and ignored the custom of materially increasing the cost of a meal by remembering the waiter. No one can give a just reason for this practice, especially when the hotel management is collecting eight or ten dollars a day from each guest, but at every meal I noticed that something was missing from this man's plate. He needed a spoon, a fork, a knife, or something. One beautiful evening when the guests at dinner were in full dress, when the lights were shining brighter than usual on flowers and rich furnishings and when everything was in harmony, the broker

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appeared and took his seat late. Most of the guests had been served. He gave his order and was served, whereupon he discovered that he was short a fork. He looked everywhere for his waiter, who stood about twelve feet behind him; but he was unable to locate him. He then leaned back and whistled! Well, the head waiter, his first and second assistants, and the broker's own waiter with two or three others rushed to the table to find out the trouble. It was nothing but a fork lacking. But the shock! To think of such an occurrence in the midst of all this elegance, refinement, fashion and display of beautiful gowns and diamonds! The result was that always afterward he received the most careful attention, even though he still refused to tip.

After all, it was only rudeness, a resenting of the imposition of the hotel management in the person of a waiter. He thought he was underpaid, and no doubt he was. Travelers are imposed upon often and in many ways; and it is a credit and an honor to stand up for their rights in a firm, dignified manner. Their doing so protects travelers who follow after them.

At another hotel, where there was elegance and refinement all around, I sat near a man of fifty summers, more or less, who, with his family, was at dinner. They were well decorated with jewels and handsome gowns, and he had a diamond stud large and most brilliant. He persisted in taking his fork and stirring the little pieces of ice in his drinking glass, evidently wanting every drop of water to come in contact with the ice. It was so quiet in the room that the click of the ice against the glass made as much noise as the young man on the street working his "cut out" late at night.

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So the traveler meets all kinds and classes of people from everywhere. Some are up to-day and down to-morrow, and there are some who have risen to affluence so suddenly that the evidences of their early trials and tribulations are still with them. I do not understand why people who become rich suddenly make haste for the latest fashions. Such fashions fail to harmonize with their walk, their habits or their previous training. In almost every case, such people cover themselves with jewelry, especially diamonds. It is often amusing. They are not transformed, but deformed. Often they are only the movies, yet quite sensitive as to their social standing and position in life. The Florida hotels present all phases of life in the Winter season, both the serious and the humorous. I never saw anywhere, in my life, so many old men with young wives. The old fellows think they are young. Each one has divorced the wife of his youth or she has passed on and left him alone. In most instances they have riches. Now a gay old man with riches is a dangerous animal to be permitted to run at large. Most of these old fellows are from the New England States. Of course munitions of war, oil, gas, iron and coke have changed things in many places in all the States of New England. I recall one old man near seventy with a wife of thirty, and their two children. He was taking muscular exercise on all occasions. When his wife would enter a store to shop, he would remain on the side-walk. He would stand on his toes, then he would raise his arms and bring them down slowly with the muscles taut; and, in his own mind, he was as good as he ever was. He would smile when the older boy would call him "daddy." He had to be helped into his automobile. They were, after all,

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quite alone. And many such inconsistent couples are to be seen in Florida during the Winter season. When they pass by, the women smile and the men think and grin. Possibly they will be equally as foolish in advanced age. "There is no fool like the old fool."

Tampa, Florida

THE town of Tampa is the best commercial city in the State. It has a population of about 80,000, 70 per cent of whom are white and 30 per cent black. Sixty per cent of the population are foreigners, such as Cubans and Spaniards. It was founded in 1539 and is a seaport with a harbor of about twenty feet of water. The Plant, or Atlantic Coast Railroad, developed the Gulf Coast of Florida and made Tampa the commercial center. Because of its advantages and central location, this city has prospects of substantial growth in the future. It lies across Tampa Bay, opposite St. Petersburg, the doorway to the best citrus fruit lands in the State. It is only a few feet above the Gulf.

The city has some good business houses and firms in all lines of business, manufacturing, jobbing and wholesaling. It is the center of the phosphate industry, but the cigar industry is the most important. Ten thousand men are thus employed in this work, making over a million cigars a day, and the payroll is over a million dollars a month.

The first train came in 1884. Mr. Plant, who had built the railroad, then built the Tampa Bay Hotel at a cost of a million or more. This hotel was opened to the public in 1889. Tampa is an Indian name. It means "splitting wood for quick fires." The hotel has not been a success financially. It is open for tourists during the Winter season only. At Mr. Plant's death about fifteen years ago, it became the property of his young wife, and shortly afterwards she married her husband's secretary, and deeded the hotel with its

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sixty-seven acres of ground, to the city, receiving in payment therefor \$125,000. She sold this property to the city upon condition that the grounds should be used as a park for the benefit of the public and the hotel maintained as a tourist place.

Tampa has several good hotels; and it is a clean city in some respects, with admirable climate throughout the year, especially at night.

The drinking water is obtained from springs under more favorable conditions than most Florida towns. The sewerage is handled by the Imhoff System, that is, reducing the solids to slugs and incinerating the garbage.

One strange thing is found in the towns all over Florida,—the constant presence of buzzards in the air. Now buzzards live and stay around those places where filth exists, and where sanitary conditions do not exist. If they find the living poor, they move. Where they live and prosper, it is not healthy for human beings to live, as a rule; and here as elsewhere it is safe to watch the buzzards.

Because of the low sea level of all the land in the State, it is most difficult to handle the sewerage unless it is treated in a scientific manner with the free expenditure of money. This is ignored in almost every town, for the natives trust in the Lord.

The treatment of garbage, if it is desired for fertilizing, might be materially improved in its handling if it were taken out and spread upon the land for five or ten miles instead of one or two miles, but the Florida cracker is too lazy to do this, and it would cost too much. They live in a warm climate and in the day-time it is hot in the sun. Many of them have the hookworm

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disease and many are afflicted with the dropsy, that is, if they see an unoccupied chair or bench they go and drop down on it. This is why human beings have no tails in these days. Their ancestors came into being in a warm or hot climate, and being afflicted with the "dropsy," they wore their tails off by sitting so much.

Not far away is Plant City, the strawberry country. They send this delicious food out, by the train load, to the "T. I. R." people North and East. You know early strawberries at fifty cents or a dollar a box can be eaten only by the "T. I. R." (The Idle Rich).

This city is properous and contains about 4,000 people. Several large phosphate plants are located here. A few tourists stop here. The next town is Lakeland, which possesses about 6,000 population and is a popular tourist point. It is a very attractive town. The climate all the way through central Florida is about the same. The advantage one town has over another is only in hotels and eating places. Some require the limit of endurance, and if you fail to get sick you can then infer that your constitution is perfectly sound and needs no amendments in the way of sewing or stitching. Otherwise, you might go to your last dwelling house, as hundreds of them do each Winter. All the towns, including this one, are well supplied with buzzards. There are buzzards in the air and in many places on the ground, as tourists found to their sorrow in the Winter of 1916-17. The landlords and the like, in many places, shook them down like hickory nuts falling from a tree after a severe frost on a windy day, and many tourists started homeward after a few days, for fear of losing their return tickets also.

I went to my room at the hotel in Lakeland one night

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and as I opened the door I heard a noise as if someone were in my room. I quickly turned on the light, for I was scared; and over at the edge of my bed I saw a large black bug with one tentacle turned towards me and with its left eye watching my every movement. It winked its eye at me and stood still, and so did I. I quietly reached for an instrument of war to battle for the possession of the room. I missed and it escaped. In size, it was as large as an English sparrow and as active as a deer. In color, it was black; and its arms and legs were as large as those of Gotch, the wrestler. This being a bone-dry State, I had, by this time, recovered my equilibrium; and I am sure my vision was accurate. My suitcase being on the floor, I thought I saw it moving. It weighed thirty pounds. I picked it up and put it on the table, and from under it, running in every direction, were similar black bugs. They quickly disappeared. They were the famous Florida cockroach which eats everything in sight, especially shoes, boots and clothes. They lifted a glove out of my overcoat pocket.

The next night I retired about half-past nine. Shortly after ten, I heard two women unlocking the door across the hall from mine and I heard them press the button to turn on the electric light. All at once, they screamed, yelled and ran out into the hall. I knew where my cockroaches had gone.

I told my experience to a friend. He said he had had the same experience. He killed one in his bathroom. The next morning he peeped in to take a last glance at the corpse, and, to his amazement, its comrades had carried it away.

There is Orlando, a great tourist point, possessing a population of about 10,000 people. It seems a very

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attractive place to the buzzards as well as to the tourists. It is well laid out around two very pretty lakes, with flowers and shrubbery planted extensively. The drinking water is bad; the sewerage is emptied into a hole near the town; and the garbage is hauled a mile or two out and spread upon the ground. The drinking water is taken from a small lake, and it is so low at times that the fish die. But you cannot kill a Florida cracker. He is immune to everything except cold weather. Not so with the tourists. During the cold spell from one to three tourists a week were sent home in their last dwelling house. The buildings are not prepared for cold weather; most of the tourists are people advanced in life, and eighty per cent catch cold and suffer much, through the inconveniences, poor accommodations and bad cooking in a majority of the towns of the State.

One night while here I had a struggle in my room with an animal as large as a United States silver dollar. It was provided with feet in front, at the back, on the right and on the left sides. Now about its eyes, I could not say. It could run like a deer, backwards as well as forwards, and could move to the right or the left without changing its position. In fact, it had the alacrity of some politicians, and could play all sides and ends with perfect ease without batting of eyes or change of expression. I finally captured it, and was then told that it was a water spider and perfectly harmless. I felt better when I knew I was not to have it for a companion over night. You can never be happy when you have to keep one eye open as you sleep, to watch your companion.

The hotel and the business section had bad smells but I never learned their origin. These smells were

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like the names in the "Who's Who Book." They were there and that is all there is to it.

Sanford, another tourist point, is like the other towns, with a population of about 3,000 people. Sanford is headquarters for celery, and lettuce by the train load, while Orlando is headquarters for the citrus fruit buyers from all the large Eastern cities. These towns are the center markets for vegetables and citrus fruits. They are in the food belt of the State.

The St. John's River starts from here as a navigable stream, running north 200 miles, passing Jacksonville and emptying into the Atlantic Ocean at Mayport. In all this distance, it has a fall of only two feet and six inches. This gives one a good idea of the topography of the State, and of the problems the municipalities have to meet and overcome to make conditions sanitary as the population increases. In many places, they are not meeting it, and in a majority of the towns, they are not even considering it seriously. Neglect and disobedience to the laws of health and sanitation must be settled for in time, here as well as elsewhere and hereafter.

Leesburg, Florida

FROM Daytona, Florida, we took an automobile and made a trip into the interior for the purpose of seeing the east part of Florida, which many regard as the best section of the State. This section extends from a few miles south of Palatka to about 100 miles north of Miami. It is called the orange belt, and reaches from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

We found the land very similar to that in the northern section, flat, swampy and marshy in many places, with stagnant pools of water here and there, and with the long-leaf pines covering the ground in every direction. The range cattle and famous razor-back hogs have full possession. They can forage for a living without hindrance, as no fences exist to interfere with their wanderings. Negro huts in small settlements are frequent, as the colored men are employed to bark the trees for the turpentine, rosin, pitch, etc. The highway is paved with brick a width of nine feet most of the journey, and to turn out for another vehicle approaching or get out of the main traveled road to let one pass, means to sink to the hub in sand and moisture and to stay for the balance of the night if stuck. This often happens. This is never pleasant to contemplate if night is approaching in miles and miles of pine woods. Our objective point was Deland, a town twenty-three miles from Daytona and twenty feet above the level of the sea. We arrived there about six o'clock in the evening, and found a town of possibly 5,000 people clean and attractive in many ways. It has some good hotels and stores and many churches. It was founded by Mr.

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Deland of New York, who tried to build a town in the sand and lost all his money. He succeeded in getting John B. Stetson, the hatter, to take an interest in his efforts and ambitions. About thirty years ago, Mr. Stetson bought an orange grove of 150 acres; he erected a Winter home thereon, became much attached to the locality, and expended large amounts of money before his death. He started the John B. Stetson University which was originally of the Baptist denomination. This institution is now in operation with about 500 students in attendance. The campus is large and contains several good buildings. Mr. Stetson also erected a fine hotel. All of these interests now are controlled by his two sons, the widow having married a Portuguese count, and having taken but little interest in her former husband's Southern home since her second marriage. The climate is more mellow, clear and pleasing there than on the ocean; and every day is Sunday. The town is settled largely by people from New England and the North, and many nice Winter homes have been erected.

From here we went to Eustus, a town of about 2,000 people located on Lake Eustus. We found the climate very similar to that of Deland; and there is no doubt about every day being Sunday here. It is like Deland in that nearly all the people are from New England and the North. From here, we went to Leesburg, which has an elevation of sixty-six feet above the Gulf of Mexico. Fruit raising and truck gardening are the occupations followed by the country people around and between all these inland towns. The population of Leesburg is about the same as that of Eustus, but it is a better town. It is estimated that 1,300 lakes exist in this county. There are no creeks in Florida;

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there is only one real river; and there are not to exceed a half dozen streams. The water is subterranean and appears in the form of lakes. The water in a higher lake percolates through the sand to a lower level and forms a lower lake. Because of this excessive moisture in the soil, orange groves do not need irrigation, as a rule.

After visiting orange groves, truck gardens, dairy herds, poultry pens and places where domestic animals are kept, and after examining feed stores and inspecting native foods, I have come to the conclusion that Florida has only six things upon which to base its wealth. Named in the order of their importance they are as follows: fertilizing material, lumber and products, climate, tourists, table foods and fruits. The scientific theory as to the formation of Florida is that it was at one time covered by a shallow sea, that the Gulf of Mexico extended as far north as the Ohio River. The hot sun over the Gulf formed the Gulf Stream, or current, which swept to the north and swung around, crossing over the Florida peninsula with all kinds of rich material held in suspension. This it deposited indifferently on the surface, thus causing the State to be so spotted in the character and value of its soil, a worthless strip lying next to one possessing some value. The whole State is nothing but a bank of sand above with limestone underneath. When the Creator began to make the present changes in the southern part of the United States, He caused the Appalachian range of mountains to be formed by a tremendous earthquake. In this great upheaval, the Gulf of Mexico was forced south from the Ohio River to its present bed; and, at the same time, Florida was elevated a few feet above the level of the sea, making the southern end of the

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State higher than the northern part. This is why the whole State is covered with sand. Below this sand is a strata of limestone which is 500 feet thick and extends under the whole State. In some places this limestone is only a few inches below the sandy surface; in other places it is a few feet below, while in still other places it is at a depth of 100 feet. This limestone is porous. As a result of the manner of the formation of Florida, all the phosphate beds are along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. They extend along the entire Gulf Coast of the State and are found nowhere else in the State, not even along the shores of the Atlantic.

Near Leesburg, about forty feet down, a very fine clay has been discovered. This is called Kaolin. It is suitable for making fine china-ware. Also, a small quantity of clay suitable for making brick was found not far away. No coal or other minerals of any consequence have been discovered in Florida. Its beds of fertilizers are inexhaustible and have made their owners wealthy. Its trees are being tapped for the naval stores in a most wasteful manner. The larger ones are then sawed into lumber and the smaller ones die. Lumber made from trees after the turpentine has been extracted is not good because it decays from dry rot. The turpentine is one of nature's preservatives.

This brings us to climate and tourists. The Winter climate is all that could be expected, ranging from thirty-two degrees to seventy-five. The inland cities are not so moist as the coast cities, and the northern cities are not so warm or uniform in temperature as those in the southern portion of the State. During the day, it gets very warm in the sun, the temperature going as high as 120 degrees in some places. At night, or in the

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shade in daytime, the temperature is much lower. The nights are nearly all comfortable, because of breezes from the Gulf and the Atlantic Ocean. Because of this, nearly all the labor in farming and truck gardening and the raising of fruits is done during the Winter months. The Summers are so hot that it is very hard to work out in the sun, so the natives retire under the shade.

After leaving Leesburg we pass a number of dreary trading stations that look as if they were resting on the white sands of a lifeless soil. If a woman gets off the train with a baby in her arms and tramps up to a hut through white sand to her shoe-tops, one feels like lifting his hat, for she is a true patriot of Plymouth Rock days. This is the kind of courage some of our young men ought to have for universal military training, but they do not possess it. The majority of women, after all, are more loyal to duty than men; and when necessity compels them to do so, they will even support a lazy, worthless, loafing man who has the distinguished honor of being called "husband."

We pass through two towns that really amount to something,—Tarpon Springs and Clearwater. Both are tourist points; that is why they amount to something. When you realize that tourists bring into this State, each winter, between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000, you can appreciate what is meant. Next, we arrive at the town of Belleaire which contains just one enterprise, the Belleview hotel built by Mr. Plant. It is six dollars a day and up, mostly up, the six-dollar rooms being exhausted when the traveler arrives, even if he is fortunate enough to be the first guest. There is nothing like having a system. It is a system that works well that gets admiration and patronage. The hotel is full

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all the time, that is full of guests. As this State is a "bone dry" State, it could not be "full" in any other sense. After this we are dropped down into St. Petersburg,—dropped is what I mean. It is a Fourth of July place and is located at the extreme end of a narrow strip of land in the Gulf of Mexico. It is not far above the water. The climate is fine. The accommodations are very limited, some being fair and some the very poorest imaginable. This is the place where one gets so little and pays so much. The hotels and the boarding and rooming places have written their prices up in the clouds. The visitor is compelled to glance upwards towards St. Peter's shrine to comprehend his elevation. The price is six dollars a day for each person, and two or more are put in a little cheap room. Rooms in residences are from one to two dollars a day and the tourists are nicely put away for the night after the manner in which the grocer puts away his sacks of flour.

These people had no right to traduce St. Peter's good name by adding "burg" at the end, otherwise it is well named. The side-walks are lined with seats for the tourists, with the words "welcome" and the name of the owner painted thereon. Here the agriculturist, the country merchant and the retired country gentlemen are found in large numbers. Many wear diamonds, and some from Pennsylvania who found gas and coal on otherwise "bad lands" do not hesitate on size. The real estate men parade along, settle on their victim, take a seat and open up the subject which is seldom referred to,—"the beautiful climate and the weather." They get warmed up, then there is an automobile ride to a show grove of oranges and grape fruit. The beauty and great wealth are praised, the owner

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plays the harp, and frequently, the deal is closed. If this fails, then there is the Winter home. The prices asked are relative to the prices for lodging over night. It is a new business and the "fool and his money are soon parted." In a year or so, it is for sale again and a new tourist is harnessed to the "wonderful one-horse shay" which has carried many to the same landing place, never to return.

The beach is fine. I noticed an attractive casino on one of the docks. Three male athletes were teaching pupils how to swim, and all the pupils were women, mostly young. I observed one teacher called his pupils "honey." Now, if they will add lady teachers I'll visit the town again and join the class. I think everyone ought to learn to swim alone on land as well as in the water. The tourists have chess, croquet, checker and horse-shoe clubs. The latter club has a membership of between 200 and 300. This will show the interest they take in the sports. From 15,000 to 25,000 tourists are here most of the season. There is nothing to amuse them except these sports and a movie or two unless it be to "kick" on being held up and forced to "ride the goat." Of course, this keeps them from getting stale. This scrapping occasionally, and in a lady-like manner, keeps the mind brightened up to perform its functions in meeting the daily duties found thereabouts and required of each individual. As in all such places there are some who, regardless of age or looks, are trying to find a mate. Such is life.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Norfolk, Virginia

THIS city has a population of about 90,000, and commercially it is one of the liveliest cities of the South for its size. Its main streets are narrow, and its side-walks are still narrower. Both the side-walks and the streets are only in fair condition. As is the case in most American cities, the city government has experimented with all kinds of materials for both paving and side-walks. The city has a good street car system, and the other public service corporations are owned by private interests and are rendering fairly good service. The city owns its water system, and the people appear satisfied.

Norfolk is located on the Elizabeth River, which separates it from Portsmouth, the latter town having a population of about 25,000 people. This river is about twenty-five feet deep, and is accessible to most of the large ships. It empties into Hampton Roads.

The commerce on this river, both foreign and domestic, is very large and is only starting on a period of expansion that will make Norfolk a very important commercial center on the Atlantic coast.

Strange as it may seem, this city has no navy yard or navy shops. One frequently sees in newspapers a reference to the Norfolk Navy Yard. The navy yard is located over in Portsmouth and is owned by the United States. It embraces a large tract of land upon which expensive improvements have been made from time to time. Millions of dollars have been appropriated lately to enlarge it, and additional improvements are under consideration. Over 5,000 men are

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employed at this navy yard, and it is advertising for more. It is the life of Portsmouth, and, to all intents and purposes, is a part of Norfolk. Two large ferries are operated across the river constantly, and the trip is made in a few minutes. The fare is five cents for the round trip. This is the most remarkable charge I have ever known. The travel is very large, both for people and vehicles. It is possibly 500 yards across. The ferries are owned by the county and leased to private parties to operate. In leasing, the charge is controlled by the county officials.

The government has let a contract for a great dry dock which will cost \$2,500,000 and will receive the largest battleships. It is estimated that it will take two years to complete it. It will be 1,020 feet long. In connection with this dry dock, modern shops are to be erected costing \$1,000,000. A 1,700 foot dock is one among the improvements in the construction of battleships. These things will make this section an important addition to the strength of the Government when completed, and they will indirectly make Norfolk an important city with Fortress Monroe and Newport News near by. It will stimulate local business and industries.

Norfolk has many fine homes. The business houses are thrifty, though small; and the hotels are good. It has a fine bathing beach at Ocean View. This beach is a safe place because the slope into the water is gradual, and there is a good sandy bottom free from the large breakers and undertow of the Atlantic Ocean.

On the Atlantic Ocean thirty miles away, and just below Fort Henry, is Virginia Beach, a very attractive place for Summer tourists. These tourists come mostly from the Southern States. Its hotel facilities are just

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fair, not what New England people would require. However, there are many cottages, and people attend by the thousands during the hot Summer months.

Once upon a time, Norfolk undertook to promote an exposition of national dimensions. Some of the States joined and put up permanent buildings; others did not. The Government wasted some money there also. It was a failure and a total loss to the promoters. These exposition grounds were near Sewell's Point, a neck of land extending out into Hampton Roads, about ten miles from Norfolk. It was named the Jamestown Exposition. This name was in commemoration of the first settlement of the State of Virginia, which was on the James River a few miles from Norfolk. It was well named and well located, but the people were not interested and did not patronize it.

At Sewell's Point occurred one of the most remarkable battles recorded in history—the battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," during the Civil War. The battle was a draw and both withdrew from the field of contest. The "Merrimac" was badly damaged and its officers did not know that the "Monitor" was also damaged. The moral effect was decidedly in favor of the "Monitor"; the North was electrified and the South was depressed, for the "Monitor" had sunk seven ships before the "Merrimac" came on the scene, and the fact that she had given battle without victory could have no other effect on the morale of the two armies.

The Norfolk or Portsmouth Navy Yard was in the hands of the Confederates, and at this yard the "Merrimac" was planned and built.

History abounds among these lakes and rivers and creeks, dating from the beginning of civilization and

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coming down to the present time. Even now, history is being made. It was through the Chesapeake Bay that the "Deutschland" made its famous trip under the command of Captain Koenig. This is the gateway, by water, to the city of Washington itself; and many important and influential cities dot its shores all the way along. The enemy must not pass and capture our seat of government, and for this reason the defenses are strong and up-to-date and the entrance well guarded.

The "Monitor," no doubt, embodied the idea and was the forerunner of our modern submarine, one of the most destructive machines of naval warfare. It has been wonderfully improved and is so destructive that one asks, "What next? Will something be invented to lessen its destructiveness?" The genius of America in the "Monitor" changed or revolutionized the construction of navies. Will an Edison or some other American surpass the modern submarine? Perhaps some great brain will invent a small machine which occupies but little space and is noiseless,—a machine operated by three or four men, which can steal its way into harbors unseen and unknown and destroy great dreadnoughts lying at anchor. Such a machine would have eyes to see mines and could escape and go around them and retire as it had entered. The last war is always instructive, and the inventive mind creates new machinery and equipment which supplant former inventions upon which large sums of money have been expended because they were essential and the best that had been discovered up to that time. This is only progress and to be expected. Improvements that work better must be adopted, and the old and out-of-date must be discarded. This is so in all things.

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Another great enterprise culminated at Sewell's Point. H. H. Rodgers and Henry Flagler, two oil men, left the oil business to build railroads, one in the Virginia coal fields for commerce and the other to exploit Florida climate. Both were great undertakings and were operated at a loss at first. Development alone could demonstrate the correctness of their ideas. Each required many millions to complete his plans, each became pressed for more money, and each died during the development period and left the future for others. Time will record both as a success. The passing years will reveal the vigorous minds they possessed and the nerve and courage which enabled them to undertake tasks as great as those of famous generals commanding vast bodies of men in battle. "In success there is nothing like succeeding."

Flagler's coal roads bring the coal out of the heart of Virginia, 400 miles away. It is carried in cars holding 100 tons each, which bring it to Sewell's Point at tide water. The long trains are pulled by three or four engines, and there are twelve wheels to the car. A car is unloaded in two or three minutes, by machinery. Boats, by the score, wait in single file and form a line extending away out into Hampton Roads, each ship waiting its turn to be loaded and sent on its way with the least possible delay.

This was a great thought of a great man, and was brought to a successful conclusion for the benefit of humanity. The rewards to the promoter were relatively small, but they amounted to much on the enormous volume of business done. My hat is off to such men and such enterprises, and they are entitled to the rewards they get. Their profits are wholly on the saving

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in economical handling and distribution of the product. Such men are philanthropists, and such enterprises are philanthropic in conception and are never appreciated until their originators are dead. The man who fails or lacks capacity to do things never fails to have a hammer to knock success, because it failed to come his way.

All the land around Norfolk is devoted to truck gardening. The truck gardens extend out for forty miles, and enormous quantities of vegetables are raised and shipped to the Northern and New England markets. Potatoes, radishes, onions, spinach, kale, cabbage—everything that goes on the table—is raised. The gardeners raise two and three crops a year. Something is growing every month of the year. They raise two crops of potatoes, and strawberries by the ton. I saw eight cars being loaded with kale and spinach. They feed New England on green stuff. The ground has to be fertilized, but does not need irrigation. The gardens look fine. Hundreds of colored men, women, and children are working in them, and they are clean and attractive. This brings in much wealth and makes the community prosperous and happy. There is work for every one if he wants to work; and the returns are good, for the American consumer is a good liver. He has the money to pay, and does love good things to eat. For almost a generation he has lived in plenty. He was getting extravagant and wasteful. He was not just the citizen we had in the "Mayflower" period. Things are changing for the better, and the future looks bright. The present terrible War will cause people to live simpler lives, economize and develop into better citizens in every way.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

Fortress Monroe, Virginia

THIS historic place of defense is located on a point extending out into Hampton Roads, on land owned by the United States. Its holdings are extensive and well protected, and are guarded from every point of view.

Hampton Roads is, in effect, a large lake; and into this lake flow several rivers. The James River is the largest. This body of water extends from Newport News to Fortress Monroe and then around to Sewell's Point. Our war vessels can congregate here in large numbers, and they do. It opens into Chesapeake Bay, and thus is connected with Washington and the Atlantic Ocean. Chesapeake Bay is twelve miles across where it opens into the ocean. At one side of this entrance is Cape Charles, and at the other side is Fort Henry. Fort Henry is probably the strongest and finest fort in the United States.

War or physical contest for supremacy, to protect supposed rights or defend certain interests for the present or the future, always has existed and will exist so long as man lives and has desires, wants, loves, hates, and struggles to feed and protect his young. This is one of the laws of animal life. All animal life feeds and exists on other animal life. Man must have his beef, mutton, pork and fish. His very existence depends on other animal life, for his body and its physical construction require this kind of food. Civilization and education have driven him away from his own species, but in the struggle for existence he crowds out and pushes to one side the members of another division of

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humanity which gets in the way of his division. This is the cause of wars in simple terms. They keep human nature from becoming stale and retrograding to a lower level. War is progress upwards for the human family, for it awakens all the elements in man necessary for his final betterment. Universal peace is a beautiful thought to dream about, like love; but as a fact existing it would, in the end, mean the destruction of the human race. We would have no pride, ambition, or energy, to do things worth while. All nature is destructive of the individual parts in some manner or form. Nothing in life lives without struggle, from the embryonic state to maturity; and when matured it dies. Why not? The apple when ripe drops from the tree, and man stops by the wayside and takes his final rest. His work is done; it is finished.

Fortress Monroe is located on a beautiful body of water—Hampton Roads. It is very old and fully a mile long. Within its embankments are hundreds of dwellings and buildings to house and care for the men. Some of the buildings are three stories high, yet you cannot see them from the outside. Possibly twenty-five acres are included in the main enclosure. Here the officers and men attend drill, go to school and scientifically study the arts of war in all its branches. There is a school where pupils are instructed in wireless telegraphy. There are also schools for civil engineering and for tactics. In the school for tactics men are instructed and officers are drilled in every branch of actual war. It is all hard work. It takes persistence, to become efficient and make good on the field of battle.

The men are all well cared for, physically and

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mentally. Everything that they need is furnished, but they must pay for their own laundering and do their own barbering. They pool and pay a man each a dollar a month for shaving them and cutting their hair. The boys appear well and are a credit to the service in every way. No liquor is permitted inside the Fort, and on the outside the State of Virginia has eliminated it, apparently for good. Until this occurred, a small town across the border, by the name of Phœbus, supplied their wants.

Here was the place where Jefferson Davis lived two years in prison before he was released on bail about 1868. He was captured in Georgia and brought here and confined to await his trial for treason. The Federal court at Richmond indicted him, and evidently was delaying the trial until feeling would die down. No doubt this was not objectionable to Mr. Davis. After being admitted to bail and given full possession of his freedom, he demanded trial; but was never tried. Finally, the action was dismissed, and he moved to Mississippi and erected a home near Biloxi, which is now used as a Confederate soldiers' home. He died at the age of eighty-one, and his remains were brought to Richmond and buried in the Hollywood cemetery, where rest his wife, his four-year-old son and his daughter, Winnie.

To accommodate the traveling public, the Government leased a strip of ground to a hotel company which erected one of the finest hotels in the country. The traveler gets his room and board for seven dollars a day and up, and he pays extra for everything else he gets around the hotel. These extras are sometimes many, and they recall a law firm which had a member whose first name was Chester. One day, in making

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an entry against a client, the question of the amount came up, when the other member called out, "Charge, Chester, charge." Many of us have had the experience of being charged and then charged again, regardless of the returns or the service. It all depends upon whose ox is gored. Rockefeller made himself a wicked man in the eyes of those who had to buy his oils, while those who did not have to buy them regard him as the greatest philanthropist of his age; and so it goes.

Just beyond is Hampton, a town of about 8,000 people. Here is located the famous Hampton Institute, a vocational school, maintained by the United States, to educate colored boys in practical things and which is doing a noble work. There is nothing here to engage the people except the catching of fish and oysters, and this industry gives employment to many people. A trolley car runs from Norfolk to Newport News, which is just beyond Hampton. The service is good.

Newport News has a population of about 30,000. Here is located the Newport News Ship Building and Dock Company, one of the largest institutions of its kind in America. It has had five different battleships in process of construction at once, beside merchant vessels. It employs, at the present time, 9,000 men, and it wants more. It is admirably located on Hampton Roads where war vessels in goodly number are always present. Material is near at hand and there is ample docking space. The company has hundreds of houses occupied by its employees, and it is the life and support of the place.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has elevators and wharfs on the opposite side of the town, on a very large scale, and this town does an enormous export

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business in grain of all kinds, provisions and merchandise.

This is a seaport town, and all seaport towns are alike. The country outside is cut up into small plats and devoted to raising garden truck. All kinds of vegetables are profitably grown, and in some instances they raise two or three crops a year. They raise two crops of potatoes. It is all done by fertilizing. Vegetables are more profitable than grain, although they can raise grain crops.

They depend almost wholly on crab grass. This is a native grass that never dies. After gathering some crops they level the ground, and up comes the crab grass, which is cut and used for hay. It is always there and never has to be sowed. Timothy, blue grass and clover will not grow in this section. They can produce good alfalfa. The soil is much better than that of either North or South Carolina. This enables the farmers to raise fine stock. The cattle tick was eliminated from this State several years ago. The dairy herds are in fine shape, and milk always commands a good price. Potatoes are raised on a very large scale in some sections. Last year, one county over on the coast realized \$10,000,000 from its potato crop. The greatest markets of the world are not over 200 miles away, and the transportation facilities by land and sea could not be finer. Riches are at their door, with the growth of this country, for all time to come. "Everything comes to him who waits." Be patient and work, that is all.

Fredericksburg, Virginia

THIS is a lively little place of about 10,000 people, situated a few miles north of Richmond. It is located on the Rappahannock River. A few miles to the east, near the Potomac River, the parents of George Washington resided; and it was there that their famous son first saw the light of day. A fine monument has been erected in this place to the memory of his mother.

This place was the scene of much fighting during the Civil War. A National Cemetery has been located here. The battles of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania all occurred within a few miles of this spot. A short distance to the south, in a lonely dwelling near Ginnea, occurred the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, shot in the Wilderness.

The country, in every direction, is hilly and very picturesque. Virginia abounds in beautiful scenery on all sides. The rivers, creeks, valleys and woods add to its beauty; and, in addition, it is set with rich historical jewels,—jewels which, like the bride's wedding ring, have associations some of which are sweet to remember and some of which it would be better to forget. Yet not a jewel could be spared without marring the past historical beauty of the State because her good deeds predominate over her errors; and such errors as there were must be forgiven and forgotten.

The State is not only rich in history but it is also rich in agricultural products, in minerals, in forests and in other sources of wealth. It also has a rich heritage of literature. Richmond has been the center of much

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of this wealth. The millions of pounds of tobacco produced in the State are brought to Richmond and manufactured into plug tobacco, cigarettes and smoking tobacco. Large warehouses and factories abound in Richmond, creating much wealth for that city and the surrounding country. Since John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, shipped the first tobacco to England in 1612 and saved the Jamestown Colony from starvation, the industry has grown to large proportions. It has given employment to many thousands and has brought millions of dollars to the State.

The quality of tobacco depends much on the character of the soil and the climate. This is possibly why Cuba produces finer flavored tobacco than any other country in the world. The climate gives flavor to the vegetation and the soil creates the texture of the plant; and Cuba is peculiarly blessed with both of these essential conditions, subject sometimes to slight modifications caused by bees and the like which assist in the fertilizing. Nature does have strange and interesting ways of nurturing, developing and maturing vegetable as well as animal life. The more we see and learn, the less we think we know of her wondrous plans and designs. However, we do know that all her forces are working for some ultimate good; and our lips should therefore cease to complain and to criticise. One thing we should learn,—that there is no idleness, that all objects in nature are as busy as bees, each doing something for the general plan of which we know nothing.

The iron ore of Virginia was the backbone of the Confederacy. Richmond firms made the shells and cannons and other munitions for the Confederacy. It now has its nail and powder factories and other iron

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industries. The State abounds in granite, marble, onyx, sandstone, coal and coke.

It was Henry H. Rogers who invested a fortune in tapping the coal fields of Virginia to tide water and supplying the merchant ships on the Atlantic, from all nations in the world. It was a great conception and a great enterprise, and now every day you can see train-load after train-load of fine coal making its way to Hampton Roads. There hundreds of vessels are loaded within a few hours with thousands of tons, the machinery used being a credit to modern civilization and commerce. It is most interesting to see the intelligence and speed with which business is transacted in this day.

Richmond being the capital of the State, and of the old Confederacy, all roads lead to that city. This is true industrially, socially, politically and otherwise.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home is located here and is now housing about 300 Confederate soldiers. They are old, many of them broken down in health, lame and almost helpless. They are kept by the State. They get their clothes, board and medical attention free. They also have one dollar a month for spending money and twenty-five cents for tobacco, which allowance can be spent otherwise if not wanted for tobacco. One old fellow said he felt sorry for the people on the other side, because the war has made living so high. He was picking up scraps of iron to sell, because tobacco has so advanced in price on account of the European war that the allowance of twenty-five cents a month is not sufficient. The buildings are in fair condition and are located on a plat of ground consisting of about six acres. The soldiers are free to go and return as they please.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Of the literary people connected with Virginia, no others are so well known as Edgar Allan Poe. His mother is buried in the St. Johns churchyard, which Patrick Henry made famous. She was poor and her son never improved her condition in this respect. Literary people, as a body, are very poor,—often so poor that they are to be pitied. Only a very small number make anything beyond a fair living, and Poe was not even one of that number. Many of them are not appreciated until they go to Heaven, where bread and milk and shoes are not needed; and Poe was no exception to the rule. However, some leave a great name that becomes brighter with age, and this is regarded by the populace as more precious than riches. Expensive monuments and memorials are erected to the names of the departed who succeed in winning the love of those who come after them. This is very thoughtful in posterity, for otherwise, in time, they might be wholly forgotten.

Among others whom Richmond may claim, are Thomas Nelson Page, Fountaine Maury, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, Kate Langley, Marion Harland, Amelie Rives, author of "The Quick or the Dead," and J. B. Cabell. These writers have creditably maintained the State's standing in literary work.

The people are proud of Hollywood Cemetery. It is located on one of the seven hills of the city overlooking James River. It is very old, and is well located, giving a view of the river valley that is most restful to the soul and pleasing to the eye. In this cemetery are buried many historical characters, from presidents down. James Monroe, John Tyler and John Randolph of Roanoke are sleeping here; and close to each other, at the highest point, are the graves of Jefferson Davis

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and General Fitzhugh Lee. General Robert E. Lee, his father, is buried at Lexington, Virginia, where he died as president of Washington and Lee University. The South loves and adores the Lees, and the North respects the father. He was a gentle lovable man, modest and retiring in the extreme, although forced, by circumstances, into lines of action of which his heart did not approve, but which his conception of honor and duty compelled him to follow. This he did, with credit to himself and in such a manner as to win the respect and esteem of his foes.

The city has numerous small parks, and they are well maintained. The colored people are segregated everywhere except in the parks. On warm days and nights, they congregate in these spots by the thousands and monopolize all the privileges. The whites are considering segregating them even as to the parks. The back seats in everything are set aside for the colored man; and he must not be seen at the front in any place which the dominant race has decreed shall be for its pleasure and comfort alone.

Yet the city is proposing drastic means to prevent the colored laborers from going to other labor centers, especially New England. All these efforts will be in vain. Higher wages and better treatment are the ruling forces that determine a laborer's destiny, whether he be black or white. Resistance and obstacles placed in the way only increase his determination to go to the promised land. Among all peoples and in all ages, this has been the experience of those seeking liberty of thought and action and better conditions; and the exodus of the colored man from Richmond and from the Southern States will assume larger proportions in the

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future because of the present social and economic conditions. The exodus may reach 2,000,000 before it lessens its force, thus changing the political, social and economic conditions of a great portion of our country. It will create a new South where the surplus of underpaid colored labor has disappeared, and where the laboring white population will be more efficient and receive higher wages.

The white man will be compelled to leave his yellow dog and gun and till the soil. On the disappearance of the hunter's dog and gun, the farmer can raise sheep profitably. Not many sheep are raised in the Southern States because of the numerous idle hunters and their hungry dogs that live upon them. The careless colored farm laborer, underpaid and often cheated out of his labor, has no ambition or desire to do more or better. For years the soil has been poorly handled and robbed of its fertility. It must be enriched and intelligently handled in the future, and efforts along these lines are seen everywhere. This is the work of the white man, and the changed conditions will force him to follow in the footsteps of the pioneer and do honest, intelligent labor.

Richmond, Virginia

THE capital of the Confederacy was first at Montgomery, Alabama; and later it was removed to this city.

It is strange that the founders of the American Republic lived in this State, and that the real fighters and defenders of the Confederacy were Virginians. The original builders of the Union came into being here, and the ones to attack and try to destroy it were rocked in the cradle in the same State.

Among the builders were Washington, Randolph, Madison, Monroe, Jefferson, Mason, Lewis, Nelson, John Marshall, Patrick Henry and other. Among the would-be destroyers were General Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, "Stonewall" Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart and others. And Henry Clay, the great compromiser, was born a Virginian. All of these names are shining lights in history. All were religious and church attendants, most of them Episcopalians.

Possibly the ablest general of the Civil War was Lee, who resided here. His home is kept intact and is filled with war relics.

Just a few blocks away was the "White House" of the Confederacy, occupied by Jefferson Davis and his family. It was also used as his executive office where he met his cabinet. It is very old. The city purchased it and presented it to him, but he would accept it only as a tenant; and this he did until April 2, 1865, when he abandoned the city on receipt of a telegram from General Lee, from Petersburg, telling him that the end had come. With all his belongings, he started for Mexico,

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and was overtaken and arrested in a small town in Georgia. He was confined in prison in Fortress Monroe for two years, as I have stated.

His home is now used as a Confederate museum; and, although small, it is one of the best arranged and maintained museums in the country. It is filled with curios and subjects which are of great historical value, although they were collected and presented in defense of the justice of the Confederate cause. Here some members of his family were born and others died. From his porch he could hear the cannon firing on the outskirts of the city and see the light of the fires at night. With this city as the center, the State is dotted with the battlefields from Petersburg to Washington, D. C., scenes of the fighting for the capital of the Confederacy. Just outside of Richmond were fought the battles of Hanover, Mechanicsville, Yellow Tavern, Gaines Mill, Cold Harbor, Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill; and it withstood them all until April 2, 1865. At that time Grant had under his command more than 1,000,000 men; and General Lee had not to exceed 200,000 men, and those half starved and half naked. He surrendered because of lack of men, food and credit; and thus ended a bloody conflict which left Richmond one-third destroyed by fire and the whole South in poverty and rags. The South now admits that the war ended as it should have ended, considering the best interests of all.

The city has been slow to regain its former commercial position, but it is making substantial advances along commercial and financial lines. Its banks have about \$85,000,000 on deposit, not counting the trust companies and two colored banks.

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The colored people are segregated as they are in most places in the South. Here they are engaged in all lines of trades and business enterprises. They have their own stores, shops, doctors, dentists and tailors, that is, they live to themselves and supply their own wants. One bank has \$100,000 capital and the other \$50,000, and both are prosperous.

The State capitol is very old. It is built on lines suggested by Thomas Jefferson and in accordance with ideas which he obtained in Paris. The Confederate Congress used it for all of its sessions, Vice-President Stevens being President of the Senate.

In this same chamber, John Marshall presided over the court that tried Aaron Burr for treason. The judicial chair used on that memorable occasion is still preserved. In the same room is the famous oil painting of the surrender of Cornwallis to George Washington. It was painted by Lami the French artist. It is large and very impressive, and is valued at \$50,000. The surrender of Cornwallis happened at Yorktown, Virginia, not far from the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. Cornwallis pleaded for delay but George Washington pressed for immediate action. General Clinton, of New York, was preparing to resist Washington, who had deceived both British generals and by his strategy had outgeneraled Cornwallis; within forty-eight hours after the surrender of Cornwallis the British fleet appeared in the Bay, but it was too late, for all was over.

In the rotunda is Houdon's famous statue of Washington, carved from life. Houdon was the greatest French sculptor of his day. This is the only statue of its kind, and no money could purchase it from the

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State in which Washington lived, fought and died. He is leaning on thirteen sticks tied in a bundle, emblematic of the original Thirteen States. The new ten-cent piece has thirteen sticks of the same design. The statue was made 126 years ago. There are also busts around the rotunda. There is one of Lafayette, in marble, by the same sculptor. Busts of Justice Marshall and J. E. B. Stuart, the famous cavalry leader of the Confederacy, are there. They were made by other sculptors.

On one corner of the capitol grounds is located a tower with a belfry on top. This is very old and was built as a place to store munitions of war. The purpose of the bell was to ring and call out the populace. The tower is still used for the same purpose, but the bell tower is a memory.

A fine statue of Henry Clay adorns the grounds. There is an equestrian statue of Washington surrounded by eight of the most prominent colonial citizens of the State. It was easy to select eight, for they were national characters in their time and are now historical characters belonging to all mankind. This statue is said to have cost \$265,000. There is also one to "Stonewall" Jackson, presented to Virginia by admiring Englishmen. At one time, England almost recognized the independence of the Confederacy. No doubt these Englishmen thought it fitting to present to the State, in bronze, a statue of one of the distinguished generals of the Confederacy. The English Commission, headed by Right Honorable Balfour, visited Richmond in 1917 and placed wreaths at the monuments of Lee and Jackson.

Richmond has no city library. The State library is used freely by the citizens, and the need of a city

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library has not been felt. People in other parts of the State use it to some extent by means of the parcels post.

The city is poorly governed. It has a modified commission form of city government. There are two branches, consisting of twenty-four councilmen and nine aldermen, who are elected by the people and serve without pay. This body passes all ordinances and makes all appropriations. At the same time, the voters elect an administrative board consisting of five members, who draw salaries of \$5,000 each. This board spends the money and does the business of the municipality. The city's streets are neither clean nor in the best of repair. The management is expensive and not satisfactory. The government is cumbersome and lacks centralized responsibility.

It is a closed town. All theaters and places of amusement are closed on Sunday, including baseball. It is also a bone-dry city, excepting the little that steals its way in by amusing methods. Even steamer trunks of regulation size are used for this purpose at times.

And this is the town where Edgar Allan Poe, the orphan, began his career. Allan was the name of his benefactor. Richmond has sent other bright literary lights into the world. It is rich in material and surrounding views. It has beautiful women who are bright and sparkling in wit. It has capable business men. Why should it not keep up the history of the past? It is a part of Virginia, and nothing else could be expected.

Richmond has a model fire department. Second Assistant F. O. Wise has been in the service forty-two years and is yet as active as a young man. He does not permit any drinking, card playing or swearing around

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the fire station. Only dominos and checkers are allowed. The men must look tidy and clean and be in condition to hold a reception at any hour in the day. The men now have separate bedrooms, for privacy and rest. Formerly there was one large room which had too many occupants. The discipline, inspection of hazards throughout the city, and knowledge of conditions, are ideal and equal to any in the country. The department is kept out of politics, the credit being due largely to an efficient chief.

This city, with a population of possibly 170,000, nearly one-half of whom are colored people, is located on seven hills. The town itself is somewhat hilly and it rests high over the James River with the beautiful falls existing in that historic stream at this point.

The principal streets and side-walks are fairly wide, especially Broad Street, the main thoroughfare. The side streets are narrow, and side-walks necessarily so. The original town has many short streets, and many running diagonally, making it a city both interesting and attractive. This is not true of the extensions and additions made to the city in later years.

The early paving was of granite blocks and stones, which are still in use; but the newer parts are paved with asphalt, creosote and the more modern materials, thus making the streets more comfortable for travel.

But no matter which direction you go after leaving the business section, you will find sugar maple shade trees about thirty feet apart in the parking in every street. These trees give to the residential sections a most home-like and restful appearance, making the visitor feel on his departure that he would like to return. This is a custom many American cities should

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adopt, for the trees add much beauty to the general appearance of the residential section of every city. Then, too, trees attract the songbirds and thus there is music within the dwelling place. Good wholesome environments provoke more good than evil in this world.

At the edge of the old town and extending out over a mile, the city has established one wide street and named it Monument Avenue. This street has four rows of trees, one on each side and two in the middle. At intervals along the avenue, large handsome monuments have been erected for the heroes of the State, the most elaborate one being to the memory of Jefferson Davis. As a work of art, it is beautiful and imposing. Among the monuments, is a cannon standing on the spot where it defended the city from invasion by the Federal troops during the Civil War. One thing is noticeable in every Southern State; everywhere there are monuments, tablets and memorials erected and conspicuously placed to keep green the memories of the heroes of the Civil War. Women, alone and through their associations, are almost wholly responsible for work in these lines. Many of them are still bitter against the North and they teach and imbue their young against the "Yankee" and his influence. Only a few of the men pay any attention to those things, as time, business and political associations have modified both their feelings and their ideas. This is true except among some old soldiers and poor and uneducated natives. But the women never seem to forget, much less forgive.

Here is where Patrick Henry attended a public meeting in St. Johns, the little Episcopal church on the hill, to protest against King George, the Third. It was there that he uttered those memorable words: "Give me

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Liberty, or give me Death." The church has been remodeled and enlarged twice, but the old pew has been retained, and is labeled with a bronze plate. Around the church is an old cemetery in which some distinguished dead lie sleeping. It covers a block. Stop and think a moment. Let your mind drift back to those days and those times. Think of these heroic characters, true to themselves and posterity and true to God. Are you not proud of the many great things they said and did and of the places and the occasions connected with their lives? We should study and know them better and in doing so we would make ourselves better American citizens.

On Main Street is a little old house filled with curios. It is very old and small, compared with the surroundings. This was George Washington's headquarters. Lafayette counseled with him there, and together they planned and worked for a common cause. Patrick Henry had his law office there. Madison and Monroe became associated with it. And for its preservation and maintenance we are indebted to the Southern women. They are proud of their ancestry, and they worship their heroes; and in their loyalty for these they have neither the time nor the disposition to think kindly of the "Yankee." They think of him as one who broke up their customs and destroyed the aristocratic surroundings that the wealthy and ease-loving Southerner enjoyed as the result of the labor of the colored slave.

Not far away is St. Paul's monumental church where Chief Justice Marshall and Jefferson Davis attended religious services. The old pews are retained and properly labeled. Other historical individuals are associated with its history. Thus the past and present are connected;

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and the River of Time, gently and quietly flowing on into the future, bears their impression and influence to generations yet to come. Our dullness or inability to read facts and occurrences as to their bearing on the future, often deprives us of doing good. Possibly those who act have not the intuition, but act blindly in response to the impulses within. With brains on fire with enthusiasm, they obey these impulses; but they do not understand, neither do they stop to analyze.

Just this side of where the post office now stands was the treasury of the Confederacy. Here the money was printed. Good money is the outward, physical evidence of the power and strength of the government that issued it. It fluctuates with this power, either up or down; so the Confederate money faded away with the government, and is now a relic, a memory, collected and kept in museums.

Not far away was the famous, or infamous, Libby Prison, a three-story brick building with a basement. This building was owned by Libby and Son, and used as a warehouse. The Confederate Government took possession of it to house its Federal prisoners; and, the owners' name being left on the wall, it became known as Libby Prison.

Here thousands of the boys in blue were confined, with a stockade built around and guards to prevent their escape. Thus confined, they were both starved and cruelly treated. The history of this prison has been told and written many times. It is one of the darkest spots of the Civil War. The basement was filled with rats. Soldiers were dying day and night. At night, the rats would go above, where the soldiers were sleeping on the floors, and attack them in droves, biting and

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eating the living and the dead. They were not molested except by the victims. The purpose of this treatment was to so undermine the health of the prisoners that when an exchange was made they would be so weakened physically that they would be unable to take up arms again for months, if ever; and if death occurred in the meantime, well and good. From this building a tunnel was dug and through it 109 escaped. Forty of them were afterwards captured and taken back to the awful place. Cruelty never landed a people anywhere at any time, in all the history of the past. Rewards, sooner or later, go with benevolent acts. Vindictiveness and cruelty never paid dividends in private, public or political life.

In James River, a short distance away, on Belle Isle, was another prison. This was surrounded by deep swift-running water and some of the boys, in trying to escape, were drowned. It was not so bad as Libby Prison. It was at least free from the army of rats, and was more sanitary.

Libby Prison still stands; but it is a different structure and business is located there. It is now a cold storage plant, for manufacturing ice. A tablet in bronze gives its location and brief designation. May such a place never exist again. May it be forgotten and never, never be repeated among men.

The road between this city and Petersburg is very good, and it is much easier to obey the command "On to Richmond," than it was for Grant in 1865.

It was in 1607 that Captain John Smith and his band of Englishmen went up the river by boat as far as the falls at this point. It was indeed a wilderness with wild animals and game and Indians in large

numbers. Powhatan, "Emperor" of the Indian tribes, thirty-two in all, was making this locality his headquarters.

To commemorate the event, Captain Smith erected a cross, which has since been perpetuated in bronze with the names of his twenty-one associates. This is on a high bluff overlooking the falls and a good portion of the city as it is to-day. The outlook is most beautiful, in sky line, forest, water and valley.

He was received by the Emperor and his chiefs. This was a friendly act on the part of the Indians. This kind and considerate attitude of the red man towards the white man was usually the same regardless of the tribe. History will record that, in nearly every instance, the hostility of the Indian can be traced back to some unfair treatment which the white man accorded this wanderer of the woods and his associates. Friendship once turned to hatred was never regained.

As this place was 125 miles from the ocean, Captain Smith deemed it too far inland for a settlement, so he retraced his steps and established his colony a little above what is now Norfolk, on an island, about forty miles from the ocean. He called it Jamestown. It is a small village, but here was the beginning of civilization in America,—the beginning of what afterwards became Virginia, one of the most remarkable States in the Union.

Captain Smith was not trusted by his followers, and, at first, others governed the colony. Much sickness, deprivation and hardships came upon its members, and at one time it almost became extinct. The hostility of the Indians against the whites, caused by some of the leaders, added to all their other troubles. Then Captain Smith was put in charge, and his energy and resourceful spirit

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saved the little colony from extinction. He started the cultivation of tobacco; and he was successful, his first shipment to England selling so well that the future prosperity of the colony was assured. So Anglo-Saxon civilization owes its start in America to Captain John Smith and to tobacco.

On another and later occasion, he visited Powhatan; and on this occasion he was arrested and doomed to die. The judgment was that his head should be placed on a block and cut off. The Indians thought that in this way they would rid themselves, forever, of his activities and those of his associates. He was placed in position for execution, but when the Indians raised their weapons to carry out the orders of Powhatan, the chief's daughter, Pocahontas, threw her body on the prostrate neck of the doomed man, with her arms encircling his head, and pleaded with her father to spare his life.

The obdurate father relented and granted the wish of his daughter; and Captain John Smith continued to be a whole man, and in due time was permitted to return to his colony. Later, an Englishman by the name of John Rolfe married Pocahontas, and children were the fruit of this marriage. She visited England and was feted by royalty. The king called her his daughter, and ordered oil paintings made of her. Her act in saving Captain John Smith made her a world character. She was converted to the Christian belief and baptized, under the name of Rebecca, in St. Johns' Episcopal church in Richmond,—so it is said; and nearly all the original descendants of the natives of Virginia claim to be the progeny of this beautiful Indian woman. However, there are a few who from modesty keep silent. This is why you meet so much aristocracy in the State, for the

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world gradually grew to adore Pocahontas, and the women wanted to claim her as their own.

Do you know there would be no aristocracy in this world if it were not for the women? They build up around themselves social castes. They demand that their neighbors obey certain rules and regulations which they prescribe, while they have a newer and fresher set of rules for themselves and their selected associates. These lines are as firm and unyielding as armor plate on a ship.

Children early get their mother's likes and dislikes, and at last father and husband is brought into the fold. Then the race of the Jones's to keep up with the Smiths, in display and accomplishments, starts and the children are brought into the whirlpool. The father and husband, with check book, brings up the rear. Sometimes he gets lost; the pace is too swift; he finds himself without funds for his checks and they are worthless. Then hate and jealous resentment take the place of smiles and sincerity.

This is so everywhere but here the real natives assumed the sole authority to place in the lower left-hand corner of their visiting cards, "F. F. V."—First Families of Virginia. Now Pocahontas innocently started this aristocracy among the women of Virginia; and in time it spread into other historical events, for Pocahontas could not be accountable for the numerous claimants to her gentle lovable soul by inheritance.

Now this is not so with men. Men, by nature, disposition and inclination, drift toward democracy. They hate caste and aristocracy. They love the world and the freedom of the seas. Women cling to tradition, kings, queens, customs, counts and no-accounts; and

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they long to be connected with royalty or aristocracy by marriage or otherwise. They love to be on the platform, higher than the others, away from contact with democracy. Women, by reason of this, are the cause of much of the unrest and misery in the world. Woman is intolerant. She loves power and display; and she schemes and intrigues in various ways in order to be surrounded and clothed with these requisites so essential for caste building in the social stream of time.

The Scotch-Irish, largely, made the early settlements in Virginia, and no other race of people has such genius to overcome obstacles. They are fighting or doing something all the time. They rear large families. John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was the oldest child of a family of seventeen children. In his day, this was not so unusual. They settled in the valleys, the best part of Virginia, where blue grass, corn, oats, barley, vegetables and fruits of all kinds grew and were plentiful. The early settlements grew and soon became strong.

But they never had peace. They had to fight for their lives. The British, French and Indians would not let them alone. They were in a contest most of the time, but they prospered. As the result of all this, no State in the Union can produce such a list of illustrious names of men and women as the State of Virginia. This only shows that obstacles, when met and overcome, leave the individual with character, muscle, intellectual force and energy; also courage, confidence and resourcefulness. All of these are essential to success, and the success of the individuals composing a community brings success to the nation. No nation can be stronger than its subjects.

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This is especially so in Virginia, whether in statesmanship, literature, law, science, art or finance. Look at the long list of brilliant names found in the history of this State, many of them familiar to all the countries of the world. George Washington stands pre-eminently first with a large group of brilliant minds surrounding him.

Virginia is quite hilly in parts. It has a temperature neither extremely hot nor cold. The soil is up to the average, but now large portions of it are exhausted because of bad farming.

However, this State produced a crop of intellectual giants, as I have said. In this State was prepared the Declaration of Independence. Here Mason wrote the Bill of Rights for the Colony of Virginia.

They met in dwellings, in churches and in the open, and discussed serious problems of life and State. They all were church-going people and took life seriously. They carried on a correspondence among themselves, offering suggestions and asking advice, for there were no newspapers to read and they had no other means of informing themselves, outside of the Bible and a few books.

The location of these individuals near each other in this State was not an accident. Their environments and mode of life rounded out and built up their intellects. One was a stimulant to the other; and all contributed to a common mental fund that enabled them to elevate each of the members to overcome all obstacles and to bestow, upon a large portion of the human race, blessings of which time alone can unfold the greatness and magnitude.

And here in Richmond was their common meeting

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place, the cradle of the American Republic and afterwards the "White House" of the Confederacy. Here was where these men did their work so well. The Union grew and grew until it now has forty-eight stars, and its searchlight has driven its rays of light into every dark spot on the face of the earth.

This city and this State are rich, indeed, in history, in events, in illustrious names; and Virginia still belongs to the Union founded in 1776, a Union which was largely the work of its citizens.

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AS IS provided in the Constitution, the government for the great American Republic has three branches for the transaction of its public business—the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial. The relative importance of these branches is in the order named. The powers and duties of each are fully set out and described in the Constitution, every department being independent within its limits,—yet co-ordinate in its work and duties with the others.

The Chief Executive, or President, has such large discretion in the performance of his duties that his action may seriously affect, for good or evil, the life, prosperity and happiness of the people; and, at a moment's notice, may plunge the country into a war costing millions of dollars and millions of lives. The people do not realize that the Executive, through action or inaction on public questions and policies, has as much power, directly and indirectly, if used or misused, as has the most autocratic ruler on the face of the earth. The other two departments may be forced to defend the country, whether right or wrong,—that is “stand by the president” to protect its honor or its varied interests. The people should be given the machinery to produce conservative results,—a representative government; for conservatism leads to stability, to law and order, to the protection of rights, and to the prevention and correction of wrongs. The greatest care and deliberation should be used in the selection of the Executive.

The Legislative part of the Government is divided into two branches, the Senate and House of Represent-

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atives, containing 96 and 435 members respectively. The members of the Senate conduct themselves with some dignity and with an air of importance. It is amusing to see how seriously some members take themselves. Many States have adopted the primary law, thus abandoning a representative republican form of government to that extent. This law applies equally to the members of the House and the Senate; and the result of it gives us the most amusing list of public legislators with which this country has been afflicted since it came into existence. They were not inspected and thoroughly analyzed by their separate districts before being transplanted into the beautiful capital to make laws to govern a great country. No effort was made to see whether or not they were adapted and prepared for such important work. As the observer looks down at them at work in the chamber, it may be that only eight or ten are present; and of these he sees a member making a great appeal (through the Congressional Record) to an admiring constituency at home on behalf of the farmer, the laborer, the poor, but never on behalf of the country or the people at large. This would be statesmanship, and there are no statesmen here to-day, but many would-be statesmen.

This Government is nearly 140 years old; and yet did you ever realize how few senators, through constructive legislation, have carved their names upon the historical tablets of the nation as it progressed? The number is so small that you drop your head in modesty for your country and give thanks that it still lives. The present method of selection can get only those men who have their eyes turned towards the galleries of the present and not to the parchments which are stored

away in the vaults and which record great speeches and tell of great deeds that will inspire future generations. The Congressional Record is the White Angel messenger that makes or breaks the reputation of a great man in the eyes of the knights, the noble 600, "over the hill and far away."

The members of the House by their lack of dignity and decorum, caused me to feel that men and women are monkeys. (The House now has a woman member.) Some were visiting; some were reading papers; some had their feet on the desks in front of them; some were going out and some coming in; while a statesman was making a great oration (through the Congressional Record) to the dear people in the rural or slum district over the hill, "way back home." Some were smoking and some were trying to entertain the lady member from Montana, a State way out West. Often not to exceed a dozen are present. Sometimes a half dozen are on their feet trying to speak at once; and by and by the Speaker recognizes one ardent member who wants to ask a question and proceeds to make a speech. Finally he stops, the member having the floor proceeds, and then the Speaker calls time on him and he sits down. This procedure is repeated again and again; and finally, after days of debate and amendments enough to smother the proposition beyond recognition, a vote is taken. The Speaker rules, doubt arises, and a division is called. The affirmative has a representative and so has the opposition. These two representatives stand on opposite sides of an aisle and the members, one by one, pass through and out. As they do this they are counted. How fortunate- What a blessing it is only a few are present! Think of 435 going through to be counted!

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The antics, noise and conduct of the members are really and truly like those of monkeys. Darwin was right. Men and women came from monkeys; that is, most men and women, judging by their actions, must have come from the place where monkeys lived; and because of a restless, lazy, twisting disposition they have worn off their tails by sitting most of their lives on rough and shaggy logs and rocks.

This is a strange world. These members are paid \$7,500 a year and mileage and office rent. In addition to this, from one to three clerks are furnished, and of course the clerks are mostly women, and handsome. Why should they not remain and debate a whole week on an appropriation of \$300,000 for free seeds to the farmers? Why, it does not take much to be a congressman, just a district and a majority of the votes therein. That is all. No other qualifications are required. Now and then, a man of ability escapes and gets in. It is an accident however. The salaries paid are excessive. It is a godsend to most of them and not a sacrifice at all.

The members of the Supreme Court look as if they were tired and poorly fed. The court-room looked and felt stuffy and close. It was not well ventilated. Some of the Justices, I fear, dozed slightly when a young attorney was making an address. You know some talkers, as well as speakers, have a tendency to cause the listener to go to sleep. He means all right, but it is a gift God has bestowed on individuals as a protection from being driven into insanity against their will. With all due respect for and to the court, it looked thin and worn out and old. I do not mean that some of them ought to quit, for it has been said "old men for council and young men for war"; and all old men would

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unhesitatingly endorse this proposition. However, the court is not what it used to be.

Of all the monstrosities the greatest is the "Hall of Fame" in the capitol. Here may be seen long statues and short statues, thin men and heavy weights, some in Prince Alberts, some in dress suits and some in cut-aways. When one passes around them three or four times he thinks he has been "ten nights in a ball room." Some are in bronze and some in marble. Some are little and some are heroic in size. I am sure there is not one in the lot who would not walk away if he ever woke up. Congress ought to take pity on them and saw off their heads, make busts out of them and place the busts upon handsome, uniform, symmetrical pedestals. How can the people expect creditable work from their congressmen surrounded by such effigies?

The paintings of historical characters, events and scenes are magnificent and in distinct contrast to the statuary. They are numerous, inspiring, and made on a large scale. The capitol itself is beautiful, and has a setting worthy of the founders of the Republic. The Washington Monument is conspicuous, rising skyward over 500 feet on Monument Square and overlooking the whole city; and the Lafayette monument is near by. In the distance is the Lincoln memorial not yet finished, costing \$2,000,000.

It is proper and right thus to honor men and women who have rendered immortal services to the country and of whose sacrifices other generations are enjoying and reaping the benefits. Such acts foster patriotism and elevate a people to a higher plane of thinking, living and acting. They inspire noble deeds in the living; and thus one generation contributes to another

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heirlooms of priceless value, knitting the people into a closer, stronger Union, one for another and one for all, and all for one, to the end of time.

This city is composed of politicians, have-been statesmen, office holders, ex-office holders and employees of the Government. These make the skeleton. Their wives, daughters, widows and would-be society leaders bring the flowers, sunshine, smiles, pink teas, diamonds, laces, silks and pets to entertain and amuse the units of the Government skeleton. Tradespeople in plenty are here to supply their wants with the necessaries of life. The women have set up and control the social life of Washington. Women, constitutionally and by instinct, desire and training, are natural born aristocrats. They make and enforce the rules controlling and governing social life. If the leaders have wealth and some intellect they become aristocrats, dictatorial and domineering; and when so inclined and situated they undertake to play politics from the social viewpoint and sometimes make and unmake legislation as well as statesmen. They act not with the purpose of benefiting the country, but for purely personal and social advantages to themselves and their friends. They often interfere with and retard legislation and the execution, performance and discharge of the public business. They are rather a detriment than a help to the efficient performance of the public business of the country.

But they are here, and the public business might suffer worse without them. They have created caste in the life of Washington. Society here reminds me of a soda fountain, where the delectable drinks are mostly effervescent with the foam pressing from the bottom and the contents of the filled glass placed before you

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growing and lifting up and creeping over the top. And so society is here. There is a pressure from beneath upwards all the time, and in every strata or caste.

Of course our President and his family are in a class by themselves. The women have made him and his family the hub, and around this center the social life swings. Even he is bound by rules called precedents. No harm comes to him if he breaks one occasionally, and this he does. He is free to do much as he pleases, yet, as a rule, he is careful to maintain the dignity and importance of the office which he holds. A set of social rules governs the members of his cabinet. And so it is with foreign ambassadors and ministers, the Vice-president and members of the Senate, the Speaker and members of the House, and the members of the Supreme Court. All adhere strictly to social rules in the performance of their duties; and each and every one of these public officials is sensitive and exacting in demanding that they be observed and obeyed, officially and socially, among themselves as well as by the public, which pays the bills and asks no questions. All this is the evidence of power and authority granted and given by the people that, they may be governed by law and order; and this is government.

The rules are so many and complicated, that they are sometimes disputed, and friction arises, causing slight disturbances to the social life, and thus indirectly affecting public business. But public business is in no way concerned therein. One would think it would stop at this, but society has decreed otherwise.

The records of positions held, the past history of public officials and the positions and salaries of the thousands of government employees are printed and kept in book form.

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The wife of a newly elected Congressman is lost, except as to the wives of Congressmen who were elected at the same time. The wife of a new member must make the first call on the wife of an older member, otherwise she never gets into the circle; and then she takes chances on holding on or being counted. This spirit permeates all Washington society. The employees and clerks are classified by salaries. A \$1,500 clerk will not associate with a \$1,000 clerk, and so on up and down. This creates a desire, which expands into a struggle for those who are down to get up. Exhaustion of resources and energies are used up for social betterment rather than in doing well the public business. Wives and children are made miserable, and husbands are driven to strong drink, or to praying for a pension in old age because of the great services rendered an ungrateful government.

To keep up appearances and be able to smile in the uplift movement, a large percentage of the employees have gotten into the habit of anticipating their salaries by borrowing small amounts from month to month at large interest rates. This of course adds to their misery and misfortunes.

It is my honest belief that there is but little happiness in Washington, because of this false and fitful social life,—this vanity and ambition and desire for position of power and influence, be it little or great. There must be a fascination about it, because “statesmen” as well as government employees, when once in the circle, never let go until death, unless driven out before. Even when the relation is severed, they remain watching and waiting for something to turn up.

You will find many “ex’s” here, and some are favored as the wheel of fortune turns round, for

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Congress is constantly creating new commissions with new positions for ex-senators, ex-representatives and ex-everybodies. This is no place for the young man or woman with life and energy, genuine red blood, and a desire to grow into something worth while. I once saw a poem, "Don't leave the farm, boys," and this will apply to girls. Plant yourselves in localities where life and activities inspire you to do things worth while.

The Army and Navy circles are as bad as the rest, and this is why you read of so many clashes in boards and bureaus—social jealousies rather than efficient public service for the public good.

Truthfully, I found the beggar, hobo and tramp the happiest inhabitant in Washington, D. C.; and it has many within its folds. Even with its magnificent structures and imposing statues and monuments, it has hovels and cheap eating places in plenty; and there are public fountains of drinking water, parks and little nooks and corners everywhere, with seats were a tramp can sit and rest his tired body. While thus resting his body, he can work his brain in observing the wealth and social life, the beauty, youth and power which passes before him like a film in a moving picture show and which he can enjoy without money or price.

The British set fire to Washington in the war of 1812, and the "White House" was partially burned. It was repaired and covered and made white. It occupies a large block filled with stately trees, beautiful flowers and shrubbery. The grounds are spacious and beautiful, and our President can promenade and retire from noise and molestation, for they are surrounded by a high iron fence and guarded by policemen and secret service men.

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When he goes for a ride, two motorcycle men go along, one on each side of his automobile; and an automobile follows closely filled with secret service men. Thus he is guarded whether riding or walking. He frequently attends theaters, and goes walking about the city like any other citizen.

On one side of the White House are the State, War and Navy Departments under one roof. On the other side is the Treasury Department; and not far away and to the southeast are the Smithsonian Institute, and the National Museum, the Red Cross, the Pan American and the Daughters of the Revolution buildings. The Washington Monument is just beyond.

The official life of Washington is increasing so rapidly, by enactments of Congress in creating new departments and commissions, that it is compelled to rent space; and the Government has offices in old residences and buildings by the score in every direction, making the transaction of our business expensive, inconvenient and inefficient. The more our Government assumes and undertakes to do, the more expensive and inefficient it will become, because of the frequent and extensive changes in its public servants. This will never be otherwise so long as the Republic lives, and it can perform the greatest service and bring the greatest good to the largest number of its people by limiting its duties to the administration of public affairs of a political nature only. The initiative of private enterprise should be fostered and encouraged, and when it affects the public weal, it should be controlled and regulated within the light of reason. We have been drifting away from a representative government into a wasteful, extravagant, paternal Government,—away

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from strength to weakness in citizenship. We should remember that no government is stronger than the ideals held and maintained by its collective citizenship.

Over fifty-two years ago, General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox, Virginia; and with that surrender was lost about all that seemed to be left of the Confederacy. Shortly afterwards, the Ku Klux Klan was organized, and remained active for a period of four years. Twenty-seven years ago the Confederates organized the "V. S. C.," veterans of the Southern Confederacy, which organization corresponds with what is known among the Federal troops as the "G. A. R."

From 1861 to 1865, the Confederates tried hard to capture the city of Washington, D. C., the seat of government of the United States. The Confederate capital was at Richmond, Virginia, about 115 miles south. So the State of Virginia became the battlefield to determine the supremacy of the two forces, and scores of battles were fought around and between the two cities. Richmond fell, but Washington remained in possession of the United States government until June 4, 1917, when, through diplomatic and political pressure, the V. S. C. captured that place; and men, women and children by the thousands marched into the city as an organization, took possession and held it for four days.

To many of the old Confederates, ranging from seventy to eighty-five years of age, this was like going to Heaven. President Wilson was proclaimed as one of them. They had the majority in the upper and lower houses of Congress. They had possession of all

of the thousands of offices already existing; and, in addition, many new ones were created. They danced with joy, everywhere and on all occasions. Were they not right? Why should they not dance after waiting so long to enter the forbidden city?

The Federals stood for the "Union, one and inseparable." The Confederates stood for States Rights, that is, the repudiation of the laws of the National Government when not agreeable, and the right of the States to withdraw and refuse to obey. In truth and in fact, it was a fight over the colored man,— as to whether or not anyone had a right to own him, to make him work and to receive the profits from his toil.

It is a strange coincidence that this nation, now reunited, has just passed a law of conscription to prepare an army to fight Germany. Quite a number of men and some women opposed this law and refused to register. The government officials said it was treason not to do so because it was a refusal to support the Government and its laws. Steps were taken to arrest and punish all such offenders, and the Government is now so doing. The question is: What is treason? In what way do these two positions differ—except possibly by organization? This is a strange world.

The Veterans of the Southern Confederacy were received by the public officials and the city with open arms. The President attended their functions and made them welcome. They were royally entertained and feted by national and city officials and citizens of Washington. Things seem to be different in these latter days. As time passes along and the future comes in and unfolds its interesting and complex problems the meaning of words changes. With new meanings

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attached to words, the actions and deeds of one generation do not appear the same to a succeeding generation; at least, a different rule of conduct is applied. What is a crime in one generation may be a noble act in the next generation or vice versa. How hard it is for one to understand and be just! Hence it is said "Judge not that ye be not judged," and so we shall let it rest.

The organization known as the Veterans of the Southern Confederacy is composed of camps, with separate organizations in the eleven seceding States. It holds a yearly reunion and gathers at some designated place to keep alive the friendships and to recount the struggles and hardships of 1861-65. Of course it soon grew into a political body, the better to protect its social, political and economic conditions.

When the members of a body of people suffer alike and from the same cause, the bonds of union become closer and dearer to the individuals. Pity and sympathy grow and expand with time, and thus, as a unit, their forces are directed to protect and preserve the body corporate as a shield for the individual members thereof.

This is why the Confederates have clung together like one family, and have kept green, for these many years, the memory of the trials and struggles of the past. The camps are the home units of the greater organization, where local members can meet and plan and help and work for one another. Their thoughts and acts are provincial for the past and selfish for the future. They have not been, and are not now, living that new and broader life that is nation-wide and is waiting to be adopted by them. They are chained to

the past, and are not strong enough to break away into the light of a new day of sunshine and flowers—a land of promise filled with corn and wine and oil.

This organization has influenced the political, social and domestic life of the South. By nature woman is sympathetic, and will defend all those who are dear to her, whether they are right or wrong. In the South she has been true to her nature. She fought for and with the men of her household. She has never ceased to fight, even unto this day. It is she who keeps the Southern prejudices and animosities alive, in all their forms, throughout the South. She has her memorial associations and other organizations more or less connected with the Lost Cause. A half-century ago, she was looked upon and treated as the pet and the queen of the family. The men loved her, and loved her dearly. She was shielded and protected in every way. She was surrounded by comfort and ease and beauty, and her conduct was governed by strict social rules. She was chaperoned from childhood to womanhood; she was secluded in the home and provided with music and flowers and tutors and wholesome books. She was as hard to meet as a queen on a throne.

It is not so in these days. The railroad and industrial enterprises are rapidly making a new South. Commercial and economic conditions are making a new manhood and womanhood,—a manhood and womanhood of independence and self reliance. The loss of cheap labor in slavery is having its influence. Formerly the question was: "Who were your ancestors? Show us your pedigree." Now it is coming more and more to be: "What have you done that is worth while?"

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It is service—your service—that counts in the end. Descendants counting on ancestors for worth and merit soon become extinct and pass away like the aroma from the rose. It takes time and external influences, as well as economic conditions, to bring about important changes in a people. The evolution is slow, because of habits, associations and customs which pass away one by one. Formerly, these camps selected, by vote, a “Maid of Honor” to accompany the members to these reunions. She had to have a pedigree of distinguished ancestry. Gradually the candidates for this honor grew in number; and “beauty” as well as pedigree, began to play its part. The camp paid all expenses of the young lady except the cost of her wardrobe. This her devoted parents furnished, and it became more elaborate in time, for the lady sometimes met her “fate.”

Rivalry for this distinction arose; and, as only one “Maid of Honor” could be chosen, the position of “Sponsor” was created and another lady was chosen. With the passing of time the women became active; and a “Chaperon” had to be chosen. This brought the wife and mother, daughter and children—a great big family reunion under the name of the V. S. C. The mothers would dress their daughters up like queens; balls were given for the young people; and the young men would spend their last dollar to be “present.” And so these meetings became great social events, and the one held in Washington was the “greatest” of them all. The cream of the young womanhood of the South was there. An Italian Prince, Udine, was in town. The young were beautiful in appearance, gentility and graciousness; and this beauty had an appropriate setting in their handsome gowns.

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The old Veterans are to be envied. The young woman must reject all offers and give the old Veterans the first dance if any should ask her. After that, she is free. He can kiss her, embrace her and treat her as his daughter; and many of them did. The old gray headed fellows seemed to get suddenly young. There was a spirit of good will, one toward another. There were possibly 20,000 in attendance at the reunion, and half of them were at the different dances. The old Veterans decorated the maids and their sponsors and chaperons with flowers in profusion. They were gentle, considerate and deferential on all occasions. The old men prefer this social life to work and business. Some who are much younger refused to work. In fact, the number who are not disposed to work is very large. This habit and desire have retarded the South, and it is fifty years behind the times. Many from the North and New England have gone to the South, and much of the present commercial advancement is due to their activity. New England, with its millions of people who are largely consumers, is less than 300 miles away, affording the South the greatest market in the world because of its buying power. The light of this great opportunity, neglected so long, is now beginning to dawn upon them. The railroads, with their improvements and extensions, are pressing the development of the South, and the future possibilities are not realized by the people. Having started, the future growth of the South will doubtless be rapid.

This city and its territory are very properly classified with the South, because its birth was in the South and its history and tendencies have been largely connected with and dominated by the South.

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Two Southern States, Virginia and Maryland, contributed ten miles square from their holdings to the people of the United States. This is the ground upon which the city is located. Of these two States, Virginia and Maryland, one was the leader of the colonies in rebellion against England. The other was at her side. During the Civil War, one seceded from the Union and some of its citizens controlled the Confederacy to the day of surrender; while the other, torn with dissensions, aided and gave comfort and assistance to the losing cause.

Since 1865 the South has looked upon this city as an enemy in her midst, governed and controlled by a powerful force from without, the Union of States, America. They know that this Union must be respected and obeyed; and that any advantage won by them politically must come through diplomacy and the adhesion of the units which went down to defeat at Appomattox. For nearly sixty years the Southern people have been loyal to each other; and thus at times they have won victories over superior strength when discussions and divisions have weakened the opposition. To-day, through President Wilson, they have absolute control; and for the first time, citizens who wore the gray, in other sections at another time and under another flag, in an effort to destroy the Union, again wear the gray and march to music under the flag that floats at the dome of the Capitol building at the foot of the most famous avenue in America. And should this be considered now as an evidence of disloyalty, in the face of another and greater war to sustain which conscription has been enacted into law and against which all opposition is suppressed and overt acts punished by

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confinement or otherwise? It seems to me that democracies permit many inconsistent things and have a crude, cumbersome way of administering law and equity and justice, and of making rules and laws commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. In the name of liberty, we often license or tolerate things that naturally and easily encourage other things which we severely punish. To err, indeed, is human. But to condone or exalt a wrong, whatever the circumstances, leads to the commission of other wrongs. A wrong to be condoned should be forgotten, and to forget means to obliterate. It should be permitted to remain dead and not resurrected—even to live a minute.

Washington is a beautiful city from every viewpoint. The streets are very wide, of easy grades, well paved and clean. The side-walks are exceptionally wide and in good condition, and it is a pleasure to travel around over them. In the main, they are clean and well cared for.

Washington is a city unto itself; and, being the Capital, the seat of government, controlled and managed by Congress and the President, it should be perfect in cleanliness, beauty and management,—a model for all other American cities. This city presents an opportunity to show what government ownership can do. There should be established here such social and economic conditions in the way of comforts, pleasures and living costs as to make it one of the best governed cities in the world,—a city after which our other cities may copy.

Its streets are designated in three ways, by names or avenues, by letters and by numbers. Until you become familiar with the general plan, it is easy to become

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confused and even lost and be compelled to walk many blocks out of your way before you again get your location; but when one becomes acquainted, he finds it is the best planned city in America, and the easiest to get over. The angles in the streets are connected with the avenues by little parks and resting places. These are filled with trees, shrubbery and flowers; and some have seats. This makes it a most attractive residential city. It is a city filled with statuary and monuments, recalling and perpetuating past historical events, and in memory of some of our famous citizens. Volumes of the past are thus skillfully carved and written in stone and bronze. There are so many of them that Washington might very properly be called the city of monuments; and all of them have been erected in honor of the Union and the Stars and Stripes.

The city has a population of possibly 375,000, 175,000 being colored people. They are not segregated as the colored people are in all other Southern cities. They live everywhere and in all parts of the city. Many of them have accumulated valuable real estate, and a great many own their own homes. They bought lots when the city was small and when land was not worth much. A colored man seldom sells real estate after he gets it paid for, unless he is forced to part with it. The past few years have seen the city grow and expand in every direction and this has made the early purchases of the colored people advance rapidly in value. He lives in a little cottage, and residential property around him owned by the whites is often vacant and unprofitable. It is estimated that the growth of the city and this condition have caused about 100,000 houses, apartments and buildings in the city to be

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vacant. This will always be the condition, more or less, because it is a political and not a commercial city. It is a residential city, wherein the poor will become poorer and the rich richer. As the country grows, the city will grow in numbers and attractiveness, and wealth will naturally gravitate towards it.

When it was first selected as the capital and the location of the building fixed, a few real estate men organized a realty company and obtained George Washington's active co-operation; and the city was named after him. This realty company bought many acres east of the Capitol building and subdivided them into lots. This was the most beautiful and sightly location around Washington. The Capitol was so built that the heroic statue standing at the very top of the dome faces east. The realty company and the power in control expected the city to grow in that direction; and as planned by Washington and his associates, it should have so grown. Some good men in those days seemed to be weak, at times, just as some good men are weak in the present day. The values they placed on the lots were so high that the people rebelled and bought and built west of the Capitol building; and in this direction the city of Washington has grown ever since. Therefore the statue on the dome has its back to the city and looks far beyond it. As time passed by, the realty owned by the company on the east depreciated and became largely settled by colored people. Just in the last few years, it began to advance in value as white people began to buy it up and it is now commanding good prices.

The growth of the city in the future will be the same as it was in the past. All the later government

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buildings have been and are being built toward the west. All government buildings are substantially built and attractive in every way. The Congressional Library building is the only one erected on the east. There are a few good drygoods stores, but nearly all the stores in commercial lines are shops. Some are attractive and some otherwise. They might properly be called flats or apartments, where everything is ready and awaiting the purchaser. Prices are reasonable. In fact one can live here as cheap as in any city in America,—that is he can float in any channel not beyond the depth of his purse. He can belong to the high church or the low church. They are both here; and one never can tell what change to-morrow may make in his associates of to-day. The city is getting large enough for one to hide his identity. There is more dignified poverty here to the block than in any other city in America. People try to be somebody, socially or politically, on one meal a day; and that meal may be soup and oyster crackers, price ten cents. Fortunately, the prices of some commodities are very reasonable here. The following are samples: Haircut fifteen cents, shine five cents, shave ten cents, street car tickets six for a quarter, newspapers free in the hotel lobbies when guests throw them down, if an ex-statesman does not get them first.

The city is getting some good hotels. Most of the old ones are still in use, and all have a history. The charges for rooms fluctuate as the crowds come and go. A revenue bill is introduced in Congress taxing everything and everybody; the crowd flocks to Washington, D. C., and hotel rates go up. But the wages of the maid remain the same. She looks after twelve rooms,

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gets fourteen dollars a month and boards herself. How would you like to be a maid in a Washington, D. C., hotel? Then ask who pays the freight. What would Christ do if he were on earth to-day and heard the story of the poor maid? The hotels are crowded, and the rate on small rooms is from \$2.50 up, on the European plan, which plan is: While getting, get all you can. I am not certain there is another world; but if there is not there ought to be to measure out to some people the things that are due them.

Girls in the stores get from three to five dollars a week. Cash girls get two dollars a week. Men clerks get from seven to twelve dollars a week. When married, each loves his wife and all her people, more from necessity, no doubt, than from the genuine, old fashioned attachment sometimes called love. Considering your own experiences, have you not in the past wondered how your neighbor weathered the storms and yet looked prosperous and occasionally smiled? Don't investigate. He might be out late at night and sleep during a portion of the day, and this would make you unhappy. Washington, D. C., is like most capitals, no place for a poor man or woman or anyone out of a job or out of money.

Neither is it a pleasant place to live, climatically speaking. In times past snows have been deep and the weather nearly twenty below zero. In the summer it is hot. You remember that on one occasion when President Taft had an extra session of Congress on his hands and when some Progressives were causing him much trouble, he had to sit on a cake of ice. A Progressive is a descendant of the "Wise Men of the East," with abnormal mind and a tendency to prophecy

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dire calamities if the greater persisted in refusing to yield to the lesser in affairs of State. At any rate, Mr. Taft lost nearly 100 pounds in weight and was put to great expense in remodeling his wardrobe, especially his "pants." The changes in climate are often sudden and extreme. This may be caused, at times, by the large volume of gas explosions, together with the hand grenades tossed into the arena of debate. However when the political microbe once gets attached, regardless of climate, resignation seldom occurs.

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Mt. Vernon, Virginia

ABOUT sixteen miles south of Washington, D. C., on a high, pleasant slope on the bank of the famous Potomac River, was the home of George and Martha Washington, the first President and the first lady of the American Republic.

It is an ideally beautiful spot. The house is situated in an open space, skirted by large trees on either side. This gives a fine, unobstructed view of the Potomac and the woods beyond; and one can see for miles up and down the river. A large veranda extends the full length of the porch, and there are easy chairs and benches on the lawn. The mansion is white; it is large and spacious and Colonial in appearance, just the home for a rich, educated country gentleman. George Washington was the owner of a plantation of about 8,000 acres and between 200 and 300 slaves. For this period he was a rich man, leaving at his death an estate that would be noteworthy even to-day.

He had many outbuildings. These were necessary for the proper care and housing of his slaves and the overseers who managed his plantation. There were also carriage houses and stables for his horses. George and Martha Washington both loved flowers, and they had beautiful flower gardens most pleasingly arranged. We can imagine that the beautiful, kindly Martha impressed her individuality on the plants and flowers and shrubbery she watched over. Everything connected with the house is preserved in its original state, as nearly as possible, including the fences, the benches, and the chairs and furniture in the residence; also the dishes,

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pans and kitchen utensils as they were when owned and used by Martha Washington and by Miss Custis, her relative and adopted daughter.

The farm was extensive and it required two grist mills to grind the grain raised on it. Large quantities of wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, etc., were produced on the plantation; and Washington owned his own ships to market his produce.

The whole atmosphere of the home and its surroundings conveys restfulness, quietude and reverence. It is a place fit to be occupied by beautiful souls thinking only beautiful thoughts,—thoughts of the things without and beyond. Neither the desire for political and social recognition nor the struggle for the gratification of selfish ambitions ever entered this household to mar or disturb the simple lives and noble purposes of the family circle. They had chosen to travel in the pathway which leads to the “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

We mistrust that this was Martha's wish and will and that George wanted to please Martha. Thus woman holds in her hand the strength and power to make of her home and her family what she will. She can make it a power for evil, or she can make it a power for good. The influences of the members of a good household radiate in all directions like the sweet perfume of the rose. Refined culture is exhilarating and beautiful. It is greater than riches and more lasting and pleasing than social honors.

The State of Virginia passed an act chartering the Mt. Vernon Association. The plan was conceived and brought to a successful conclusion by an invalid woman, when private parties were about to get possession of

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the estate. Congress refused or neglected to take any steps toward its acquisition and preservation as a memorial to its distinguished owner; so this little lady, Miss Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, performed the patriotic act of preserving this homestead intact for the benefit of all America.

It is managed by twenty-eight women, one from a State. Not all the States are represented. They meet once a year, and move in and occupy the place for ten days. Their services are donated, mileage, only, being paid. They trace down any and everything which was at one time the property of this family; so it is filled with most interesting family heirlooms such as chairs, clocks, watches, glasses, books and everything domestic, including the old rag carpets. The efforts of the ladies are noble and grand and will be an inspiration to all future generations. Over 150,000 people visited Mt. Vernon during the year 1916. This shows that the public appreciates their efforts. To protect, maintain and care for the property, a small charge of twenty-five cents is collected at the entrance gate.

Washington was a devoted church attendant. Alexander, a small town eight miles away, had the nearest church. Here he attended Christ Church, Episcopalian. He and Robert E. Lee were both vestrymen in their time. The pews they occupied remain the same to this day.

In those days, Virginia public highways were very bad after a rain, and sometimes it required six horses to pull George and Martha to church. This devotion you do not see these days. Strange to say, Virginia has these bad roads after a rain even unto this day, not only here but all over the State. This is caused by the manner in

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which the people of the State cling to tradition and the fine ancestral customs of long ago. They ought to awaken, for to-morrow they may die.

At the age of sixteen, Washington surveyed and laid out the town of Alexander. Here he served as master in Lodge No. 10 A. F. and A. M. The chair he occupied is enclosed in a glass case.

Not far away stands the Carlyle House where he and others met and planned the War of Independence. After all, it seems but yesterday, so quickly does time pass by.

A new tomb has been built by the good women and in it rest the remains of George and Martha Washington. Twenty-two of their relatives are near by. Four descendants are still living, some being employed by the Government.

Washington passed away in 1799, three years before the death of his wife. She had a tomb built for him, which is still preserved. It was located in such a way that by moving her sleeping apartment upstairs she could lie in bed on awakening and look out at the resting place of her beloved companion. This shows the grief and loneliness of the wife and the sadness of the broken family. It was a beautiful example of devotion for the father and mother of the Republic to leave to their children.

The following article will be of interest to the reader :

COL. J. A. WASHINGTON, LAST PRIVATE OWNER OF MT. VERNON

Mt. Vernon, Virginia, the former home of George and Martha Washington and the most interesting mansion in the United States, has had a continuously interesting history connected with it, aside from the associations with

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the first President of the United States and the first of the first ladies of the land.

Colonel Washington, who had become proprietor of the paternal estate on the Rappahannock, acquired the magnificent domain of Mt. Vernon upon the death of the widow of his half brother, Lawrence Washington, and shortly after his marriage he began to occupy it, and it was his home up to the time of his death.

Upon the death of Martha Washington, on May 22, 1802, about 4,000 acres of the Mt. Vernon estate were inherited by Judge Bushrod Washington, the third child of John Augustine Washington. Judge Washington was a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and took up his residence at Mt. Vernon, where he dispensed a liberal hospitality and kept intact his inherited landed estate to the time of his death.

Judge Washington had no children, and, following the example of his illustrious uncle, he provided for his wife during her lifetime, and then disposed of his estate to his nephews and nieces, giving specific directions and leaving the mansion house and Mt. Vernon farm proper, with restricted bounds, to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, and Mt. Vernon was inherited by this John's son of the same name, from which the home and 2,000 acres were purchased in 1856 by the society which now controls it and cares for it.

The work of obtaining the necessary funds, \$200,000, for the purchase was started by Miss Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, who became the first regent. The vice-regents each appointed State committees, and the money raised was nearly all in dollar subscriptions. The greatest amount of money raised by any individual was the profits accruing from the lectures on Washington delivered in most of the large cities by Edward Everett.

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The last private owner of Mt. Vernon was Colonel John Augustine Washington. On the breaking out of hostilities between the States he became a volunteer aid, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee and was killed September 15, 1861, while conducting a reconnoissance on the turnpike along Elk Water River, Randolph County, West Virginia.

The following account of his death is not contained in history, but was related by Col. J. H. Morrow, who commanded a brigade of four regiments under Gen. George B. McClellan in the West Virginia campaign at that time, and in whose arms Colonel Washington expired. General Lee had established his headquarters at Brady's tollgate, on the old State turnpike. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river from the old road had been heavily picketed by Federal soldiers for several miles, extending from Colonel Morrow's camp below quite up to Brady's gate.

Owing to the mountainous character of the surrounding country General Lee was imperfectly informed in this regard, and directed Colonel Washington, with a detachment, to proceed by the new road to the forks at or near Brady's gate and then down the old road, cautioning him not to venture beyond a certain point. Washington, however, it appears, probably actuated by overzeal and anxiety to be able to report valuable information, went beyond the point indicated.

His movements along the entire route on the old road were, as it seems, fully observed by the pickets, and immediately after he finally started on his return a volley was delivered from the picket line, and Washington was seen to fall from his horse, which galloped away with the retreating escort.

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Colonel Washington was apparently the only one struck by the volley. Colonel Morrow states he was standing but a short distance from where Washington fell, and hurried to the spot and discovered him to be an officer of rank. He knelt by him and raised him so as to enable him to recline against his breast, and directed one of his men, standing near and who wore a felt hat, to run and fill it with water from the stream. Colonel Morrow bathed the wounded man's forehead and endeavored to press water between his lips from a saturated handkerchief, but he did not swallow, as blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, and a few minutes later he was dead. His death marked the end of the fighting Washingtons.

Annapolis, Maryland

THIS is a very old town, being among the first settlements in America; and therefore it is rich in the history of stirring events that occurred during the Colonial period. The King of England granted to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a charter for a large tract of land bordering on the Chesapeake Bay in America. Lord Baltimore, who was a Catholic, had rendered service to the crown; and this was his reward.

Cacilius Calvert, the second Baron of Baltimore, founded the Province of Maryland, now the State of Maryland. He sent his first colonists to his new province in 1634, after the death of his father, George Calvert.

Captain John Smith came here from Jamestown in 1608, and found the land in possession of Indians. The first settlement was at St. Marys, about 100 miles south of the present capital; and the province was named Maryland, after the queen of England, whose name was Maria. The official life of the Province was moved from the old site of St. Marys to the present capital, which, by legislative act, in the year 1695, was named Annapolis. It has been known by that name ever since, and is the present capital of the State.

Since the beginning, England has had many kings and queens and Maryland many governors. It early took an active part in government, resenting some of the acts of Lord Baltimore and his descendants, as well as those of the kings of Great Britain, especially on taxation. The irritations disturbing Massachusetts, Virginia, and other colonies, had the same influence on the

colonists of the Province of Maryland; and results were the same. The exchange of views by delegates from different colonies in public assemblies resulted, in time, in a confederation of colonies for a united opposition to the laws and treatment of the English government and its representatives sent over from time to time.

All these disturbances and differences were only the embryonic forces and steps leading up to the formation of a new power and a new life for these sturdy pioneers who had suffered much and were still suffering in a strange and lonely land removed far from civilization. The means of communication were difficult because of lack of facilities. Publications were isolated and few public highways existed. The post was by word of mouth which was carried over a wilderness, through swamps and woods inhabited by wild beasts and hostile Indians and often over streams and rivers which were crossed by fording and swimming.

And thus the early pioneer laid the solid stone foundation, erected thereon the American Republic and embellished the structure with ornaments, which are emblematical of the sturdy, wholesome moral and intellectual characters of the builders.

Strong human characters are thus made. To meet obstacles and heroically overcome them develops strong men and women, who do things worth while, not only for themselves, but for their fellow men and women. The downy bed of feathers never got a man or woman anywhere in the intellectual or commercial world. This is where parents who are rich or well to do bring destruction to their children. They toil not neither do they spin; they leave the world without contribution towards its betterment or enrichment; and their going is a profit

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and not a loss, because it relieves the world of a non-productive burden.

So these Colonials met in Philadelphia, New York and other places, wherever most convenient. Here, on the capital grounds, stands a little one-story house with two rooms and a vault. Its walls are of brick, possibly two feet thick, strong and substantial. This was the capital of the Province of Maryland. It was in this building that meetings of the Congress of the Colonials were held from time to time. Here were Madison, Monroe, Washington, Henry, Hancock, Hamilton, Jefferson and a long list of real patriots. It was here that their life blood was tendered as money. The lock on this building was as large as a panel in a door and the key was as large as a man's forearm. In the vault were stored the valuable papers and documents for safe keeping. And they were precious papers. Did these plain, sincere, honest pioneers realize how precious they were? What a structure they were erecting without noise or commotion! Unselfishly, without pay, and for the benefit and good of the present and of future generations, they chanced all. Do we, the living, appreciate the inheritance? If we could only have such public servants now, we could all arise and say: "As you have been faithful in little things, we can trust you to do greater things."

This Province produced four signers to the Declaration of Independence,— Charles Carrol, Samuel Chase, William POCO and Thomas Stone.

Here Washington came on November 21, 1781. The Colonial Congress was in session, and he surrendered his commission and his sword. And to this city the treaty of peace made with England in 1815 was brought by Christopher Hughes who was on his way to Wash-

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ington to get the signature of President Madison. This treaty declared peace the second time, and that peace has lasted over one hundred years.

The senate chamber has been preserved, together with the little gallery at the back for visitors. Here is also the President's chair which he used when he presided, and the old mahogany desk to the right of which Washington stood and made his address. Imbedded in the floor where he stood is a bronze tablet in memory of this historical event. On the wall is a fine oil painting of Washington and his two aids, Lafayette and Colonel Tilgham. In this painting, Washington appears without his wig. In the house chamber there is a fine oil painting of the Continental Army passing in review, and of Washington holding in his hand the Articles of Capitulation signed with Cornwallis at Yorktown. There is an oil painting of the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, the friend of America; and other paintings of distinguished men adorn the walls of the old building which has been in service more or less since 1635.

In the center of the town is a circle, instead of a "square." This is true of many towns in Maryland. In this circle are the Capitol building, the Court of Appeals building and the State Library filled with old records of great value. St. Anne's church and the Governor's mansion are located near by. The State provides its governor with a residence and servants, with an automobile, \$15,000 for expenses of one kind and another, and a \$4,500 salary.

In the beginning, the State started an elegant mansion on a fine plot of ground, but the governor and the legislature had a dispute and it was never completed

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or so used. Subsequently, it was given to St. Johns College, which was founded in 1784. This is a boy's military training school maintained by the State. It has an attendance of about 200 young men. The United States Government re-organized it by furnishing instructors from the military army. The location is fine and the campus beautiful. It has had students who became distinguished in the world. Among them are Reverdy Johnson, William Pinkney, and Francis Scott Key, who married the daughter of Governor Edward Lloyd of Annapolis.

This city claims the distinction of building the first theatre erected in the United States.

Here occurred the Claiborn rebellion which destroyed the Puritan records of the settlements started in this State.

Virginia, although settled by Protestants, persecuted the Puritans living there and forced them into Maryland which was controlled by the Catholics. The Catholics gave them an asylum. This occurred about 1648. It was on condition, however, that all those who took land had to swear their allegiance to Lord Baltimore.

This town is decidedly English for it has the Duke of Gloucester Street, which was named in honor of the seventeenth son of Queen Anne, all her other children having died. There are also Prince George Street, Hanover Street, King George Street, and so on.

Annapolis has a fair museum of the relics, minerals and wealth of the State. In this museum are many flags of historical value in connection with the Civil War. The most interesting exhibit is the physical evidence of the dispute between the heirs of William Penn and Lord Baltimore, over the correct line between Pennsyl-

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vania and Maryland. Penn had a charter from the King for Pennsylvania Province, and Lord Baltimore had a charter for the Maryland Province. An English commission, consisting of two civil engineers by the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, was appointed to survey the land and establish the correct line between these provinces. They made the survey, and every few miles planted a stone with the arms of Penn on one side and of Baltimore on the other. Two of these stones, called Crown stones, are in the museum. This was the origin of the Mason and Dixon line, the true line between Pennsylvania on the north and Maryland on the south. This was the line used to divide the Union from the Confederacy.

Coal, marble, granite, fine clays, iron ore, limestone and many varieties of timber are produced in this section.

William Penn rather got the best of Baltimore, as Quakers sometimes do. The engineers gave to Penn, not only Pennsylvania, but all of Delaware, according to their interpretation of the two grants. This survey was made in 1732 and the decrees were signed in 1753; and thus ended an old dispute which often led to bloodshed. The Civil War made it more than historical, made it worldwide with the song of "Dixie."

The Annapolis Naval School is located here. Under late laws it has about 800 students who are being trained for naval officers. The course requires four years of training. The surroundings and buildings are beautiful. It rests on the Severn River, which empties into the Chesapeake three miles away. Only vessels of small draft can come up the river. The academy has all the buildings required for such work, including an imposing chapel with a seating capacity of about 1,200.

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In the basement is the crypt containing the remains of Admiral John Paul Jones. It is surrounded by beautiful dark French marble columns, the same as the crypt with admiral flags and the Stars and Stripes near by. The spot is held sacred. To appear in the circle officers must be in uniform, thus showing the greatest respect for their deceased comrade.

The Episcopal service is observed because of its freedom from religious dogma; but students having other beliefs are free to go outside and attend services in other churches, and many do so.

The Government has about 100 acres in this enclosure. Across the Severn River it has about 300 acres which it uses as a rifle range and experimental station.

About three years ago, many of the children became sick. Washington was notified, and experts came here. Upon investigation, they determined that the cause was the milk furnished by the public dairies. The result was that many cows were killed and a more rigid city inspection was inaugurated. The Government purchased a farm of 800 acres a short distance out, and now the Government commissary is supplied with pure milk and good vegetables. The employees of the Government can purchase foods here they know to be good, and need not risk the health of themselves or their families.

Annapolis is poorly paved; the streets are not very clean; they are poorly kept and the side-walks are no better. Most of the dwellings are old, rusty and unattractive. The shops and stores are the same. Yet to change it might destroy its historical importance. Historical novels can be built here. It was in this place that Winston Churchill found material for his "Richard Carvel." The field is rich.

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The people are kind, quiet and gracious. They are in no hurry. They live under the shadow of a famous academy, and they let it give the show and furnish the music. If you get a good bed and a good place to dine you can live simply and happily. The hotels are poor.

The city has a population of about 12,000 people, 2,000 of whom are colored. Except for the academy, the people would have to move. There is no business; neither are there any amusements except to go to church and be good. When I get real bad I am going to move to Annapolis, provided the saloons are exterminated. Saloons in a small town are to that town what smallpox is to the body. They cover all the territory. There is no place to go except around the circle to the other side.

It is the young men who are in danger. Young women can be good anywhere, and usually are, if coaxed a little. This town can be made a beautiful little spot, a real garden of flowers and roses, with quaint, clean, smooth streets and walks, and with such nooks and corners as to cause one to feel he would like to live always. Beauty creates beautiful thoughts; it elevates. Dirt and neglect lead to waywardness and to crime. Always work for beauty. It is best.

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Winchester, Virginia

THERE are no two States in the Union more beautiful in woods, water and landscape, in mountains and scenic valleys, than are Virginia and Maryland. West Virginia, once a part of Virginia, resembles her two sister States in every respect. In the latter is Harpers Ferry, rugged and picturesque, its hills and mountains looking down on the historic Potomac on the one side and the Shenandoah on the other. These two rivers with their surroundings, one cannot forget. They are here closely associated, and each adds to the beauty of the other.

Only eight miles away is Charles Town, the historic spot where John Brown and his associates were tried and hung. So great was the demand for relics of this tragedy that it is estimated that the numberless pieces of rope if put together would encircle the earth, and that the small pieces of wood cut from the scaffold would cover many acres if placed in trees. Such is the weakness of human nature in its desire to be different or to have something a neighbor or acquaintance does not possess and which the owner can show with pride. But "pride goeth before destruction."

This is the northern section of the famous Shenandoah Valley, one of the richest valleys in the United States. It is about forty miles wide and one hundred long, extending almost to North Carolina's northern line.

From Charles Town it is about twenty miles to Winchester, which has possibly 8,000 inhabitants. It is the metropolis of the northern section and ranks second in size. Staunton in the southern part of the valley has

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about 12,000 inhabitants and is first in size. Winchester is an attractive town with good hotels, clean streets, good side-walks, pure drinking water and prosperous, happy people. Many of the stores are small but attractive, and the banks are bursting with money belonging to the people.

The men are substantial looking and the women and children are well groomed and well cared for in every way. The men are proud of their families, the women are proud of their men, and all are proud of Virginia and Virginians.

There was a dispute on one occasion as to the State line between Virginia and North Carolina. Each State agreed on a commission to make a survey and establish the true line. One old lady owned a small farm in the territory in dispute and she was very much worried for she did not know to which State she owed allegiance. The survey made by the commission placed the old lady, then in the seventies, in Virginia. When they told her she belonged to Virginia she was overjoyed and said she could now die happy in the thought she would die a Virginian and not a North Carolinian.

This is the spirit here and throughout Virginia. The State has a great ancestry. No other State has produced such people. They keep a record of the old families and these records are sacredly preserved. They keep a record of human beings, that is, Virginians, as stock breeders do of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Each has a standard and a standing, and he is put where he belongs. It is based on past accomplishments of individuals who have come and gone. It is pedigree. Present worth or accomplishments do not count. It is like old furniture and wine; nothing counts but age and past

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achievements. This is how the F. F. V.'s, or the First Families of Virginia, arose. This is why they are falling behind in the race. They do not realize that their ancestors were at war most of the time, first with the Indians, then the Spanish, then the French, then the English. The Irish are fighting or doing something all the time, and the Scotch-Irish are worse. You must let them do as they please, or you must fight or move away. This valley was settled by the Scotch-Irish and in the central parts of the State the Colonial intellectual giants arose.

Lord Fairfax owned all this land for miles around. George Washington lived here and worked for Fairfax four years in the early days. He built Fort Londonne and the little stone house at the Fort, where he lived. Lord Fairfax died here and was buried under the chancel of the old Protestant Episcopal church. And the thunderbolt of the American Revolution, General Daniel Morgan, lies buried beneath a broken slab in Mount Hebron Cemetery. Such was the beginning of settlement in this rich, beautiful valley,—struggle and hardships and wars of defense for the preservation of their all.

Now the hills are all covered with fat, finely bred horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry; and wherever one looks, he sees large farm dwellings, barns and out-houses. "The pikes," hard-surfaced roadways, lead everywhere, and the "country gentleman" is seen on all sides.

During 1916 this locality raised, sold and shipped 600,000 barrels of apples. Corn, oats, barley, vegetables and food products in large quantities and varieties are grown here. The orchards are numerous and fine.

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With such wealth of soil and climate, such scenic beauties as Nature has so generously bestowed on this picturesque valley, and with such citizenship, it seems that, after all foreign enemies had been driven away, the people could live and die in peace with mankind.

It is not to be. To build us up to be more perfect human beings morally, intellectually and socially, we must have storms, lightning, wars and troubles of all kinds.

So the Civil War came and this valley was overrun with soldiers, who brought with them bullets, shells and cannons. Winchester was the center and there were hard fought battles all around her.

There was Cool Springs ten miles away; Fishers' Hill on Cedar Creek; Kernstown; Martinsburg; Front Royal; and Winchester. And these are not all. Lee wanted the rich valley for the foods it produced to sustain his army, and it was only ninety miles from Washington, D. C., his objective point. Here he established his headquarters. In 1861 and 1862 the Confederacy had many victories to its credit. General Lee marched through this city, then north through Hagerstown, on his way to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia; and in June, 1863, he reached Gettysburg. There on July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, his army met its Waterloo. One-third of his soldiers were killed and with the remainder, wounded and bleeding, he re-crossed the Potomac to find refuge in the fertile valley of Shenandoah. And here in 1864 and 1865, Jackson and Longstreet and Early tried to draw Grant from Richmond, which Lee was trying to protect by frequent contests around Winchester. These were hard fought and bloody battles, and many fell. It was here Sheridan came over

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from Martinsburg and heard of the defeat of his men on Cedar Creek, twenty miles away. He dashed on, met his men retreating, turned them about and, with a dash and a surprise, captured the Confederates and ate supper on the battlegrounds where only a few hours before his men had been defeated. The battle of Kernstown was fought only one mile out of Winchester. During the Civil War, the control of this town changed hands seventy-three times, and on one occasion five times in one day. So you can see the struggle was bitter and bloody. First one set of generals would have headquarters here, and then the other side. So they will point out to you the headquarters of Lee, then those of Jackson, Longstreet and Sheridan, and so on down the line on both sides.

The bitterness still exists among the old ones who participated, but only a few of them are left now. They refuse to have their Memorial services on May 30th, but have them on June 6th.

The Confederate dead, about 2,500, are interred in the city cemetery at one end by themselves, with a small marble headstone marking each grave. However, several Southern States which lost men in one or more of the battles thereabouts have erected a large monument on behalf of the State. It is a well kept cemetery.

Not far away is the Federal or National Cemetery of five acres, surrounded by a stone wall, and containing about 5,000 Union dead. Many Northern and New England States have likewise erected State monuments. Each soldier has also a marble slab at the head of his grave. It is exceptionally well kept and everything is in order.

Such has been the history and life of Winchester

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from the beginning until now. It has a cotton and a knitting mill, employing about 500 each. It also has a pulp mill and smaller industries.

The people do not expect it to become a large city, so they are growing beautiful shade trees along the curbs on all the streets; and they are large enough now to spread over the side-walks. This adds much in the way of attractiveness to the streets and the town.

Why do not many of our American cities, small, lonely and isolated, plant beautiful shade trees along the streets? The inhabitants could thus add much to the residential streets of most of our small towns, making them pleasing and attractive to visitors and restful and cheerful to the inhabitants. The singing birds would no doubt call and peep at the people once in a while, and especially in the springtime when all life is up and smiling, kissed by the sun at midday and fed and watered by the early dew of the morning. Cleanliness and beauty purify human life, so the money spent in beautifying a town or city is a good investment. Stately and shapely shade trees are inexpensive and they are messengers of good cheer and good will. If you do not build a town in a grove, bring the grove into the town. Keep your streets well graded, if not paved, and skirted on each side with rows of shade trees. Remember that the groves were God's first Temples and that if one is surrounded by trees, he is forced to think better and nobler thoughts. A new and better citizenship and a better town are thus created. A good government makes it easy for its people to be good. Parks, beautiful rivers or creeks, improved property, music and wholesome amusements all help to make a happy, prosperous contented people. These things lead us to look without and not within, and thus

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our trials, troubles and cares are temporarily forgotten. If we forget them often and long enough, we soon become healthy, normal human beings. So Winchester had her trees and she was made to suffer much, because she was attractive. The town is rich in every way, and richest of all in history.

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Frederick, Maryland

IN THE beginning of civilization in America, the English settled Georgia and the Carolinas; the Scotch-Irish and the Episcopalians sought out Virginia; the Scotch-Irish, English and Catholics settled down in Maryland, and were afterwards followed by the Germans.

Each State, by reason of environments, associations, education, social and political conditions and climate, has produced distinct types of the Anglo-Saxon race. The colored race has had its economic and social influences on Georgia and the Carolinas, and especially South Carolina.

Before the influx of New England and Northern people into Georgia, each of these localities produced such distinct types that it was easy to distinguish the nativity of one from the other.

The Catholics were strong at first, and are strong today, in Maryland; and the Church, from the beginning, has been wisely managed in that it encouraged the toleration of other beliefs rather than interference with their growth. This has been to the great advantage of the State for its energies have been devoted to social, intellectual and commercial growth, instead of being wasted or distracted by foolish controversies. Much of this is due to Cardinal Gibbons, his wise counsellors and his predecessors. He has been located in Baltimore for all of a generation.

Maryland is very hilly or mountainous, yet the sturdy settlers have overcome all obstacles. The State is now rich in resources and the country is like one great

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garden, producing as abundantly as is possible under the circumstances. The farm fences are maintained in order, and farm dwellings and outbuildings are neat, in good repair and mostly painted. The horses, cattle, hogs, poultry and all live stock are in fine condition. The land is well cultivated, although the farmers must fertilize, more or less, for all kinds of crops. This neatness and prosperity are the result of the industry, economy and energy of the settlers. With the exception of Baltimore, the State has no large cities. Cumberland is second in size, and Hagerstown, with 20,000 inhabitants, is third.

This distribution of the inhabitants, largely in the country, makes living a simple problem in this State. At this moment, when complaints of the high cost of living are coming from every State, the people of Maryland are getting their foods at reasonable prices. Rents are low and the people are happy, contented and prosperous. Because of the topography of the land, the drainage in the State and in the cities is fine; and the drinking water in most sections is obtained from the mountains. This makes Maryland an ideal place to live. This is why Maryland did not join the Confederacy. The white inhabitants had been trained to work and did work. They work now, and the colored population has never grown so large or so fast as to become a serious problem as it has in South Carolina. Again, the intermarriage of the pioneer settlers infused the German blood with the English and the Scotch-Irish, to the advantage of all three races. A Scotch-Irishman is a bad proposition. He never forgets or forgives a wrong. He says he does or will, but he never does. He fights for his rights and fights for his living, and usually is found

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to possess both. The Englishman works for a commission on the trade and traffic of a community. The German here works hard to produce, to save what he grows, or the proceeds thereof; and he succeeds. He loves to be with his family. He wants to be unmolested in his conception of personal liberty, which is to follow his likes and to resent his dislikes within his own circle and among his friends.

The result of this intermixture of blood has been to produce a lot of fine-looking people, both men and women, in the country as well as in the cities and towns. They are delightful and often charming in their actions and conduct towards one another; and they are considerate, kind and deferential toward strangers. They try to be gracious, and are so, in their social and business relations. Here you see simple, wholesome democracy lived and acted as it should be—a democracy which recognizes that “the other fellow may be better than I am at heart.” We all have our faults, some of which will be forever concealed, unless, on some accidental occasion, circumstances should reveal them.

Hagerstown, like most of the cities in the State, was started many years ago. It has very long blocks, with no alleys in many instances; and when alleys occur they are kept very clean. The streets and side-walks are narrow and are kept clean and in good condition. The paving is mostly brick. Many fine residences with modern architecture are found here; but the older homes are of that antique Southern type which when once seen you never forget. About twenty per cent of the population is colored.

The city has no large manufacturing plants, but many small ones in commercial lines. There is considerable

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wealth in the city. This is generally the case when a city is surrounded by prosperous agricultural sections. No permanent prosperity can come to any city if the country surrounding it is not fertile and prosperous and if the land is not intelligently handled. The wealth which starts the wheels of commerce and facilitates exchanges in the State centers comes from the land; and a rich, consuming public, in turn, brings prosperity to the farmer. Thus the relations between these classes are mutual except that the farmer is more independent.

A trip from Hagerstown to Frederick through the country is a journey the traveler will never forget. The scenic beauty is everywhere, in the woods and the creeks of running water, and in the farms in the valleys with their good homes and barns and their fat, lazy live stock. At Braddock Heights, we find a summering place with good hotels and an elevation that affords a good view of the famous Harpers Ferry and the Potomac. After passing through other attractive trading centers, we finally arrive at the historical and beautiful town of Frederick, which has a population of about 12,000 people. It is purely a residential city and has many fine but modest homes. Here, too, we find the country, for miles around, rich and productive, with prosperous farmers living in ease. With these conditions, it is usual to find strong financial institutions housed in fine and commodious quarters; and they have such institutions here. The business houses are not large, but many are attractive and most of them are very prosperous.

Of all the cities I have visited, this is the cleanest and neatest. The side-walks are wide and mostly made of brick. The streets are not wide, but they are well paved and clean. The dwellings are mostly in good

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repair. They are well painted, and smile like a young lady with a new white dress just departing for church on Sunday morning. To attend church in new gowns is part of a girl's religion. And why not? Without her and the church, we would soon disappear. We cannot get along without either, so let us continue to have both with us so long as we may live. Then we shall have more happiness than pain.

The fronts of residences have small platforms, with two or three steps leading to the side-walks. On these platforms the mothers and daughters bring the rocking chairs and sofa pillows to enjoy the life and activity and fresh evening air. The girls are largely gowned in white. I am told this is the custom, and as you glance along, if you are a young man, you will be unable to make a selection for so many of them are really beautiful. Most of them have strong faces, clear beautiful eyes and fine complexions. I asked one bright Scotch-Irish woman of seventy-three why this was; and, with a merry twinkle in her eye, she said "Ah, it is partly because of the cross between the Scotch-Irish and the Germans, and partly because of good food and wholesome living."

The children are numerous and, with their rosy, fat faces and bright eyes, they are equally as attractive as the young women. Frederick is a charming home town, and there is good feeling and good fellowship all round.

Admiral Schley was born here. One old lady told me that she knew him well and that as a boy he was a "regular devil." He would go down the street in winter time, after a snow, and pelt the girls with snow-balls. She said he was popular with them and they liked him just the same. His remains rest in Arlington Cemetery.

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This was also the home of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," a song which made him famous throughout the world and endeared him to the American people. He practiced law here, afterwards married a lady of Baltimore, and then moved to Baltimore where he practiced his profession up to the time of his death. The result of this Union was two children. All are now dead. Their remains rest in the beautiful Olivet Cemetery at Frederick, Maryland. At the entrance to this cemetery is a large, cylindrical granite monument mounted by a bronze statue of Key. At his feet are these words—"The Star Spangled Banner." They are sufficient. In front, at the base, is a female bronze statue representing Liberty with two children, one on either side. On the opposite side, is a bronze tablet whereon are inscribed the words of the "Star Spangled Banner." In front and to the right is a flag-staff, from which is unfurled to the breezes, throughout the year, our beautiful flag. As he stands erect on the pedestal, his right arm is raised on a level with his index finger pointing to the flag. It is a beautiful and impressive memorial of the living, to the dead who left an inheritance of honor, loyalty and patriotism to mankind. This monument was erected at a cost of \$15,000, the city and State sharing the expense equally.

This city became famous through the acts of another person—only a woman—Mrs. Barbara Fritchie. She was a widow, a German by birth and marriage. Her husband manufactured buckskin gloves, and was a kind, industrious man. He died in 1849 at the age of 69. His widow was his only survivor. She lived a quiet simple life and attended the Dutch Reformed Church regularly. She was diminutive in size but had noble impulses and

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a generous heart and was loved by all her neighbors.

During the Civil War this city was largely for the Union, and so was Mrs. Fritchie. When fighting began, many hung out the Stars and Stripes, that is, showed their colors; and the widow was among them. One day word came that General Lee's army was approaching, under General Jackson, on its way to capture the city of Washington. The patriots got cold feet, and all of them pulled down and hid their flags,—all except this little old widow, now 96 years of age. She took her flag, climbed to the attic and nailed it out of the attic window. When Jackson and his men arrived in town, this emblem, floating in defiance of the Confederates, created an episode that is best described by the famous poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, in commemoration of her heroic act. The poem is familiar to all.

On her death, in 1862, the citizens set aside a lot at the far end of Olivet Cemetery. A large granite obelisk in the shape of a heart has been erected to her memory on this lot. Gravel walks surround it. On the front is a bronze tablet with her medallion at the top and the Whittier poem underneath. At the right and at the corner of the lot, is a flagstaff, and from this is also unfurled the Stars and Stripes throughout the year.

This is a beautiful tribute by the women of Frederick. They organized the Barbara Fritchie Society with the sole purpose of building this monument and maintaining the floating flag as evidence of the love and esteem in which she was held by her friends and neighbors with whom she had lived her life and who knew her well.

General Lew Wallace, of "Ben Hur" fame, met General Jackson at Monocacy, two miles from the city, where the battle was fought. General Jackson withdrew

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after the battle and discontinued his journey to Washington at that time. A Union and a Confederate monument mark the battleground, but no soldiers are buried there. The Union dead were buried at Gettysburg and the Confederates in Olivet.

GETTYSBURG : A DETOUR

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

THE State of Maryland is very rolling in every direction and in the western part is traversed by two ranges of mountains, the Allegheny and Blue Ridge. West Virginia borders it on the northwest followed by Virginia on the southwest. On the north is the State of Pennsylvania. The District of Columbia lies partly in Maryland and partly in Virginia.

Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, is near the center of Virginia. It is 116 miles almost due south of Washington, the capital of the United States. There is direct railroad connection between the two cities.

This proximity of two opposing forces, each trying to capture the other's stronghold or seat of government, naturally caused many battles to be fought within a hundred miles of the capital. In fact it was in the territory between these two cities that most of the contests were staged. From 1862 to 1864 the vicinity of Richmond was like a field swarming with bees from hostile hives, there were so many battles.

The war began with open hostilities in April, 1861. On July 21, 1861, the first battle of Manassas or Bull Run was fought. The second battle of Bull Run occurred August 29 and 30, 1862. Bull Run is the name of a small creek running south of the town of Manassas. At that time, Manassas was a village of half a dozen houses, but it now has about 1,500 inhabitants. This battle occurred about six miles south of the town, the engagement taking place largely on what is known as the Henry farm, which is still owned by the family. A few markers and monuments have been erected, but

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the soldiers are buried in a cemetery two miles further south, at Grobeton, where fighting also occurred. Proper markers have been placed on the graves of the dead at that place.

The Confederates won both battles. Had Jackson known then what he learned afterwards when it was too late, he could have captured Washington; for it was only forty miles to Washington, and the Government was not prepared.

The Henry's have gathered a few relics of the battle. For the privilege of looking over the field they charge one dollar, and many visitors come in a year. The farm is cultivated and used as a dairy farm. It is rolling and largely wooded and appears to-day about the same as when the battle occurred.

Here the Confederates met one day, to celebrate while attending their reunion at Washington, which began on June 4, 1917. The citizens met them with a band; refreshments and speakers were provided; and the day was spent recalling old battle scenes and army experiences. They claimed to have been starved out, but not whipped. They had the finest generals in the world, but were short of men. The North had poor generals but had the men, and this difference determined the result of the war. Only one Union veteran was present, and he was from Connecticut and had established a business in the town.

They sang "America" and it was received in silence. Then the young ladies sang "Dixie," and hats went off and clapping began. On a banner these words were displayed, "Let us have peace," Grant—"The sublimest words in any language," Lee.

Up to this time, the advantage had been in favor of the Confederates; but the South needed money, food

GETTYSBURG : A DETOUR

and munitions of war. The young bloods of the South, educated to be gentlemen, did not know how to work. The Southern women adjusted themselves much quicker and better to the new conditions. The colored slave had to be told, and he failed to bring results from the farm in the way of foods. Harpers Ferry was the key to the rich Shenandoah Valley which Lee tried to hold and from which the Union generals tried to expel him. Many battles were fought in this valley—Cedar Mountain, Crosskeys, New Market, Strasburg Junction, Cedar Creek, Front Royal, Winchester, Ball's Bluff, and finally Antietam. This place is one mile from Sharpsburg, ten miles north of Harpers Ferry and sixty-six miles from Washington. At last, both armies withdrew from the valley, each side claiming the victory.

General Lee then adopted new plans. He started north to invade the Northern States and to collect the things he needed for his army, his ultimate object being to capture Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He moved on Hagerstown, Maryland, with his army. From Frederick, Maryland, \$100,000 was demanded. A like amount was demanded from York, Pennsylvania. Twenty-eight thousand dollars were paid and a due bill was given for the balance, which still remains unpaid. From Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, \$10,000 was demanded, together with clothing, meats and provisions. The town was poor and had only about 2,000 people, and the people pleaded poverty. While the controversy was going on, scouts informed Lee that General Meade, of the Union forces, was trying to head him off and he turned about. But instead of heading him off, Meade came up behind him; so they met by accident. The battle of Gettysburg, one of the greatest in history up to that time, was unexpected; and the two sides were at each other without much delay.

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The land for miles around is very similar to the topography of Maryland, rolling and hilly. They were not more than twenty miles beyond the Mason and Dixon line. The struggle lasted three days, July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863. The first two days were to the advantage of the Confederates, because they had a superior force and the advantage of position. Meade was reinforced, and on the third day the Union forces were superior in numbers and still had the advantage of position. Lee withdrew his forces from the battlefield, and started back to Virginia; and here began the end of the Confederacy.

It is charged that he had the promise of substantial aid from the English government if this invasion of the North resulted in one or two decisive victories. There are grounds for such a charge. Lee knew, and England knew, that defeat meant that this was the beginning of the end.

In the meantime, it had rained hard and the Potomac River was high; and Lee had difficulty and delay in getting across. Had the Union forces been able to follow up Lee's retreat, his whole army would have fallen into Meade's hands, for it is said he did not have two rounds of ammunition left to defend himself.

The number of men engaged was about 150,000. Nearly 50,000 of them were killed and wounded on the field of battle. The fighting covered twenty-five square miles. It occurred on all sides of the little town, and, strange as it may seem, only one woman was killed. She was a maiden lady about thirty years of age. Her little home was built of brick and was a story and a half high. There were only two rooms downstairs, the back room being the kitchen. In this room she was standing, mixing dough, and perhaps singing a song to nerve herself

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to bear the thought of the awful struggle that was going on. Suddenly a stray bullet came through the outer door, and on through another door near which she was standing. It passed through her body, and thus she became the victim of the sad ravages of war. Her little home is now used as a museum of war relics, her bread board being among the rest.

Here you hear much of Big Round Top, Little Round Top, the wheat field, the peach orchard, Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, Benner's Hill and Devil's Den, where Confederate Sharpshooters did much harm until discovered and dislodged. You also hear of Bloody Angle where were the Louisiana Tigers, and of Seminary Ridge, and the stone wall. These are all spots or points that every old soldier, whether Union or Confederate, engaged in this contest, remembers with sadness. The dying and the dead were so thick and close together that one could walk on human bodies from the stone wall to the wheat field, a quarter of a mile away. Many officers on both sides were killed or wounded. Here is where General Sickels lost his leg.

It is charged that General Sickels disobeyed orders and worked himself and men out into the open. He was saved Sickels and changed temporary defeat to victory. in a precarious position and was about to be slaughtered when General Warren took Little Round Top,

Then it was that General Lee, miscalculating Stuart's success, ordered Pickett to charge against Longstreet. This resulted disastrously to Pickett, who lost nearly 3,000 men out of 17,000 in a few minutes. This great charge is designated as the high watermark of the Confederacy. It was not successful, and Gettysburg became a Union victory.

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General Meade demonstrated here that he was the equal of General Lee, if not his superior. He planned and maneuvered with great skill, and with his aids had decidedly the best of the situation on the third day, both in position and in handling of forces. Lee's headquarters commanded the whole field; and it is said that the failure of Pickett's charge and the slaughtering of his brave men caused him to shed tears, for he knew it meant his defeat. That night he withdrew his forces in retreat.

The Government has bought thousands of acres, and the plan is to control, eventually, the twenty-five square miles. The National Cemetery contains seventeen acres. On the spot where President Lincoln stood and delivered his Gettysburg Address, now recognized as a classic, a national monument has been erected. The Government has fine driveways everywhere, aggregating thirty-three miles in length; and the different States have erected beautiful and magnificent memorials to their fallen heroes. In every place where an officer fell a monument has been erected to his memory. They are placed wherever fighting occurred, for many heroes fell in that battle. The grounds and wooded sections are kept as they were in 1863. There are no changes, except that many monuments have been erected and many roadways have been built, even on Culp's Hill and Little Round Top. A monument to General Warren is there.

Virginia has just erected the finest and most expensive of monuments to the memory of General Lee, on the spot where he stood with his field glasses looking at the contest in the valley below.

At heart Lee was kind, generous and considerate,—every inch a gentleman. The awful carnage must have

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impressed and depressed him, and the story of his shedding tears is no doubt true.

Yet, such is war. This nation could not remain one-half free and one-half slave. Argument and reason had failed. Religion was unable to solve the difficulties, for nearly all these Southern generals were devoted church men—praying Christians, with Bibles in their pockets, trying to follow the rules and teachings of that Book.

War, alone, could and did solve the problem, and made this country stronger and better in every way than it was before the contest. It aroused the forces in man to new enterprises, greater undertakings and a higher plane of thinking. It caused to grow in the human breast more love and sympathy, more patience and toleration, more charity and kindness for the down-trodden and afflicted; it broadened the thoughts of men and women; it lifted us up and kept us from becoming stale.

War is no doubt one of the instruments used to make better men and women by touching the masses, the multitudes. It awakens the animal life in human nature, energizes the individual units to new and greater deeds, socially, spiritually, intellectually and commercially. An active force lives and goes forward. A passive force, in time, becomes extinct—atrophies. All living and feeling life is energy. The opposite is death. The struggle to live predominates in all animal and vegetable forms. This struggle is upwards, as it is for fullness and completeness of form.

The South resented, and the struggle lifted it from its roots. It takes time for a new growth, and the South has just started to develop and expand into great

possibilities. It is finding itself,—turning its eyes from the past to the unfolding future with all its brightness and hope and cheerfulness. So let it toil with the masses, doing justice to the least of its members.

Wrongs never pay dividends. They go on the debit side of the ledger. The proper, just rewards to the masses for their labor produces wealth. A human body well cared for and well housed is a producing unit of wealth. If it is intellectually employed and its efforts are properly directed, it is an asset and not a liability. Idleness, whether of the rich or the poor, like machinery not used, is a loss and a burden to the community.

The South has started the boys and girls to toil in wholesome pursuits, to work intelligently on the lands and bring forth products therefrom. This, in time, will bring about individual independence, self-reliance and one's own ability to do things worth while.

Thus, prejudice and hate and discouragement are fading away, and a new life and a new growth are springing forth. This new growth will increase in leaps and bounds. It is the aftermath of the Civil War and the freedom of the slave.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore, Maryland

THIS city has a population of about 600,000 people. It possesses both water and rail transportation, and is admirably situated on Chesapeake Bay. These conditions enable it to meet all the competition of the commercial world. The State back of it is rich in the fertility of its soil. There are large quantities of timber; and coal, iron and copper are produced in paying quantities. Corn, wheat, tobacco and cotton are the leading crops; but oats, barley, rye and hay, in fact everything that good farm land will produce, is grown here. The soil must be fertilized, however, in order to bring forth profitable returns. Horses, cattle, hogs and sheep are raised; and all the dairy and poultry products are abundant.

Being the only large city in the State and having such a good location, Baltimore should grow and become a dominating factor in the commercial world.

The city is governed by the old ward system and has an upper and a lower house of councilmen from the twenty-four different wards. In the lower branch, one is chosen by the people from each ward, making twenty-four members. The upper branch consists of eight members, who are chosen from the people by larger districts. The mayor is one of these eight. The councilmen are elected for four years, and draw a salary of \$2,000 each per annum. The mayor is paid \$5,000. This form of government has not proved satisfactory, and there is no reason why it should.

Baltimore is very old, having been laid out early in the eighteenth century and named after Lord Baltimore. It was started by the English, and the early

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settlers were Scotch, Irish and English. Now it has a large population of Russian and German Jews and of Greeks and Italians. There are about 75,000 colored people. The Jews own block after block on North Baltimore Street, and they are the proprietors of banks, stores and shops of all kinds. The Russian Jewish Evangelist may be seen standing on a soapbox on the street corner at night, urging his people, in his native tongue, to reform and enter the service of the Lord. The Lord does appeal to races of people in different languages, in many forms and by many methods.

When I left Gettysburg, I took an automobile bus for Hanover, Pennsylvania. When the bus got out about four miles, it broke down. The driver explained that one of the efficient American mechanics had so adjusted the clutch that it would go beyond its proper place and grab more territory than it should, thus putting other parts of the machinery out of commission.

We got back to Gettysburg, and then I started for York, Pennsylvania, to catch an afternoon train for Baltimore. I made it all right, but these country automobiles are like many white men,—somewhat uncertain.

When I arrived at York, I was tired out; and finding that the train was an hour late, I sat down in one corner of the depot to rest. While I was there, a good old Dunkard came over and sat down by me. He was large. He wore garments that were homespun, but neat. He had a full beard and long hair cut straight across at the back; and he wore a broad-brimmed, low-crowned black hat. His eyes were gentle and kind. His face was benevolent and gentle in expression. His lips wore a

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pleasant smile. I engaged him in conversation and found him intelligent and interesting. He regretted the world war, and said the world was approaching the end. "No one could tell," he said, "how long the time would be, but the Bible foretold that what is now happening should come just before the end. The people are extravagant, wasteful and thoughtless, and some cruel men have taken advantage of these weaknesses and brought about conditions which make life a struggle."

Soon others came in and approached my newly-made friend with extended hand. He rose and they all clasped right hands and embraced each other. Then they kissed square on the lips and parted with a smack. Now I did not mind this one instance, but when others came in and did likewise, it made me nervous. Yet they were so sincere in it that I said to myself, what if the whole world had this spirit, one toward another? There would be no wars or rumors of wars. The general appearance of all was exactly like that of my newly-made acquaintance. They could not and would not fight, yet all had crisp new bills to pay for railroad tickets. When they noticed that I was in conversation with one of their number each one approached me and greeted me with a hand-shake, minus the kiss.

Many of their women sat in the adjoining room wearing shakers and simple dull-colored garments. Naturally, I was anxious to know how they greeted their women. Finally, one came in. She approached each man in his seat and extended her hand; and, without removing their hats or getting up, they shook her hand. She then came to me. She had a beautiful face, sweet and gentle. I thought of Lord Chesterfield, and arose

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and, removing my hat, took her hand. I felt the men did not treat her right. She deserved to be and should have been kissed. I had to respect her age and her sweet gentle smile; but, had she been young, I would have asked her for a kiss right then and there even if it had resulted in war. For what is more beautiful than a kiss from a sweet, gentle, kind woman? I know I prefer it to the kiss of the man, and I can never become a Dunkard even to gain a crown above. My acquaintance corrected me, saying, "We are spoken of as Dunkards, but among ourselves we speak of one another as brother and sister."

Thus, in many ways the Lord is exalted by His servants. It matters not what one's creed may be. If he is sincere and not a counterfeit, he meets all requirements, I am sure.

But to return to Baltimore. It owns its water supply, but nothing else. The streets are narrow, some of them being paved with brick, some with granite flag stone and some with asphalt. They are dirty, and many of them are out of repair. The street cars and the gas and electric light plants are privately owned, and the service is good.

In lieu of all other taxes, the street railway pays the city nine per cent of its gross receipts for park purposes. The result is, Baltimore has one of the finest parks in America. It has almost 800 acres covered with white oaks, large, stately and as beautiful as photographs. The topography of the ground is picturesque. Nature made it for a park. The landscaping is natural and artistic. The park is kept like a fine lawn. There is music Sunday afternoons and evenings, and thousands who go to hear it are supplied with seats in

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abundance everywhere, in nooks and corners and by-ways. It is managed by a board of park commissioners, three in number, appointed by the governor of the State. This park is on the west side, and on the east side, in a poorer section, is Patterson Park which is almost as large but not so rich in natural beauty. The city also has a number of small neighborhood parks.

Cities, States and National governments must furnish amusement and entertainment for the people if they expect to live. Confinement, oppression and the denial of simple pleasures lead to anarchy, socialism and destruction. This world was never intended for a prison or a place where human beings should be surrounded by a desert. Men have their enthusiasms, desires, loves, romances and imaginations. To satisfy these longings, we have beauty in all its varied forms, above us and at our feet. We may touch it, admire it and call it our own without money and without price; we may love it and appreciate it to our heart's content. So the street railway has added Riverside Park, where one can throw canes, play with baby dolls, eat candy, ride in submarines and coasters, visit caves, see Ben Hur races, listen to fine music or witness a light comedy. What pleases and entertains one may be tiresome to another. Many people have many minds, so one can take his choice.

The State has liquor option, by counties, and this city voted to be "wet," by 40,000 majority. The saloons pay \$1,075 per annum, and there are nearly 1,300 of them. There are no red light districts and no public gambling places.

Thomas Wildey started the order of Odd Fellows here, in 1818. The members have erected a fine monument

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to his memory, and they are planning to celebrate its founding in 1918. He founded a great order which has resulted in doing much good in the world.

The city is planning a civic center, having purchased all the land to the piers which it has already erected of concrete at a cost of about \$4,000,000. The Druid Theatre, erected in 1797, is to be torn down, and a new city hall is to be erected on its site. All the United States Government buildings and the county and city buildings will be located in this center, which is now surrounded by some large and expensive blocks representing all lines of business. Baltimore is growing rapidly in every direction. Residences and apartments are being built by the block. It is a well built city of homes, and is situated on rolling ground. Six and seven-room cottages, modern in every way, are renting for \$18 to \$20 a month. Compared with other cities, living is low. Carpenters are receiving forty cents an hour, brick masons get fifty cents an hour and all other laborers relatively the same. This is about twenty per cent less than the wages paid in other cities, hence the low rents.

It is an extensive manufacturing city. About twenty-five different ship building plants are in operation. Schwab has the largest, which is now employing nearly 7,000 men. Many factories in other lines are located here, and they are meeting with success on account of favorable economic conditions.

Baltimore is a great educational and religious center. Johns Hopkins University is located here. Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Catholic church, makes this city his home. Other schools, colleges and social activities are centered here, and have a far-reaching influence

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on American life and its activities. The people are active and wide awake for themselves, the city, the State and the country. They are loyal and patriotic.

The Johns Hopkins University and its hospital alone have made Baltimore famous. Johns Hopkins was a bachelor engaged in the wholesale grocery business at Baltimore for many years. He was a warm friend of John W. Garrett, the builder of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway. Here is where he made most of his money. He was born of Quaker parents May 19, 1795, and lived his early days on a farm. He was connected with many financial institutions, invested heavily in Baltimore real estate and worked for the growth and expansion in commerce of his home city. As it grew, he grew, and possessing a kind and benevolent spirit, he gave his money away freely for the public good. On his death, December 24, 1873, then an old man, he set aside \$6,000,000 for the founding of the great institution devoted to easing pains and drying tears of the unfortunate and afflicted of mankind. Though dead his good deeds and acts of kindness still live to be administered to the rich and poor alike.

Lynchburg, Virginia

THE peanut crop of this State has grown in extent until now it brings new wealth to its producers of between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 a year. At Suffolk and Petersburg this industry has grown to large proportions and much capital is devoted to handling this one product. The soil and the climate are peculiarly adapted to this crop which have made these two cities the market place for peanuts.

This city is surrounded by a soil profitable for producing tobacco. For miles in every direction the land is used for this one crop and this crop has been very profitable for the past few years.

It might be of interest to the average reader to know how tobacco is raised.

In January or February a planting bed is made, about twenty feet square, by burning wood until it becomes ash. All the rubbish is then removed and about a pint of tobacco seed is sown thereon. It is then dug up and turned to cover sufficiently the seed and ashes. A cheesecloth is then spread over the space to protect the plants against frost. When all danger of frost is past, the plants are taken up and planted in ground that has been thoroughly pulverized by plowing and harrowing, after which rows about three feet apart are made and ridged up.

In May the tobacco plants are drawn from the plant bed and planted in the ground with a wooden peg. One boy or girl can thus plant possibly two acres a day.

As soon as they take root hills are made around each plant with a hoe. This is done to avoid having the

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small tender plant covered when cultivation is started with a shovel plow.

When the growth starts, a sucker in the side and worms also appear, both of which must be looked after and removed, until the plant matures. When ripe it is of a yellowish tinge. The yellow leaves are cut first and this is called the first cutting. Tobacco is cut with a tobacco knife. After the top is removed the stock is slit in two parts to within two or three inches of the ground. It is then removed and put on sticks which are removed to a barn and hung up in tiers about four feet apart and an ordinary barn holds about 500 sticks in which position it remains to cure or dry.

Virginia produces light, while Kentucky produces dark tobacco. Gray soil produces light tobacco and red soil dark tobacco. Light tobacco is worth twice as much as dark tobacco.

After all tobacco is a luxury. It is a habit formed in youth like the use of intoxicating liquors. It serves no purpose and is both a useless and an expensive habit. Millions are expended in its use, yet it is neither food nor drink. It contributes nothing to the human body, either in prolonging or in sustaining life. You could starve to death in a tobacco field for the want of food. It should go the road of the distilled spirits. The use of tobacco is a bad habit cultivated by man alone. All other animals reject it and fight against it. And man resents it at the beginning until he recovers from his first sickness and its use becomes a fixed habit even to crave and long for it. Its cultivation should be replaced with the production of healthy, wholesome foods.

This is a hilly city, yet attractive in many ways. It has fairly good hotels, a beautiful country surrounds

it. It is in Virginia. How could it be otherwise. "I am from Virginia, sir," and that is sufficient.

The waste tobacco around a factory is worked over into very fine particles, not much better than dust. This is sold very cheap to the native poor people, both white and colored. They use it for chewing purposes. They will put it into their mouths and work it around their teeth, that is, let it rest by soaking it in the saliva. Children begin to do this as early as three years of age both boys and girls. They call this "chewing the cud." When the habit is once formed it continues throughout life.

The effect of this on children causes them to have a whitish-yellowish complexion; a thin, emaciated face with a gaunt, staring expression from the eyes. They have the appearance of being undersized, undernourished and sickly.

This habit is very extensive with the poor and the only remedy against it is universal education teaching the evil effects therefrom or the abandonment altogether of the raising of tobacco. The latter is more sensible for it is utterly worthless for both man and beast. It will never reduce the cost of living or take the place of the poorest food product that grows. It is injurious, wasteful and extravagant for all who are addicted to its use. Let it go with alcohol.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

“Monticello,” Charlottesville, Virginia

VIRGINIA was not only the first State to start settlements, but it was among the first to proclaim liberty of thought and action and to foster education. The first settlement was made by Captain John Smith on an island in the James River, only a few miles northwest of Norfolk. This made a base on that river for the white man, and he gradually encroached on the hunting ground of the Indian by working himself up that stream as far as he could go. He could do this because it was navigable. In turn, the overflow of settlers at Jamestown gradually worked itself through the passes and gateways of the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny mountains to the States in the rich Mississippi valley; and from this early beginning came the great West.

At the very beginning the raising of tobacco was found profitable because the soil and climate of this State are well adapted to its growth and because the English kings gave grants and charters to their favorites, some of whom became active in founding settlements to produce this newly found wealth. So the growth of this State was rapid from the first. The Irish and the Scotch, both sturdy and aggressive, came over in large numbers. The land along the James River was soon dotted with these pioneers, and as they advanced they began to spread out.

Some of the grants of lands from the kings amounted to thousands of acres to one individual; and, as the population expanded, further grants were made. The famous family of Randolphs was thus favored, and

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located near Roanoke to the south. Lord Fairfax went as far north as Winchester, and Lord Baltimore located at Baltimore in Maryland.

The ancestry of Jefferson, the Monroes and the Madisons came early. They started from Jamestown, and in time moved up stream to the interior; and here we find many of their descendants who became famous.

Charlottesville to-day has possibly not to exceed 10,000 to 12,000 people, and one-third of these are colored. Yet at Montpelier, about twenty miles to the northeast, was the home of Madison; and only two miles from Jefferson resided Monroe. Each of these, in turn, became president of the United States. Madison and Monroe owned large tracts of land worked by slaves, and were, in truth, what we now call "country gentlemen." "Pete" Jefferson, the father of Thomas Jefferson, was a poor man; but he was honest, industrious and physically and mentally strong and aggressive and one of the common people. He married into the Randolph family, and this connected him with the aristocracy. All of these holders of large grants of land were men of influence by reason of intellect and wealth; and from them the aristocracy of Virginia came. This aristocracy dictated the social, financial and political policies of the State. In time, this wealth ruined the descendants of many of these old houses. However, some retained and perpetuated the virility of their ancestors.

In Jefferson's case, the lack of wealth and the strong influences of a father and mother of noble impulses burned into his youthful mind high ideals; and the fixed habits of good emanating from his early home life influenced his whole future career. He was frequently thrown into the society of men who drank, dissipated,

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gambled and loved all the sports; but his early training withstood all these influences.

He was the third child in a family of ten children,—a great, big redheaded, grey-eyed boy, six feet and two inches tall; yet he afterwards grew to be a handsome man, both physically and mentally. By correct living, his body developed with his mind and became strong and graceful. He was persuasive and pointed in his arguments and conversations and with his pen; but he was no orator and he refrained from efforts in that line.

His father selected law for his future career, and employed a private tutor on his general education. He became a linguist, being able to speak and read several languages, including Greek and Latin. He also understood mathematics and the sciences. In other words, his foundation for future intellectual achievement was well planned.

His father died when he was fourteen years of age and upon young Thomas fell the burden of taking his father's place. From that time on, his troubles were many and his experiences sad. In a few years his mother passed away. Then the husband of his sister Jane died, leaving her with six children and poor. Added to all these troubles was his hard work in matters of State; but he proceeded, assumed all the burdens cheerfully and discharged his duties to the best of his ability. Few men would have had the courage to do as he did. Late in life, he married and became the father of two daughters. His wife became an invalid and passed away. At her death, he promised his wife to get no new mother for his young daughters; and he kept his promise.

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During this period, he was admitted to practice law and for the time he was so engaged he had a practice which brought him from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year. This enabled him to increase his father's little estate of 400 acres in the Piedmont District, and to take in Jefferson mountain. This enlarged his holdings to over 5,000 acres; and upon Jefferson mountain he built his three-story brick residence and basement, and called it "Monticello."

The residence is imposing. It is built on the top of a single mountain which is in the midst of a valley called the Piedmont District. Just beyond the valley, and completely surrounding it, is a rim of mountains. This gave him command of scenery, which for grandeur and beauty is unsurpassed anywhere in America. For miles, his view was unobstructed in every direction. Nature in all its glory and beauty was his. Surrounded by woods and singing birds and growing fields, it is no wonder he thought great thoughts and suggested and accomplished great things. The misfortunes which he had suffered from his boyhood days made him feel for another's woes, and gave him a desire to embrace all mankind as brethren—to be humble and simple in conduct and dress, sympathetic and gentle towards all. He was a living example of pure democracy. With his early teaching and his life and environments, he could not have been otherwise. His sister Jane was fond of music, and he played the violin; and together their souls mingled with the spirits above, causing darkness and gloom to fade into sunshine and flowers. Each helped the other to bear all burdens.

He had so many slaves that he did not know the number he owned. He was kind and good to them. At

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heart, he was opposed to slavery; and he tolerated it as an institution defended by many who supported him in his efforts elsewhere. The dwelling place of his slaves was connected with his own by an underground passage running to the kitchen. His bedroom was connected by an underground passage, and through this it was said he made his escape when the British appeared at his residence to make him a prisoner. His house contained nearly thirty rooms. Big iron gates are at the entrance to the grounds. Here a slave, in a small brick house, guarded the gate. If a caller came and was admitted, a large bell on a post nearby was rung to notify the residence that a caller was approaching. The present owner still observes that custom. On the lawn at the back of the house is a small one-story and basement brick building which he used as his office. Half way from the gate to the house, about one-third of an acre is enclosed by a high iron fence; and in this enclosure are the tombs of Jefferson and many of his relatives. He wrote his own inscription on his tomb. It is as follows:

“Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia.”

Born April 2, 1743 O. S.

Died July 4, 1826.

He refused to mention his incumbency of the office of President of the United States saying, “Other men can become President of the United States, but no man can be my successor in the performance of these three things.”

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He labored hard for the University, and succeeded in 1819. It is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the United States. In 1803, he started Central College which developed into the University. His object was to train men for useful lives, women not being admitted. It is located here and has an attendance of about 1,000 students a year.

Jefferson died a bankrupt. His estate was reduced, from time to time, to about 1,000 acres; and after his death, the remaining portion was sold at public auction. The man who purchased it for \$15,000 was unable to meet his payments, and about eighty years ago it fell into the hands of Commodore Levy, a friend of Jefferson and Monroe. It has remained in the Levy family ever since, and is now owned by ex-Congressman Jefferson Monroe Levy of New York City.

He remodeled the house and refurnished it. Not much of the Jefferson furniture exists to-day. Mr. Levy lived there for a while. He became a candidate for Congress, but failed. He then moved to New York City where he succeeded in being elected. The property is worth about thirty dollars an acre, aside from the sentiment connected with it as the home of Thomas Jefferson.

Because of his generosity to his supposed friends, Jefferson became hard pressed and poor in his old age. On his retirement, admiring individuals traveled far and near to visit him. Some would remain weeks at a time. On one occasion, a Frenchman came, bringing his family and the family servants; and they all became the guests of Jefferson for a period of six months. This showed him to be a man who was kind and generous to the extreme. In fact, he was imposed upon. They were eating him out of house and home.

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One of his sayings towards the close of his life, in connection with his work for the University, is, "I am closing the last scene of my life by fashioning and fostering an establishment for the instruction of those who come after us. I hope that its influence on their virtue, freedom, fame and happiness will be salutary and permanent."

His home is three miles from the town and up a mountain road; it is now ninety-one years since his death, yet 20,000 people visit the spot annually. This is a remarkable tribute to the man's memory and to the noble deeds he performed for his own people. They loved and trusted him then, and they love and revere him now, for his honesty, ability and unselfish labors for the happiness and good of all. His words of wisdom will be repeated and followed throughout time, so long as governments exist. And this is Charlottesville with the tomb of Jefferson at "Monticello" three miles away.

Lexington, Virginia

IF you are giving the history of a people living in a land having the four seasons, it is easy to determine the fertility and character of the soil and the climate. The soil and climate do materially affect and influence the mental, moral and social progress of the people; and when you have possession of the facts regarding their progress in these elements together with a knowledge of their commercial advancement, you can quite accurately determine their comparative progress in the human race, for human progress and these material things are relative.

In low marshy territory, incapable of proper drainage, you have malaria. In low land, under a burning sun, with excessive humidity in the atmosphere, you have a low standard of animal life. In both cases, you have men undersized in every way, mentally and physically. These conditions affect all animal life, and it is a waste of time and money to try to overcome the laws of nature under these circumstances.

These conditions may not be noticeable in one generation or even in two generations; yet, without an influx of new blood and energy from time to time, the original settlements will terminate in the same way, as God planned other forms of life to inhabit such localities and these conditions are essential to their growth and prosperity, whether it be animal life of a lower order, insect life or certain kinds of vegetable life.

So we have frigid, temperate, sub-tropical and tropical zones. In each of these zones there are living animals, insects and vegetable life, in the fullness and

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completeness of their time. How long would the polar bear last in the torrid zone? How long would the orange tree live in the frigid zone? All these things teach us our place in nature. It is our place to make a study of all these far-reaching influences and to locate ourselves where we can make the most of our capacities and opportunities. Obedience to the command, "Know thyself," is the greatest duty of mankind.

Many of the Southern States bordering on the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico are without elevation for a great distance inland. Those who have resided along such shores for generations have been unable to overcome these depressing and retarding elements and have shown but little progress.

But as you leave the shore line and advance northward and westward to the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains, you see unfolding before your eyes intellectual and commercial progress in all lines. Among the mountaineers and those residing on the upland near the mountains, you discover virility and progress of both man and beast; and where men have been surrounded with the warm influences of moral and religious teachings and intellectual training, they have shown their bravery and courage in all the walks of life. The mountaineers are strong in body and mind; they are the crude iron ore of nature, unfinished and unpolished by the generous hand of man, their brother.

So when we come to Maryland and Virginia, decorated with mountains and ranges and waves and peaks, we find Thomas Jefferson on Jefferson Peak, in "Monticello." By going only a few steps from his stately mansion, he could look far and near, for miles and miles, beyond and above, on all the beautiful things God had

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made to be utilized, cherished and loved, not by man alone, but by all His created things. To Jefferson, it gave flights of imagination far above things affecting the human race alone. Surrounded with pure bracing air, and well supplied with pure crystal water to quench his thirst and wholesome food from the valley below, he lived all alone with his trained mind, his good books and his spiritual adviser above. It became easy for him to do things worth while.

From here you can see the University of Virginia, with its rectangular campus of buildings, unique and attractive in every way. It is surrounded by 1,500 acres of rolling land. This institution was founded through the untiring efforts of Thomas Jefferson, and has been maintained by the State since 1819. Thus early did Virginia begin to look after the young men by the power and influence of the State. It was a debt of gratitude and love which the great Jefferson was trying to pay to the past generation by perpetuating to future generations the blessings bestowed upon him in his youthful career. Edgar Allan Poe, who was born January 19, 1809, and who was poor and homeless, came to this institution to drink of its water. He remained just ten months and one day, leaving, possibly, because of poverty. But he had acquired the inspiration to sing beautiful songs, and with the passing of time these songs have brought to his bier multitudes who sing his praises. A tablet marks the room, No. 13, wherein he worked late at night until his candle had consumed all the wick and there was "darkness there and nothing more." Since that time, many men have come to this great university and gone; and almost all have performed better deeds on account of having been there.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Thus the spirit of Jefferson grows and expands with time, for the good of all.

From here we go to Staunton, Virginia, a hustling town of possibly 12,000 inhabitants. It is a clean, condensed and attractive city. It has some good stores, and its people are active and alert. This spirit is found everywhere in Maryland and Virginia because of the soil and the climate. The mountain air is invigorating and bracing, and it is free from dust, germs and insects to depress and undermine the health of the people. As we journey up on Cotton Street, we notice a tablet fastened to a two-story dwelling house and we read: "Here was born Woodrow Wilson." This is only forty miles from Charlottesville, Virginia. The father of Woodrow Wilson was the preacher in the First Presbyterian Church, and this was the manse. It is well located on a hill overlooking the city and the country beyond. The President need not be ashamed of the house or the city in which he first opened his eyes to the world.

From here we went to Lexington, Virginia, fifty miles away, just ninety miles from Monticello. It is a college town of possibly 4,000 inhabitants. There is nothing much to do but live off of the students, yet the country is well worked and the land is capable of being farmed and is very productive. Here is located the Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, each having capacity to handle about 500 students, and each having about that many in attendance. The latter is a State institution and was founded in 1839. It gives young men a general education, together with military training. It is doing good work, and with our foreign war it has lately come

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into prominence as a training camp for the Federal army. Several hundred additional men are now centered on its campus which consists of about 160 acres.

The Washington and Lee University is unique in history, in that it is now endowed for about \$3,000,000 and has no debts. The State of Virginia engaged George Washington to take charge of the military operations of the State and to protect its people from the Indians. He did his work so well that the people of the State felt under obligations to him and voted him \$50,000 for his services. He did not want to take it; but he did take it, and he founded an Educational Institution for young men and called it Liberty Hall. To this institution he turned over the entire \$50,000. The institution grew slowly. It made friends who contributed to its support, and became an educational force in the State. Misfortunes overtook it, however, and in 1818 some of its buildings burned. It was reorganized and rebuilt nearer the town on a beautiful campus of 120 acres. The new buildings were more substantial, and its name was changed to Washington College. Its loyal friends, with new zeal, and new energy, stood by the institution in its misfortunes, and in time advanced it beyond where it was before.

Then the Civil War came, and the young and the old were forced into the Southern cause, boys going into the ranks as young as fourteen. This was hard on all educational institutions, both North and South. Washington College struggled along until after the close of the war, when the rebuilding of the South in every way was the dominant problem of the country.

The trustees of Washington College conceived a happy thought. It was to elect General Robert E. Lee

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President of the institution. The board changed the name to Washington and Lee University, by which name it has been known since.

Its support previously had been largely from the South. General Lee was popular with the South and he also had many admirers in the North and in New England who regarded him highly on account of the integrity, intellectual capacity and real worth of the man. On his assumption of the administration of its affairs the university began to have a phenomenal growth in every way.

General Lee was poor in worldly goods, but rich in those traits of character that appeal to the masses. He worked hard and faithfully to build up the institution. Being a very religious man, he was anxious to build up the town of Lexington to a higher standard of living. He was anxious that the young men be surrounded by good home influences, and he personally called on the people and begged them to take the young men to room and board. This was a good deal for a Virginian to do, however badly he needed the money. In those days it required a formal introduction to break the ice of a "blue blood," and to take roomers and boarders was a scandal; but they would do anything for General Lee, and so they yielded. In these latter days only a few in Virginia are foolish. The great majority are hospitable and kind. In fact, they will stop business and sit down and have a visit. In these days, one meets many charming people who are Virginians through and through. They make one feel as though he would like to see more of them.

General Lee lived only a few years. On his death, his son succeeded him. After his death the Chapel he

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erected became sacred property. The auditorium is used for important occasions in connection with the University. A memorial church was built to his memory at the entrance to the campus. It is Episcopalian in belief.

On the walls in the chapel are oil paintings of distinguished men who have been loyal friends to the institution. In the basement is a room which General Lee used while president. They keep it just as he left it the night before, with tables, chairs, books, papers, memoranda and letters unanswered. In fact, should he return he would find nothing disturbed since he left.

The honor system prevails here. Nothing is locked except Lee's vault. Buildings, including the library, are open day and night. Nothing is disturbed. Students are on their honor. They are regarded and treated as gentlemen, and in Virginia "he is a gentleman, sir." I forgot to ask if this applied to money also. You know it is best to have exceptions to all rules, even "among gentlemen."

They also built a mausoleum for General Lee and his family at the back of the chapel. It has twenty-eight crypts, eight being now occupied. Near the vault is an Italian statue of Lee by Valentine of Richmond. It is a finely executed piece of work.

Lee had five children, three girls and two boys. All are dead except one maiden daughter, who lives in New York City.

Harpers Ferry, West Virginia

EARLY in the seventeenth century, an Englishman named Harpers, young and full of spirit, came to America; and while here he learned, through some source, of the richness and wonderful scenic beauty around the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers at their junction in what was then the State of Virginia. To this place, the venturesome youth emigrated, and he was so impressed with it that he concluded to locate there. He thought that, in addition to their scenery, the Blue Ridge mountains might be rich with minerals.

Lord North, of England, claimed the title; and from him this young man purchased what he wanted and at once began to improve it. Others located nearby, and in time Harpers felt that the community needed a ferry across the Shenandoah, so he built and operated one. The town was laid out and was thus named Harpers Ferry, and so it remained ever afterwards.

Its growth was slow and even now it does not contain over 2,500 inhabitants. But more history is connected with its location and name than with any other hamlet of the United States, though many times its size.

It is very hilly, the streets in some instances being hewn out of rock. Often one residence is erected above another on the hill or the mountain side. This makes the place interesting and attractive. Two swift rivers, one at the foot on either side, roll by over rocky beds; and when they are low the water forms into folds and ripples, varied and picturesque, creating in human nature a desire to pause and sit on the banks for hours

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at a time and watch the water dance as if in a hurry to finish the work allotted to it.

It is said that George Washington admired the location as well adapted for defense, and when he became President it was so chosen and developed. Small arms were manufactured here and stored for emergencies in buildings afterwards erected for that purpose.

In 1859, the Government had about 20,000 rifles, powder, shells and other munitions stored in the arsenal. A few guards were kept here, in addition to the workmen, who were expected to be able to protect the Government property temporarily until additional help could arrive. It is only fifty miles from Washington, D. C., and even then the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passed through the place and extended to Washington.

But in getting into the place, it had to tunnel through the Blue Ridge mountains on the Maryland side of the Potomac and cross this stream over a bridge before it was able to enter into Harpers Ferry. The tunnel and bridge were guarded, as well as the machine shops and property of the Government.

In the Fall of 1859 a body of men, about twenty-five in number, arrived at Sandy Hook on the Maryland side and about a mile east of Harpers Ferry. The leader, going by the name of Smith, claimed they were inspecting the mountains with a view of finding some rich minerals deposited therein. As the people entertained the same belief nothing was thought of it, especially as Mr. Smith was very devout.

About ten o'clock at night on October 16, 1859, Mr. Smith (who was none other than John Brown of Ossawatimie, Kansas), and his followers left Sandy Hook

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for Harpers Ferry; and as they marched along they arrested the guards and took them as prisoners, including the watchmen at the Government buildings. These buildings were enclosed, and behind this enclosure John Brown and his followers and prisoners settled down for the balance of the night and prepared for business.

When the Government officers started for work the next morning, they were astonished to learn what had happened the previous night. They immediately notified the workmen and the Government at Washington and began organizing to oust the strangers in possession, for they had no idea who they were. Brown had cut the telegraph wires and had held up a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

The citizens joined, all armed that could find arms, and the battle began. But the early risers had been arrested by Brown when they appeared on the street and placed behind the stockade as hostages and for the protection of himself and his band in case of an onslaught by the Government and citizens. Shooting began early. As soon as possible, Colonel Lee, afterwards General Robert E. Lee, came from Richmond with some marines given him as he came through Washington. He appeared on the scene and gave battle. By escape and by death, Brown's band was reduced to nine; and they, with his prisoners, took shelter in the engine house, a small, one-story brick building, sixteen by twenty feet. Here they held out for nearly three days, Brown himself being wounded and his two sons killed. The machine house received the name of Brown's Fort and was taken to Chicago during the World's Fair and put on exhibition. In the end, all were caught, taken to Charles Town, Virginia, indicted, tried and hung.

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Charles Town is the county seat of Jefferson county in which Harpers Ferry is situated. It was laid out by Charles Washington, a brother of George Washington. It is a town of about 3,000. People carry their heads high, not because John Brown and his followers were tried and hung there, but because a Washington is connected with the place. They are aristocratic and vain, and no doubt, in time, will all claim blood relationship with the Washingtons. This is often one of the many weaknesses of human beings. This event was the beginning of the history of Harpers Ferry, and the starting of the Civil War which resulted in freeing millions of colored people held in bondage. This was the lighted match that exploded the magazine, with a shock like an earthquake, and forced action.

In 1860, Lincoln was chosen President of the United States; in April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by the Confederates, and the war was on; Harpers Ferry, with its munition plant, was the object of attack by the Confederates who desired its rich booty, but the Federals destroyed the property by fire. With the assistance of some natives, the machinery was saved, removed to North Carolina and used throughout the war.

The Confederates were afterwards driven out, then the Federals; and back and forth this went until the close of the war. The Confederates wanted it as a base to control the rich valley of Shenandoah for its foods. The Federals tried to prevent this. So battles were fought all around, and in some instances they were very close. Antietam is only eight miles away, in Maryland; and the battle of Monocacy occurred near Frederick in the same State. The battle of Boliver Heights took place two miles away. In this battle General Miles

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surrendered to Jackson his 14,000 men. Then Jackson made haste to join General Lee at Antietam. General Lee spent much time around Frederick, Maryland, which is only twenty miles from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He was desperate for food and money, and he had his eyes on Philadelphia and Pittsburgh where he expected to find both.

Thus Harpers Ferry was in the war at the beginning and remained in to the finish. It suffered much. Many people lost their lives, some through neighbor spies, who often played on both sides. You find such people in all localities, trying to injure the person they do not like. Often good people suffer much and are the victims of evil chances and evil tongues.

These historical things have made this place a tourist point. The Government has disposed of all its property. The ferry has been replaced by a bridge. It has good hotel accommodations. Boliver Heights are dotted with summer homes, many of them owned by Washington people. The nights are fairly cool, even if the days, occasionally, are a little warm. The people are kind, considerate, gentle and reasonable in their charges; and they are anxious to please and entertain. Usually, those who have lost and suffered much are inclined to look and listen and show a better disposition toward the faults of others.

When Virginia withdrew from the Union, the people now composing West Virginia seceded from Virginia and organized a separate State. In 1863 they applied to Congress to be admitted into the Union, and Congress, by proper action, gave West Virginia such standing among the sister States.

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So the acts of John Brown brought to an early conclusion many things affecting the people and future policies of the United States. Many people of influence place him on a pedestal with Washington and Lincoln in importance and in the magnitude of work accomplished on behalf of mankind.

Within twelve years from the time of his troubles at Harpers Ferry and within one mile of his famous "Fort," a philanthropist by the name of Storer founded Storer College and gave it large tracts of land. This college was to educate ex-slaves and their descendants. Several buildings have been erected, and the school is doing much good. Its attendance is about 200.

Miss Kate Field, a writer of note in her day, was a great admirer of John Brown and of his efforts, his motives and his sacrifices to free and uplift millions of another race held in bondage. She got control of the John Brown Fort at the close of the World's Fair at Chicago, and had it returned to Harpers Ferry and erected on the campus of Storers College where it now stands as it originally appeared. She had other purposes and plans to honor the name and deeds of John Brown, but she died before she was able to execute them.

There is no doubt that although his body, with his comrades, rests at Elba, New York, John Brown will, in spirit, rest at this place, and that as the years go by he will grow in the estimation of humanity as one of the characters of history who did great good and accomplished much in the fifty-nine years he was permitted to live with and among his fellowmen.

When he was being removed at Charles Town from the jail to the scaffold to be executed he was placed in a conveyance, and as he looked around and above, with

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a gentle smile on his lips, he remarked, "This is a beautiful day. I never realized before that Virginia was so beautiful."

And the day was beautiful, clear and calm, with a gentle breeze, and in this manner and under these circumstances he passed from earth to Heaven, this man with a mind and a soul at rest.

White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

ON leaving Lexington, Virginia, the best trip is by automobile over the mountains to the Natural Bridge. This bridge is fifteen miles from Lexington and spans a small stream called Cedar Creek, which empties into James River. The bridge is located in Virginia, and is one of the world wonders. It is a part of the Lincoln Highway. Its composition is blue limestone. It has two bases, one on each side of the stream, which gradually ascend to a height of 215 feet, and then meet over the creek in the form of a perfect arch. The thickness of the arch is sixty-five feet. The width of the span is ninety feet, and its length is 100 feet. This makes the under part of the span 150 feet above the water. Along the side of the creek under the bridge there is a path which enables you to see this wonderful piece of nature from every angle.

How and when was it made? No doubt it was formed many thousands of years ago. When the upheaval of the mountains took place, rivers and streams and creeks were formed to carry off the water that was to fall from above on the land and the crops for the preservation of all life. In the wrenching and surging of the rock, large fissures were formed through which, for ages, the water flowed, and year after year, these fissures were cut deeper and deeper until it became as we see it now; and this is just as it was on the advent of man. The convulsions of the earth in the creation made all our mountains, valleys, rivers, our objects of wonder, and beautiful scenery, to be used for the benefit of all life.

These elevations increased, in large proportions, the

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earth's surface; and herein you see displayed the economy of nature, for the mountains are covered with woods of all kinds, the supply being so great that, with conservation and the natural growth, there is sufficient timber to last man for all his wants to the end of time. And underneath, hidden from view and out of the way, are great resources in the form of minerals and precious metals of all kinds to be brought forth for the use, comforts and necessities of man. Then, in the valleys, unobstructed, there is the soil to be tilled for the production of foods necessary to sustain all forms of life. Thus do the mountains and the valleys perform their parts in the beautifying of the world and the sustaining of all life thereon.

Nature, in the execution of its laws and the consummation of its plans, works by co-ordination in all its channels and forces, without waste, destruction, injury or loss of energy. In his efforts to do things worth while, man would do well to study nature and to obey the command "Know thyself." His road of travel would have fewer obstructions and it would be much easier to fulfill his mission and accomplish his undertakings.

In my school days a reader contained a thrilling story of a lad in his teens undertaking to climb to the top of this bridge by cutting hand holds and thus ascending to the summit. In the Colonial period, it was the desire of many people to climb to the top and carve their names in the hard blue limestone, thus making a record of their accomplishments. Names were thick upon the wall, George Washington's being the highest of all, about fifty feet from the base. How George got his name there, no one ever knew. No one saw him

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climb up, but it was in the stone all right, and George "never told a lie." This boy wanted to go above him. He began early in the morning and struggled all day. To return meant death. He was compelled to go on. The top curved, and over this he could never go. When he was near the beginning of the curve the people came to his rescue, lowered a rope and brought him to the top, thus saving him from death. His fingers were worn and bleeding and his knife was almost worn off. Thus he passed the thousands of names below him carved by his ambitious rivals.

This story so impressed my youthful mind that I wanted to visit and see the bridge. So I came here and am satisfied.

I made inquiries of the old residents in an effort to find out about that boy; but no one could tell me where he was. They said, however, that the story was a true one. He was a venturesome country lad possessing the true American spirit—determined to be second to none. He wanted his name high and above Washington's. Similar ambition exists to-day. When exerted to good purpose it is all right. This boy exemplified the spirit of keeping up with the "Joneses," and his efforts would have ended the same had it not been for the timely assistance of his friends and neighbors.

They told me he grew up to maturity and left, and that they lost all trace of him. No one knew what became of him or anything about his future life, whether it was a success or a failure.

The land surrounding the bridge consisting of 1,660 acres is owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Munday. Mrs. Munday inherited it from her father. She built a hotel near by and charges one dollar for each person entering

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her premises to go under the bridge; and this amount must be paid. About 20,000 people visit the place every year. Other freaks of nature are located on the premises. There is a sulphur cave which was worked during the revolution; and there is also a flowing subterranean river which can be heard very distinctly.

The climate is warm during the day, but the nights and mornings are cool. The pure fresh air makes the mornings and nights delightful.

From here we go to Covington, Virginia, where we change cars and go twenty-five miles up the mountains to the Virginia Hot Springs. This is now owned by some New York City Jews, having been sold to them by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The water is so hot one can hardly bear to hold his hand in it. A short distance away, another spring brings forth fine, cold drinking water. These things are strange and hard to understand. Scientific men explain, but sometimes scientific men are wrong.

The bottom and sides of the James River are mostly of rock. It is a beautiful river. At Covington, is located the Bedford Pulp and Paper Company, a New York corporation. This concern is permitted to empty its refuse into this stream of pure mountain water, thus turning it dark and muddy and polluting it far beyond Richmond. All the towns along the stream depended on it for their water supply. The cities along the line went into court and fought it before the legislature; but they lost. It cost Richmond, Lynchburg and the other cities millions of dollars to change their water supply, and in some cases the results were bad, especially at Lynchburg. The river was filled with fine fish, which in these times of foreign wars meant economy in foods.

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These fish died, being poisoned by the refuse. Thus merely to save expenses of operating this paper plant, the people were compelled to sustain great losses and hardships through the exploitation by a rich corporation.

Just such things as these react, sooner or later, to punish the wrongs unnecessarily inflicted. Virginia's public officials are not what they were in Colonial days, when the public good and protection of the multitude prevailed and were the objects sought.

A few miles beyond this place the Allegheny mountains begin. They are the dividing line between Virginia and West Virginia. These are rugged mountains and contain the rich minerals which are lacking in the Blue Ridge mountains. Springs abound all along these mountains.

The first springs to be commercialized on a large scale were the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, owned by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. This road has expended millions of dollars in their development. There is practically nothing here outside of its holdings. It has a tract of about 7,000 acres surrounded by mountains. About 200 acres have been set aside for golf links, and there is a well-appointed club house located thereon. The dues are one dollar a week. The railroad owns two hotels. They are separated yet connected by an arch over the roadway between them and there is a closed hallway above. One is an American hotel named the White, and the other is a European hotel named the Greenbrier. One is occupied by people with children,—those who have made and are expending their own money. The other is occupied by the social set, the sports, the "get rich quick," who are spending

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other people's money and inherited wealth. The women in this hotel have no children; but they have dogs,—all kinds of dogs, little dogs and big dogs, the Pekinese, the Pomorene, dogs with short legs and dogs with long legs, dogs with crooked legs and dogs with straight legs, dogs for everybody, both human and "divine." When the women and most of the dogs get together, they call it a party. The women fondle the dogs as they would babies, and are just as tender and affectionate toward them as they possibly could be toward a child. They say this hotel is fireproof. I hope so. I wonder why these women do not join the Red Cross, and do something worth while. When employed as they now are, they are nothing—simply "girl caddies," slackers.

This place used to be supported by the Southern people; but the property has been modernized and the rates greatly increased, and they ceased to come. Now the attendance is largely from Washington, D. C., and New England, although a few are occasionally from the North.

The road advertises the service; but to get the service, it will cost you from six dollars per month up, mostly up, over your fixed charges; and then it is only ordinary. The hotel is so arranged and managed that at every turn a hand is out for a "tip," and if you do not "come across," you will begin to wonder why you are there. When you go down to the springs for a drink a colored boy will meet you with a smile that never comes off, clean a glass and fill it with fresh "sulphur water," just from the gurgling springs. You drink it and thank him. If you fail to tip him, the next time the smile has disappeared and you fill your own glass, again and again, to your heart's content. And so it is everywhere,

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even in the restaurants. At your first meal a tip is expected and if it is not given a new waiter will serve you at your second meal; and thus your stay will be one constant round of pleasure—from one waiter to another.

The White is four stories high and the Greenbrier is six. The hotel grounds proper are composed of forty acres. These grounds are beautifully wooded and are kept clean and attractive as nature made them, except for the drives and walks. There are not many flowers.

In connection with the hotels, there are about sixty separate furnished cottages; but the visitor is not permitted to cook his own meals. He is expected to patronize the hotels for all his wants. These cottages have been modernized, also, and are very attractive. They are rented by the season from July 1 to September 15. The Greenbrier is open throughout the year, but the White operates only during the season. The construction of these hotels is such that they are expensive to operate. The best profits are in the increased railroad traffic. When you visit one such place you have seen all. There is a sameness in them all.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Wheeling, West Virginia

AS we leave White Sulphur Springs towards the west we pass through one of the richest centers of West Virginia. To the south, for a hundred miles, we pass through rich agricultural lands, until we come to the Big Sandy River, the dividing line between this State and Kentucky. To the north, along the Kanawha River we pass over coal lands for 200 miles. These mines have made the State one of the richest in the Union, and have made some of its early citizens, now living elsewhere, millionaires. Senator Elkins was many times a millionaire, and the extensive owner of coal lands. His father-in-law, Mr. Davis, amassed a fortune in the same way. The country abounds in some of the most essential minerals. Iron ore is found in paying quantities. Oil, likewise, has made many men rich, — made them aristocrats.

The State is rough and covered with hills everywhere. There are some rich valleys lying between the higher elevations of hills or undeveloped mountain ranges. The dividing line on the east separating this State from Virginia is the Allegheny range of mountains. On the eastern slope of these mountains all the rivers flow into the James River, and on the western slope all the rivers flow into the Ohio River, the dividing line between these two States.

In 1862, its small population seceded from the State of Virginia, and was admitted to the Union by acts of Congress. This was on account of Virginia's joining the Southern Confederacy. The State of Virginia did not object very seriously, because that part of the

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State was so mountainous and hilly and so thinly settled that it was regarded as almost worthless for any and all purposes.

The State officials, statesmen and politicians exploited this part of the State for the benefit of Virginia proper. The taxes, public improvements and public funds were almost wholly expended in old Virginia, and the people of West Virginia were only too glad for the opportunity to withdraw and form a State for themselves. The Allegheny mountains made the two sections inaccessible and strangers to each other, and thus was easily chosen for the dividing line.

West Virginia had no improvements of any kind. It had no roads, no schools, and only a few churches. Its mineral wealth was not developed and known only to a few. It was, indeed, wild and sorely neglected, and this was only fifty-five years ago. Yet Virginia proper was heavily bonded and had pike roads, public schools, a university and private colleges and seminaries. It was highly developed in every way, and from its people national characters sprang up like mushrooms over night.

After the Civil War had ended, development began. Railroads were built. Iron ore and coal were taken from the earth in enormous quantities, especially the coal, which has been leaving the State by the train-load day and night for years and will be for years and years to come. Then oil was discovered in large quantities, and West Virginia blossomed into one of the richest States in the Union.

Men of affairs from the outside came in numbers and invested accumulated wealth in order to get more wealth. Cities were established; public highways were

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built over the hills and around the mountains; schools were established and teachers from Ohio and Pennsylvania were employed to instruct the young. As one old gentleman remarked, the inhabitants of the new State were a sorry looking lot in every way. They simply grew up in ignorance, were unable to take care of themselves, and were compelled to go outside for intellectual assistance.

This was only two generations ago. The development was so rapid that thousands came in to work the coal and oil fields, to dig the iron ore and to develop the agricultural lands to feed the growing population. The tops and sides of the hills are worked like gardens. They produce corn, all the cereals, vegetables and grasses; and this abundance has made the State rich in cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry, and their products. Diversified farming prevails throughout the State, and the high standard of soil is thus maintained. The valleys do not need fertilizing; but because of rains washing the soil away, the tops and sides of the hills need fertilizing to produce good crops. The stock is fat and of good breeds. By ten o'clock, you will see cattle in every direction lying down to rest, filled with the choicest grasses. They do not have to work twenty-four hours for a living as they do in Florida and some other sections. They look at you with happy contented faces, and you are glad to see them and hope to meet them again.

They have, in this State, the four seasons with the variation of one hundred degrees above in the summer and twenty below in the winter. Such a climate and such a country cannot produce such rich foods without producing a rich, happy and prosperous humanity. And

so you have, all around you, the evidences of wealth coming from the soil,—well dressed, robust, healthy men, women and children. In nature, life lives upon life. One life feeds and supports another life. This mutual dependence of animal and vegetable life is seen everywhere. In turn there is the dependence of these on mineral life. So situated and so surrounded, why should West Virginia not be rich in all her parts? She has plenty for herself and plenty for others.

Her scenery is varied and extensive. When it was made, nature must have been in much pain, for the struggles and upheavals and depressions are evidenced on every hand. Some of the rich valleys are most picturesque and restful to the human eye and mind. You linger here and pause there in contemplation of the many delicate touches in elevations, wooded decorations, colorings of soils and graceful curves of creek or stream,—all making a panorama of blending beauty. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It never fades into nothingness. Its loveliness increases. And thus we find all creation beautiful, if we behold it in the true spirit, with eyes penetrating enough to see and a mind sufficiently trained and broad enough to comprehend the objects all around us. And such is West Virginia, a rival to Virginia and Maryland, "My Maryland."

The largest city in the State is Wheeling; and it is also the dirtiest and the wealthiest. Its bank deposits are close to \$30,000,000. It has a population of about 50,000 and almost every race has a representative here. The Greeks, Italians and Jews are numerous. They find employment at good wages throughout the year, as so many factories are located here. West Virginia raises large quantities of tobacco. This is the head office of

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the "Mail Pouch" brand for smoking and chewing. Among other factories are the National Tube Mills, Wheeler Steel and Iron Mills, Carnegie Steel Works, La Belle Iron Works, and glass factories. "Cascarets" are made here. Then there are the Baltimore and Ohio shops, cigar factories and tanneries. There were brewing companies, but now the State is bone dry. There are thousands of coal miners living just outside of the city limits. The payroll is over \$1,000,000 a week. This makes the city prosperous and financially strong. No city of its size in the country has such bank clearances as this. It is up towards the top. It is only sixty-six miles from Pittsburgh. The Ohio River runs through the town, and it has three railroads which touch the big markets of New England in a few hours.

It is a very old city. At Lexington, Massachusetts, the first battle of the Revolution occurred. On Main Street, in the center of Wheeling's business district, stood Fort Henry; and here on September 11, 1782, occurred the last battle of the Revolution. A granite tablet marks the spot. It is said that the men in the Fort ran out of powder, and that Bettie Zaine dashed to the magazine some distance away and filled her apron with powder, and, returning to the fort, saved the day. Who said women were for peace, at any price?

The city is going to improve in appearance. In the future, it will be governed by nine commissioners who have elected a manager. The new charter took effect July 1, 1917. A good man has been chosen, and it will be easy for him to show results of the change in a short time. It will be business against politics.

The next city in size is Huntington in the southern part of the State. It has wide streets and side-walks.

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Both are in good condition and clean. It is governed by a commission. Waste boxes are conveniently located everywhere. It has about 45,000 inhabitants. It is a very attractive place. West Virginia is blessed with natural gas. It is furnished to factories at five cents per thousand feet, and to residences at fifteen cents per thousand feet. Wheeling pays twenty and thirty cents for the same service. All cities in the State can have the gas, so they ought to be clean and attractive, and they are so in most instances. This cheap fuel is fast making this a great manufacturing State. Its development in this line has only begun.

The next city in size is the capital of the State, Charleston. It is located in the southern part of the State on the Kanawha River, and is about sixty miles from Huntington. It has a population of about 40,000.

There has been a great rivalry between these two cities. The streets of Charleston are not so wide, and it is not so attractive as Huntington. Both towns have good buildings and good stores, and the business interests are wide awake and aggressive like those of Northern cities.

The Government armor and shell plants have been located at Charleston, and this will cause an expenditure of from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 and add thousands of people to the population of Charleston. One of the United States senators has large interests in Charleston, and this gives it the advantage over Huntington.

The Kanawha empties into the Ohio River at Huntington sixty miles away. It has a depth of eight to ten feet, so here is another river that from now on must be added to the "rivers and harbors bill." There is no just reason why the Government should not have

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selected Huntington from every point of view. It is located on the Ohio River, a navigable stream, and this is the best of reasons why it should have been chosen.

But "politics is a great game." The older you become the less you know about governmental policies. If we could eliminate human nature from public life, we, the people, would enjoy better and less expensive governments in City, State and Nation. Democratic governments are expensive. We need the simplicity of a Jefferson to keep us in more healthy, wholesome channels. Public officials feel they should make a showing; and the public, as a rule, are too busy over other and less important things. Private success depends largely on a wholesome, healthy, strong national government. The people, the masses, are either strong or weak as their government is strong or weak. Good citizenship is the capital of good government. Every citizen should be compelled to perform all the obligations due his government, to preserve and maintain it; and, in turn, the government should protect its citizens—its assets—in their social, moral, intellectual and commercial rights, both at home and abroad, when in the right.

Over a hundred years ago some of my ancestors located in this city. There were three brothers. Later, one went South, one moved to Greensburg, Indiana, and the other remained here. The descendants of these three brothers multiplied and continued to scatter, breaking all past connections. They were Scotch-Irish, a fighting, restless species of the human family. They never forget a wrong and seldom forgive one. They are a bad lot, yet are seldom found in the poorhouse. However, they may be caught and confined for resisting the government. They want to govern, but seldom

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enjoy being governed; yet they are law-abiding and God-fearing. They are a strange lot, who are able to and do look out for themselves.

About five years ago, while I was walking along the side-walk in the town in which I was living, a fine old gentleman and his wife who had arrived in the city about two months before, stopped me, and called my name, and asked if I did not reside in Wheeling, West Virginia. I told them I did not and they apologized. I then explained, and they declared that I was the picture, in color of eyes, hair, color of skin and physique, of several of their old friends by that name who resided in Wheeling, West Virginia. To me it was remarkable to know that after three generations of voluntary selection and marriage, I could be picked out, on sight, by utter strangers, as "one of them." The laws of nature governing human production are but little known, and the little we do know is often ignored, much less observed. That natural laws do govern, there is no question. That they should be discovered and studied scientifically by governmental supervision, there is no question. The manufacturing of healthy, sound, human units mentally, physically, and morally is within the province of governmental duties, and thus society would be protected against idiots, defectives and units which become a care and a burden on the social organization and an expense to the State. All other creations except human beings are studied and improved, and here we stop and trust in the Lord and allow the devil to take the hindmost one. Cripples and defectives, mentally and physically, should gradually be eliminated, through selection and breeding, for a higher, stronger, greater human unit; for out of such

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the human race must make its greatest strides in progress, and by the "survival of the fittest" must perpetuate and protect itself against disease and extinction. Of course, occasionally there are single exceptions to most laws or rules, but these will not alter or change a natural law as a general proposition.

So this is why I visited this city. I wanted to see my ancestry, if any were here, and to ask them for a loan of a dollar or so, or a night's lodging. Why have relatives if they cannot be of service to you? Ah! There's the rub. Strangers often treat you better. Then why not commercialize the creation of man.

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